

READING - LITERATURE



FIFTH READER

FREE
AND
TREADWELL



ROW, PETERSON & CO.



Maud Little
Bradford
Ills.,



THE READING-LITERATURE SERIES

Hand Little

THE FIFTH READER

Miss Mary

READING-LITERATURE

FIFTH READER

ADAPTED AND GRADED

BY

HARRIETTE TAYLOR TREADWELL, Ph. B.

PRINCIPAL, WEST PULLMAN SCHOOL, CHICAGO

AND

MARGARET FREE

FORMERLY PRIMARY TEACHER, FORESTVILLE SCHOOL, CHICAGO

ILLUSTRATED BY

FREDERICK RICHARDSON



CHICAGO

NEW YORK

ROW, PETERSON & COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1914
ROW, PETERSON & COMPANY

PURPOSE AND PLAN

One needs to examine the Primer, First, Second and Third Readers of this series in order to understand the purpose and plan of the books—to train children in reading and appreciating literature through *reading-literature*.

The Primer contains nine of the best folk tales, true to the original, and yet written in such a simple style that children can begin reading the *real story* during the first week in school. The First Reader contains thirteen similar stories, of gradually increasing difficulty, and thirty-three of the best rhymes and jingles suitable for young children. This constitutes a *course in literature*, twenty-two stories and thirty-three child poems, as well adapted to first-grade children as are the selections for "college entrance requirements" to high-school students.

The Second Reader introduces fables and fairy stories and continues folk tales and simple poems. Others have used some of the same material in readers, but in a quite different way. Their purpose seems to have been to "mix thoroughly." We have organized the material: a group of fables, several groups of folk and fairy stories, a group of Mother Goose, of Rossetti, of Stevenson, and so on; so that the child may get a body, not a mere bit, of one kind of material before passing to another. Thus from the first he is trained to associate related literature and to organize what he reads.

The transition to the Third Reader will be found easy and to accord with the normal interests of the children. In prose the folk and fairy story is retained, but is merged into the wonder tale, which becomes a dominant note, while the fable gives place

to more extended and more modern animal stories. The poetry begins with the group from Stevenson, whom the children have already learned to enjoy. Then follow selections from Lydia Maria Child, Lucy Larcom, Eugene Field, and a score of others dealing mainly with children's interests in animals and other forms of nature.

The Fifth Reader has been made essentially the book of hero-legends, the type of literature of especial interest to children at this stage of development. While all of these stories are adaptations from longer versions, they are complete units, and are long enough to train children in habits of sustained interest and attention.

In part the poetry has been selected to reinforce the prose, but always with special reference to the child's feeling for rhythm, love of animated nature, and enjoyment of fun.

With these books, besides merely learning to read, the child has the joy of reading the *best in the language*, and he is forming his taste for all subsequent reading. This development of taste should be recognized and encouraged. From time to time the children should be asked to choose what they would like to re-read as a class, or individuals who read well aloud may be asked to select something already studied to read to the others. This kind of work gives the teacher opportunity to find out what is in a selection that the children like, and to commend what seems to her best.

The fact that some children voluntarily memorize a story or a poem should have hearty approval. It shows abiding interest and enjoyment, and it is likely to give, for the young child at least, the maximum of *literary saturation*.

THE AUTHORS.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
JASON, OR THE GOLDEN FLEECE. . . . <i>Hawthorne</i>	
Part I, Jason and the Goddess	11
Part II, The Man with One Sandal	18
Part III, The Galley with Fifty Oars	24
Part IV, The Adventures of the Argonauts	31
Part V, Jason and the Brazen-Footed Bulls	38
THE BELL OF ATRI. <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	45
PERSEUS AND MEDUSA . . . <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	50
A LEGEND OF BREGENZ . . . <i>Adelaide Proctor</i>	71
THE CHIMERA <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	79
POEMS BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.	
How the Robin Came	106
Valuation	109
SIGURD THE VOLSUNG. The Norse Hero. . <i>Morris</i>	110
POEMS BY LEWIS CARROLL.	
The Walrus and the Carpenter	134
Father William	139
ODYSSEUS, THE GREEK HERO . <i>Pope and Bryant</i>	
The Call of Telemachus	141
The Departure of Telemachus	146
The Raft of Odysseus	153
The Story of Aeolus	161
The Story of Circe	163
Odysseus Arrives Home	171

Odysseus and Telemachus	175
The Recognition by Euryclia	180
The King Reveals Himself	183

ROBERT OF LINCOLN <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	191
--	-----

BEOWULF, THE ANGLO-SAXON HERO	
. <i>From Thorpe's Translation</i>	

Grendel Visits Hrothgar's Hall	194
The Coming of Beowulf	196
The Fight with Grendel	204
Grendel's Mother, the Avenger	209
The Dragon	218

GROUP OF TENNYSON'S POEMS.

Lady Clare	225
The Bee and the Flower	229
The Brook	230
Winter	232

COOHOO LIN, THE HERO OF IRELAND	
. <i>Lady Gregory</i>	

The Birth of Coohoolin	233
Boyhood of Coohoolin	239
The Taking of Arms	245
The Courting of Eivir	253
The Champion of Ulster	270
The Death of Coohoolin	281

POEMS BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

After Blenheim	299
The Inchcape Rock	302

ROBIN HOOD, THE ARCHER HERO	
. <i>From Old English Ballads</i>	
How Robin Came to Live in the Forest	305
Robin Hood and Little John	308
Robin Hood Rescues Will Stutely	313
Little John-a-Begging	317
Robin Hood and Will Scarlet	320
Robin Hood and Friar Tuck	322
Robin Hood and Queen Katherine	330
The King and Robin Hood	336

BALLADS.

Robin Hood and the Ranger	340
Alan-a-Dale	344

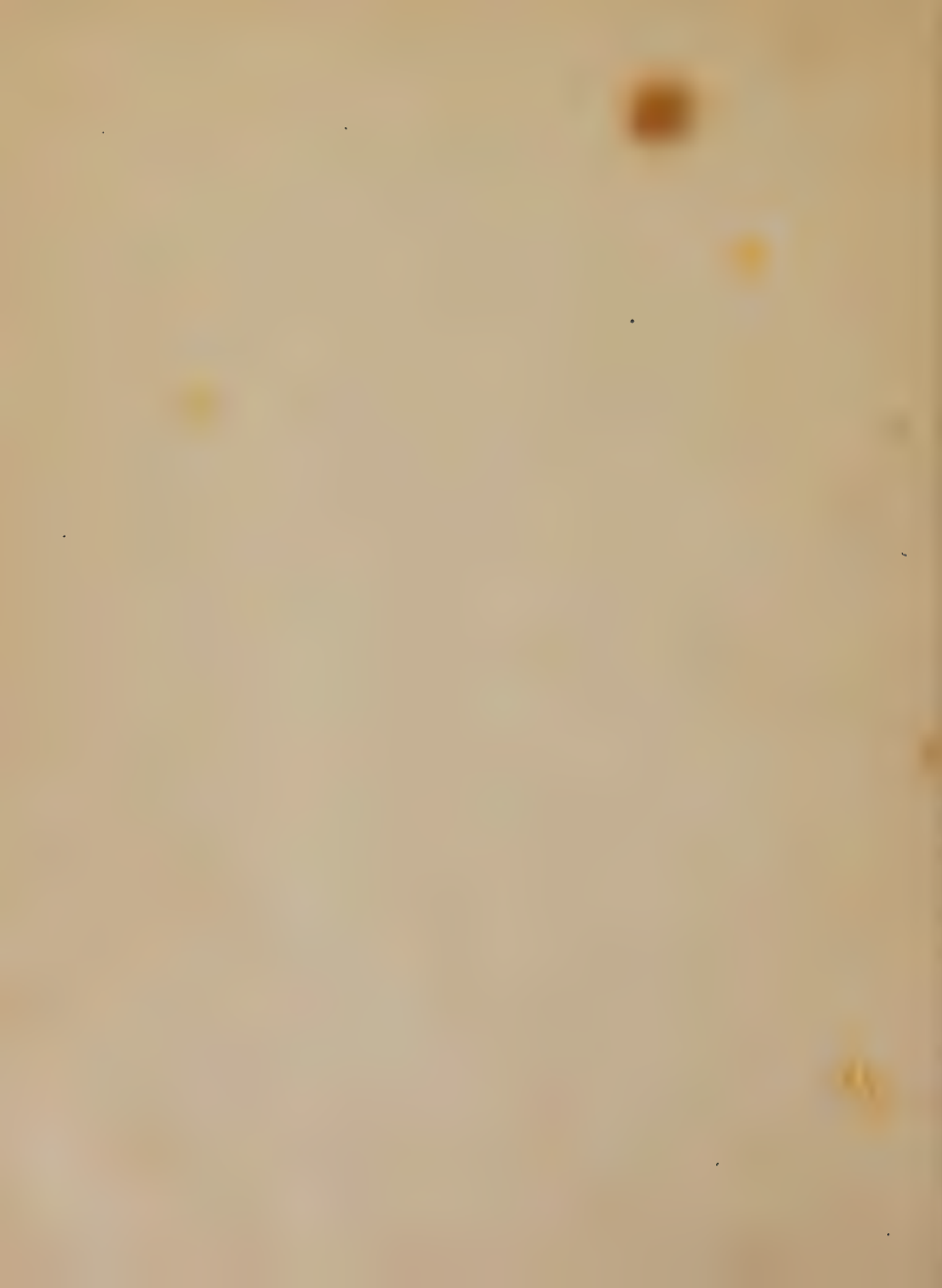
YUDI-STIRA, THE HERO KING OF INDIA . *Arnold*

Birth and Boyhood of the Hero.	346
The Training of the Five Princes	354
The Enchanted Lake	360
The Great Festival	375
The Journey to the Holy Mount	382
The Descent Into Hades	393

GROUP OF MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Arab and His Steed <i>Mrs. Norton</i>	401
An Apple Orchard in the Spring	
. <i>William Martin</i>	404
The Kitten and the Falling Leaves	
. <i>William Wordsworth</i>	406
To a Butterfly <i>William Wordsworth</i>	407
Bob White <i>George Cooper</i>	408
Tampa Robins <i>Sidney Lanier</i>	410

GLOSSARY AND NOTES	411
------------------------------	-----



Jason, or the Golden Fleece

PART I—JASON AND THE GODDESS

When Ja'son, the son of the dethroned King of I-ol'chos, was a little boy, he was sent away from his parents and placed under the queerest school-master ever heard of. This person was one of the people called Cen'taurs. He lived in a cavern and had the body and legs of a white horse with the head and shoulders of a man. His name was Chi'ron and, in spite of his odd appearance, he was an excellent teacher.

The good Chiron taught his pupils how to play upon the harp, and how to cure diseases, and how to use the sword and shield, together with other branches of education, in which the lads of those days used to be instructed.

So Jason dwelt in the cave with this fourfooted Chiron from the time when he was an infant until he had grown to manhood. He became a good harper, skillful in the use of weapons, acquainted with herbs and other doctors' stuff, and, above all, a good horseman.

At length, being now a tall, strong youth, Jason resolved to seek his fortune in the world. He had

heard that he himself was a prince and that his father had been deprived of his kingdom by Pe'li-as, who would have killed Jason, had he not been hidden in the Centaur's cave. So Jason determined to punish the wicked Pelias, to cast him down from the throne, and seat himself there instead.

With this intention, he took a spear in his hand, threw a leopard's skin over his shoulders, and set forth on his travels, with his long yellow ringlets waving in the wind. The part of his dress on which he most prided himself was a pair of sandals that had been his father's. They were tied upon his feet with strings of gold. His whole attire was a kind not often seen by the people. As he passed along, the women and children ran to the doors, wondering whither this beautiful youth was going with his leopard's skin, his golden-tied sandals, and a spear in each hand.

I know not how far Jason had traveled when he came to a river, which gushed right across his pathway, roaring angrily as it went. Though not a broad river in the dry seasons of the year, it was now swollen by the heavy rains and the melting of the snow on the sides of Mount O-lym'-pus. It thundered so loudly and looked so wild and dangerous that Jason, bold as he was, thought

it wise to pause upon the brink. The bed of the stream seemed to be strewn with sharp and rugged rocks, some of which thrust themselves above the water. By and by an uprooted tree came drifting along the current and got entangled among the rocks. In short, the swollen river had already done a great deal of mischief. It was too deep for Jason to wade and too rough for him to swim.

"See the poor lad," said a voice close to his side, "he must have had a poor education, since he does not know how to cross a little stream like this. Or is he afraid of wetting his fine sandals? It is a pity his fourfooted schoolmaster is not here to carry him safe across on his back!"

Jason looked round, for he did not know that anybody was near. Beside him stood an old woman with a ragged mantle over her head, leaning on a staff, the top of which was carved into the shape of a cuckoo. She looked very old and wrinkled and infirm, yet her eyes were so large and beautiful that, when they were fixed on Jason's eyes, he could see nothing else. The old woman had a pomegranate in her hand, although the fruit was then quite out of season. While Jason was gazing at her, a peacock strutted forward and took his stand at the old woman's side.

"Where are you going, Jason?" the old woman



asked, before he had recovered from his surprise.

"I am going to Iolchos," answered the young man, "to bid the wicked King Pelias come down from my father's throne and let me reign in his stead."

"Ah, well then," said the old woman, "if that is all your business, you need not be in a great hurry. Just take me on your back and carry me across the river. I and my peacock have something to do on the other side as well as yourself."

"Good mother," replied Jason, "your business can hardly be so important as the pulling of a king

from his throne. Besides, as you see for yourself, the river is very rough, and if I should chance to stumble, it would sweep both of us away. I would gladly help you if I could, but I doubt if I am strong enough to carry you across."

"Then," said she, scornfully, "neither are you strong enough to pull King Pelias off his throne. And, Jason, unless you help an old woman in her need, you ought not to be a king. What are kings made for except to help the feeble and distressed? But do as you please. Either take me on your back, or with my poor limbs I shall try my best to struggle across the stream."

Saying this, the old woman poked with her staff in the river, as if to find the safest place in its rocky bed where she might make the first step.

Now Jason felt that he could never forgive himself if this poor, feeble creature should come to any harm. The good Chiron had taught him that the noblest use of his strength was to assist the weak; and also that he must treat every young woman as if she were his sister, and every old woman as his mother. So the young man knelt down and asked the good woman to mount upon his back.

"The passage seems to me not very safe," he

remarked; "but I will try to carry you across. If the river sweeps you away it shall sweep me too."

"Never fear," she said, "we shall get over safe," and she threw her arms around Jason's neck. Lifting her from the ground, he stepped boldly into the raging and foamy current and began to stagger from the shore. As for the peacock, it alighted on the old woman's shoulder. Jason's two spears kept him from stumbling and helped him to find his way among the rocks, although every instant he expected to go down.

On came the cold torrent, raging and thundering as if it had a spite against Jason. When he was half way across, his foot was caught in a crevice between two of the rocks and stuck there so fast that, in the effort to get free, he lost one of his golden-stringed sandals. At this accident Jason could not help uttering a cry of vexation.

"What is the matter, Jason?" asked the old woman.

"Matter enough," said Jason. "I have lost a sandal here among the rocks. And what sort of a figure shall I cut at the court of King Pelias, with a golden-stringed sandal on one foot and the other foot bare!"

"Do not take it to heart," answered his companion, cheerily. "You never met with better

fortune than in losing this sandal. I know now that you are the person whom the Speaking Oak has been talking about."

There was no time just then to inquire what the Speaking Oak had said. But the cheer of her tone encouraged the young man. Besides, he had never in his life felt so strong and mighty as since he took this old woman on his back. Instead of being tired he gathered strength as he went on, and, struggling against the torrent, at last he gained the shore, climbed up the bank, and set the old woman and her peacock safe on the grass. As soon as this was done he could not help looking at his bare foot, with only the golden string of the sandal clinging round his ankle.

"You will get a handsomer pair of sandals by and by," said the old woman, with a kindly look out of her beautiful brown eyes. "Only let King Pelias get a glimpse of that bare foot and you will see him turn as pale as ashes. There is your path. Go along, Jason, and my blessing go with you. And, when you sit on your throne, remember the old woman whom you helped over the river."

With these words she hobbled away, giving him a smile over her shoulder. The peacock, which had now fluttered down, strutted behind her and spread out its tail for Jason to admire it.

Jason, or the Golden Fleece

PART II—THE MAN WITH ONE SANDAL

When the old woman and her peacock were out of sight, Jason set forward on his journey. After traveling a long distance he came to a town at the foot of a mountain, not a great way from the sea. Along the shore there was a crowd of people, men and women and children all in their best clothes enjoying a holiday. Over the heads of the people Jason saw a wreath of smoke curling upward toward the blue sky. He asked what town this was and why so many people were gathered together.

"This is the kingdom of Iolchos," answered a man, "and we are the subjects of King Pelias. Our ruler has called us together that we may see him sacrifice a black bull to Neptune, who, they say, is his Majesty's father. Yonder is the king, where you see the smoke going up from the altar."

While the man spoke, he eyed Jason with great curiosity; for it looked very odd to see a youth with a leopard's skin over his shoulders, and each hand grasping a spear. Jason saw, too, that the man stared at his feet, one of which was bare,

while the other was covered with his father's golden-stringed sandal.

"Look at him! Look at him!" said the man to his next neighbor. "Do you see? He wears but one sandal!"

Upon this first one person and then another began to stare at Jason. Everybody seemed to be greatly struck with something in his appearance, though they turned their eyes oftener toward his feet than to any other part of his figure, and he could hear them whispering to one another.

"One sandal! One sandal!" they kept saying. "The man with one sandal! Here he is at last! Whence has he come? What does he mean to do? What will the king say to the one-sandaled man?"

The crowd pressed forward, and Jason soon found himself close to the smoking altar where the king was sacrificing the black bull. The murmur and hum of the crowd grew so loud that it disturbed the ceremonies. The king, holding the great knife with which he was just going to kill the bull, turned angrily about and fixed his eyes on Jason. The people had now withdrawn from around him, so that the youth stood in an open space near the smoking altar, front to front with the angry King Pelias.

"Who are you?" cried King Pelias, with a

terrible frown, "and how dare you make this disturbance while I am sacrificing a black bull to my father Neptune?"

"It is no fault of mine," answered Jason. "Your Majesty must blame the rudeness of your subjects, who have raised all this tumult because one of my feet happens to be bare." When Jason said this the king gave a startled glance down at his feet.

"Ha!" muttered he, "here is the one-sandaled fellow, sure enough! What can I do with him?"

The people around caught up the king's words and shouted, "The one-sandaled man has come! The prophecy must be fulfilled!"

Many years before, King Pelias had been told by the Speaking Oak that a man with but one sandal should cast him down from his throne. On this account, he had given strict orders that nobody should come into his presence unless both sandals were tied upon his feet; and he kept an officer in his palace to examine all sandals, and to supply everyone with a new pair as soon as the old ones began to wear out. In the whole course of the king's reign, he had never been thrown into such a fright as by the sight of Jason's bare foot. But as he was a bold and hard-hearted man, he soon took courage and began to think how he might rid himself of this one-sandaled stranger.



*“Young man,” said King Pelias, “you are most welcome to my kingdom. Judging from your dress, you must have traveled a long distance; for it is not the fashion to wear leopard skins in this part of the world. Pray, what is your name and where did you receive your education?”

“My name is Jason,” answered the young stranger. “I have dwelt in the cave of Chiron the Centaur. He was my instructor, and taught me music and horsemanship, how to cure wounds, and how to inflict them.”

“I have heard of Chiron the schoolmaster,” replied King Pelias. “There is a great deal of learning and wisdom in his head although it happens to be on a horse’s body. It gives me great delight to see one of his pupils at my court. But to test how much you have learned, will you allow me to ask you a single question?”

“I do not pretend to be very wise,” said Jason, “but ask what you please, and I will answer to the best of my ability.”

Now King Pelias meant to entrap the young man, and to make him say something that should be the cause of mischief to himself. So, with an evil smile upon his face, he said, “What would you do, brave Jason, if there was a man in the world by whom you were doomed to be ruined

and slain? What would you do, if that man stood before you and in your power?"

Since the king had chosen to ask him the question, and since Jason had promised him an answer, there was no right way, save to tell him what would be the wise thing to do if he had his worst enemy in his power. Therefore he spoke up, with a firm and manly voice, "I would send such a man in quest of the Golden Fleece."

This enterprise was the most dangerous in the world. In the first place, it would be necessary to make a long voyage through unknown seas. There was hardly a hope that any man who should undertake this voyage would succeed in getting the Golden Fleece, or in returning home to tell of the perils he had run. The eyes of King Pelias sparkled with joy, therefore, when he heard Jason's reply.

"Well said, wise man with one sandal!" cried he, "go, then, and at the peril of your life bring me back the Golden Fleece."

"I go," answered Jason. "If I fail, you need not fear that I will come back to trouble you again. But if I return with the prize, then, King Pelias, you shall give me your crown and sceptre."

"That I will," said the king with a sneer. "Meantime I will keep them safe for you."

Jason, or the Golden Fleece

PART III—THE GALLEY WITH FIFTY OARS

†The first thing Jason thought of doing after he left the king's presence, was to go and inquire of the Speaking Oak what to do. This wonderful tree stood in the centre of an ancient woods. Its stately trunk rose a hundred feet into the air and threw a broad and dense shadow over more than an acre of ground.

Standing beneath this great oak, Jason looked up among the branches and green leaves and spoke aloud, as if he were talking to some person who was hidden in the foliage. "What shall I do," said he, "in order to win the Golden Fleece?"

At first there was a deep silence, not only within the shadow of the Speaking Oak but all through the lonely wood. In a moment or two, however, the leaves of the oak began to stir and rustle, as if a gentle breeze were wandering amongst them, although the other trees of the wood were perfectly still. The sound grew louder and became like the roar of a high wind.

By and by Jason imagined that he could hear words. Each separate leaf of the tree seemed to

be a tongue, and all babbled at once. And now, though it still had the tone of a mighty wind roaring among the branches, it was also like a deep bass voice speaking.

"Go to Argus, the ship-builder, and bid him build a galley with fifty oars."

Then the voice melted again into the voice of the rustling leaves and died away. When it was quite gone, Jason went back and found that there was a man in the city named Argus, who was a skillful builder of vessels. So Argus built him a galley so large that it required fifty strong men to row it, although no vessel of such a size had ever been seen before in the world.

As the Speaking Oak had already given him such good advice, Jason thought to ask for a little more. He visited it again and, standing beside its rough trunk, inquired what he should do next.

This time, however, there was no such quivering of the leaves as there had been before. But after a while Jason saw that the foliage of a great branch which stretched above his head had begun to rustle, as if the wind were stirring that one bough, while all the other boughs of the oak were at rest.

"Cut me off!" said the branch, "cut me off, and carve me into a figurehead for your galley!"

So Jason took the branch at its word and lopped

it off the tree. A carver in the neighborhood agreed to make the figurehead. He was a good workman and had already carved several figureheads. But he found that his hand was guided by some unseen power, and that his tools shaped out an image that he had never thought of.

When the work was finished, it turned out to be the figure of a beautiful woman with a helmet on her head, from beneath which long ringlets fell down upon her shoulders. On the left arm was a shield with a lifelike head of Medusa with the snaky locks. The face of this wonderful statue was very grave and majestic. As for the mouth, it seemed just ready to open its lips and utter words of the deepest wisdom.

Jason was delighted with the oaken image and gave the carver no rest until it was completed and set up where a figurehead has always stood, from that time to this, in a vessel's prow.

"And now," cried he, as he stood gazing at the statue, "I must go to the Speaking Oak and inquire what next to do."

"There is no need of that, Jason," said a voice which reminded him of the mighty tones of the great oak. "When you desire good advice, you can seek it of me."

Jason had been looking straight into the face of

the image when these words were spoken, but he could hardly believe his ears or eyes. The truth was, however, that the voice had come from the mouth of the statue. Then Jason remembered that the image had been carved out of the wood of the Speaking Oak, and that it was the most natural thing in the world that it should be able to speak. It would have been very odd, indeed, if it had not. Certainly it was a great piece of good fortune that he could carry so wise a block of wood along with him on his voyage.

"Tell me," exclaimed Jason, "tell me where I shall find forty-nine bold youths who will each take an oar of my galley. They must have sturdy arms and brave hearts or we shall never win the Golden Fleece."

"Go," replied the oaken image, "go, summon all the heroes of Greece."

Jason lost no time in sending messengers to all the cities, and making known to the people of Greece that Prince Jason, the son of King E'son, was going in quest of the Fleece of Gold, and that he desired the help of forty-nine of the bravest and strongest young men alive to row his vessel and share his dangers.

At this news, the youths all over the country began to bestir themselves. Some of them had

already fought with giants and dragons. The younger ones, who had not met with such good fortune, thought it a shame to have lived so long without getting astride a flying serpent, or sticking their right arms down a lion's throat. There was a fair chance that they would meet with plenty of such adventures before finding the Golden Fleece.

As soon as they could furbish their helmets and shields, and gird on their trusty swords, they came thronging to Iolchos and clambered on board the new galley. Shaking hands with Jason, they assured him they cared but little for their lives but would help to row the vessel to the farthest edge of the world, and as much farther as he might think it best to go.

Many of these brave fellows had been trained by Chiron, were old schoolmates of Jason, and knew him to be a lad of spirit. The mighty Her'cu-les, whose shoulders afterwards held up the sky, was one of them. There were Castor and Pollux, the twin brothers, who were never chicken-hearted, although they had been hatched out of an egg; and The'seus, who was so renowned for killing the Min'o-taur; and Or'phe-us, the very best of harpers, who sang and played upon his lyre so sweetly that the beasts stood on their hind legs and capered

merrily to the music. Yes, and at some of his more moving tunes, the rocks stirred, and a grove of forest trees uprooted themselves and performed a country dance. X

One of the rowers was a beautiful young woman, named Atalanta, who had been nursed among the mountains by a bear. So light of foot was this fair damsel that she could step from one foamy crest to another without wetting more than the sole of her sandal. She had grown up in a very wild way and loved hunting far better than her needle.

But the most remarkable of this company were two sons of the North Wind, who had wings on their shoulders. In case of a calm, they could puff out their cheeks and blow almost as fresh a breeze as their father. Then there were the prophets, who could foretell what would happen to-morrow, or the next day, or a hundred years hence.

When the Ar'go-nauts, as these fifty heroes were called, had prepared everything for the voyage, Jason thought of the galley's figurehead.

"O daughter of the Speaking Oak," cried he, "how shall we set to work to get our vessel into the water?"

"Seat yourselves and handle your oars, and let Orpheus play upon his harp," answered the image.

Immediately the fifty heroes got on board and

seized their oars, while Orpheus swept his fingers across the harp. At the first ringing note of the music, they felt the vessel stir and the galley slid at once into the sea. The rowers plied their fifty oars; the white foam boiled up before the prow; the water gurgled and bubbled in their wake; while Orpheus continued to play so lively a strain of music that the vessel seemed to dance over the billows by way of keeping time to it.

In order to make the time pass away more pleasantly during the voyage, the heroes talked about the Golden Fleece. It had first belonged to a ram who had taken on his back two children in danger of their lives, and fled with them over land and sea. One of the children fell into the sea and was drowned, but the other was brought safe ashore by the faithful ram, who was so weary that he lay down and died.

In memory of this good deed, and as a token of his true heart, the fleece of the dead ram was changed to gold and became one of the most beautiful objects ever seen on earth.

It was hung upon a tree in a grove, where it was now kept, and guarded by a dragon who devoured at one mouthful every person who came near.

Jason, or the Golden Fleece

PART IV—THE ADVENTURES OF THE ARGONAUTS

* The Argonauts sailed onward and met with many adventures. Once on an island they found themselves assailed by a shower of arrows. Some of them stuck in the ground, while others hit against their shields, and several went into their flesh. The fifty heroes started up and looked about them for the hidden enemy, but they could find none, nor see any spot on the whole island where even a single archer could lie hidden. Still, however, the steel-headed arrows came whizzing among them, and at last, happening to look upward, they beheld a large flock of birds shooting their feathers down upon the Argonauts. These feathers were the steel-headed arrows that had so troubled them. The fifty heroic Argonauts might all have been killed or wounded by this flock of birds if Jason had not asked the advice of the oaken image.

“O daughter of the Speaking Oak,” cried he, “we are in great danger from a flock of birds who are shooting us with their steel-pointed feathers. What can we do to drive them away?”

“Make a clatter on your shields,” said the image.

Jason bade his companions strike with their swords upon their shields. Forthwith the fifty heroes set to work banging with might and main, and they raised such a terrible clatter that the birds made haste to get away.

At a certain island they were received by the king, who made a feast for them and treated them like brothers. But the Argonauts saw that this good king looked troubled, and they inquired of him what was the matter. The king told them that he and his subjects were greatly abused by their neighbors, who made war upon them. While they were talking about it, the king pointed to a mountain, and asked Jason and his companions what they saw there.

"I see some tall objects," answered Jason, "but they are at such a distance that I cannot make out what they are. I am inclined to think them clouds which have something like human shapes."

"They are a band of giants all of whom have six arms apiece, and a club, or a sword, or some other weapon, in each hand. They are the enemies with whom I and my subjects have to contend," said the king.

The next day, when the Argonauts were setting sail, down came these terrible giants, stepping a hundred yards at a stride. Each of these monsters

was able to carry on a whole war by himself. With one of his arms he could fling immense stones, wield a club with another, a sword with a third, while the fourth was poking a long spear at the enemy, and the fifth and sixth were shooting him with a bow and arrow.

But though the giants were so huge and had so many arms, they had each but one heart, and that no bigger than the heart of a man. Jason and his friends went boldly to meet them, slew a great many, and made the rest take to their heels. If the giants had had six legs instead of six arms, they would have served them better at this time.

After this and many other adventures, Jason sailed to Col'chi. When the king of the country, whose name was Æ-e'tes, heard of their arrival, he summoned Jason to court. The king was a stern and cruel-looking man. Though he was polite, Jason did not like his face a whit better than that of the wicked King Pelias, who had dethroned his father.

"You are welcome, brave Jason," said King Æetes. "Pray, are you on a pleasure voyage?"

"Great sir," answered Jason, "King Pelias, who sits on my father's throne, has promised to come down from it, and to give me his crown and sceptre, if I bring him the Golden Fleece. This, as your

Majesty is aware, is now hanging on a tree here at Colchis; and I humbly beg your leave to take it away."

In spite of himself, the king's face twisted itself into an angry frown; for, above all things else in the world, he prized the Golden Fleece. It put him into a bad humor, therefore, to hear that the gallant Prince Jason and forty-nine of the bravest young warriors of Greece had come to Colchis to take away his chief treasure.

"Do you know," asked King Æetes, sternly, "what the conditions are for getting possession of the Golden Fleece?"

"I have heard," answered the youth, "that a dragon lies beneath the tree on which the prize hangs, and that whoever comes near him runs the risk of being devoured at a mouthful."

"Very true, young man," said the king, "but there are other things as hard or harder to be done before you reach the dragon. You must first tame my two brazen-footed and brazen-lunged bulls, which Vulcan, the wonderful blacksmith, made for me. There is a furnace in each of their stomachs and they breathe such hot fire out of their mouths and nostrils that nobody has gone near them without being instantly burned to a small black cinder. What do you think of this, my brave Jason?"

"I must encounter the peril," answered Jason, "since it stands in my way."

"After taming the fiery bulls," continued the king, "you must yoke them and plow the sacred earth in the grove of Mars. Then you must sow some of the same dragon's teeth from which Cadmus raised a crop of armed men. You and your nine-and-forty Argonauts, my bold Jason, are hardly strong enough to fight such a host as will spring up."

"My master, Chiron," replied Jason, "taught me long ago the story of Cadmus. Perhaps I can manage the quarrelsome sons as well as Cadmus did."

"Well, Prince Jason," the king continued, "tomorrow morning you shall try your skill at the plow."

While the king talked with Jason, a beautiful young woman was standing behind the throne. She fixed her eyes upon the stranger and listened to every word that was spoken. When Jason withdrew from the king's presence, this young woman followed him out of the room.

"I am the king's daughter," said she to him, "and my name is Me-de'a. If you will trust me, I can instruct you how to tame the fiery bulls, and sow the dragon's teeth, and get the Golden Fleece."

"Beautiful Princess," exclaimed Jason, "you seem indeed wise and powerful, but how can you help me to do the things of which you speak? Are you an enchantress?"

"Yes," answered Medea, with a smile, "I am an enchantress. I could tell you, if I pleased, who was the old woman with the peacock, the pomegranate, and the cuckoo staff, whom you carried over the river. I could tell you who it is that speaks through the lips of the oaken image that stands in the prow of your galley. I am acquainted with some of your secrets, you see. It is well for you that I can help you for otherwise you could hardly escape being snapped up by the dragon."

"I should not care so much for the dragon," replied Jason, "if I only knew how to manage the brazen-footed bulls."

"If you are as brave as you need to be," said Medea, "your own bold heart will teach you that there is but one way of dealing with a mad bull. As for the fiery breath of these animals, I have a charmed ointment here which will prevent you from being burned up, and will cure you if you chance to be a little scorched." So she put a golden box into his hand and told him how to apply the ointment. "Only be brave," added she, "and the brazen-footed bulls shall be tamed."



The young man assured her that his heart would not fail him. He then went to his comrades, told them what had passed between the princess and himself, and warned them to be ready in case there might be need of their help.

Jason, or the Golden Fleece

PART V—JASON AND THE BRAZEN-FOOTED BULLS

At the appointed hour he went to the king's palace. "Fulfil your promise, O king, and let your fiery bulls come forth," said he.

Soon the gates were opened and the fiery bulls leaped out, roaring like thunder, and sending out sheets of white flame. Jason saw the two horrible creatures galloping down upon him. Their brazen hoofs rattled and rang over the ground, and their tails were raised into the air. Their breath scorched the grass before them, caught the dry tree under which Jason was standing and set it all in a blaze. But the white flame curled around Jason's body without injuring him.

Greatly encouraged at finding himself not turned into a cinder, he awaited the attack of the bulls. Just as the brazen-footed brutes seemed quite sure of tossing him into the air, he caught them by the horns and held them in a grip like that of an iron vise, one with his right hand, the other with his left.

It was now easy to yoke the bulls and to harness them to the plow and break up the ground. Soon

the field lay before him, ready to be sown with the dragon's teeth. Jason scattered them broadcast, harrowed them into the soil, and took his stand upon the edge of the field to see what would happen next.

By and by, all over the field, something glistened like sparkling drops of dew. These bright objects grew higher and proved to be the steel heads of spears. Then there was a dazzling gleam from a great number of polished helmets. As they grew farther out of the soil, there appeared the dark and bearded faces of warriors struggling to free themselves from the earth. Next was seen their bright breastplates; in every right hand there was a sword or a spear, and on each left arm a shield. Wherever a dragon's tooth had fallen there stood a man armed for battle. They made a clamor with their swords against their shields and eyed one another fiercely; for they had come into this beautiful world full of rage and stormy passions and ready to take the life of every brother.

The warriors flourished their weapons and clashed their swords against their shields. Then they began to shout, "Show us the enemy! Lead us to the charge! Come on, brave comrades!" At last the front rank caught sight of Jason, who had thought it best to draw his sword. In a moment

all the sons of the dragon's teeth appeared to take him for an enemy, and crying with one voice, "Guard the Golden Fleece!" they ran at him with uplifted swords.

The armed men were now so near that Jason could see the fire flashing out of their angry eyes. Blind madness came upon him and he snatched his helmet and hurled it at them. Instead of running any farther toward Jason, they began to fight among themselves. In a short time the heroes of the dragon's teeth were lifeless on the field.

Then Jason said to the king, "Lead me to the Fleece before the sun goes down."

King Æetes scowled and looked very angry, for he knew that he ought now to permit Jason to win the Fleece if his courage and skill enabled him to do so. But, since the young man had met with such success with the brazen-footed bulls and the dragon's teeth, the king feared that he would be successful in slaying the dragon. And, though he would gladly have seen Jason snapped up at a mouthful, he was resolved not to run any further risks of losing his beloved Fleece.

So he said, "To-morrow we will meet these heroes and speak about the Fleece." And he sent every man to his home.

As Jason hastened down the palace steps the

Princess Medea called after him and beckoned him to return. "What says King Æetes, my royal father?" asked Medea. "Will he give you the Golden Fleece without any further risk or trouble?"

"No," answered Jason, "he is very angry with me for taming the brazen-footed bulls and sowing the dragon's teeth."

"Yes, Jason," said the Princess, "and I can tell you more. Unless you set sail from Colchis before to-morrow's sunrise, the king means to burn your fifty-oared galley and put yourself and your forty-nine brave comrades to the sword. But be of good courage. The Golden Fleece you shall have, if it lies within the power of my enchantments to get it for you. Wait for me here an hour before midnight."

At the appointed hour, Jason and the Princess Medea were on their way to the sacred grove, in the centre of which the Golden Fleece was hung to a tree. While they were crossing the pasture, the brazen-footed bulls came toward Jason, lowing and nodding their heads, and thrusting forth their snouts to be rubbed and caressed.

After kindly patting the bulls, Jason followed Medea into the grove of Mars, where the great oak trees threw so thick a shade that the moonbeams struggled to find their way through it.

“Look yonder,” Medea whispered, “do you see it?”

Gleaming among the oaks, there was a brightness like the golden glory of the setting sun. It came from an object hanging on a tree, a little farther within the wood.

“What is it?” asked Jason.

“Have you come so far to see it,” exclaimed Medea, “and do not recognize it when it glitters before your eyes? It is the Golden Fleece.”

Jason went onward a few steps farther, and then stopped to gaze. “How it shines!” cried Jason. “It has surely been dipped in the richest gold of sunset. Let me hasten onward and take it to my bosom.”

“Stay,” said Medea, holding him back, “have you forgotten what guards it?”

In the joy of beholding the Golden Fleece, the terrible dragon had quite slipped out of Jason’s memory. Soon something came to pass that reminded him what dangers were still to be met. A deer came bounding through the grove. He was rushing straight toward the Golden Fleece, when suddenly there was a frightful hiss. An immense head and half the scaly body of the dragon was thrust forth and, seizing the poor deer, it swallowed him with one snap of the jaws.

After this feat the dragon seemed to know that some other living creature was within reach. He kept poking his ugly snout among the trees, stretching out his neck, now here, now there, and now close to the spot where Jason and the princess were hidden behind an oak. The head came waving through the air and almost reached Prince Jason. The gape of his enormous jaws was nearly as wide as the gateway of the king's palace.

"Well, Jason," whispered Medea, "what do you think now of your chance of winning the Golden Fleece?"

Jason answered by drawing his sword and making a step forward. "Stay, foolish youth," said Medea, grasping his arm, "do you not see you are lost without me? In this gold box I have a magic potion which will destroy the dragon far better than your sword."

The dragon had heard the voices for, swift as lightning, his black head and forked tongue came hissing among the trees again, darting full forty feet at a stretch. As it came near Medea tossed the contents of the gold box down the monster's wide-open mouth. Immediately, with an awful hiss, the dragon fell full length upon the ground and lay motionless, asleep for the first time.

"It is only a sleeping potion," said the

enchantress to Prince Jason. "I did not wish to kill him outright. Quick! snatch the prize and let us begone. You have won the Golden Fleece."

Jason caught the fleece from the tree and hurried through the grove. A little way before him, he beheld the old woman whom he had helped over the stream, with her peacock beside her. She clapped her hands for joy and, beckoning him to make haste, disappeared among the trees. Seeing the two winged sons of the North Wind, Jason bade them tell the rest of the Argonauts to embark as speedily as possible.

As Jason drew near he heard the Speaking Image calling to him in its grave, sweet voice, "Make haste, Prince Jason! For your life, make haste!"

With one bound he leaped aboard the galley. At sight of the Golden Fleece, the nine-and-forty heroes gave a mighty shout, and Orpheus, striking his harp, sang a song of triumph, and the galley flew over the water, homeward bound. ✓

—*Adapted from Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

The Bell of Atri

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,—
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
“I climb no further upward, come what may,”—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,
Would cause the syndie to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days of Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,

The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and strand by strand
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts,—
Loved, or had loved them; for at last grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said, "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,

When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays.”
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer-time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
“Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!”
But ere he reached the belfry’s light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye

Was tugging at the vines of briony.
“Domeneddio!” cried the syndie straight,
“This is the Knight of Atri’s steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best.”

Meanwhile from the street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the syndie and the rest,
Maintaining in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the syndie gravely read
The proclamation of the king; then said:
“Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.

What fair renown, what honor, what repute,
Can come to you for starving this poor brute?
He who serves well, and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not into mass; my bell doth more;
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Perseus and Medusa

Per'seus was the son of Dan'a-ë and Jupiter. When Perseus was a very little boy, some wicked people put him and his mother into a chest and set them afloat upon the sea. The wind drove the chest away from the shore and the billows tossed it up and down. The mother clasped her child to her bosom while the big waves dashed over them. The chest sailed on, however, and did not sink or upset. At last it floated near an island, was caught in a fisherman's net, and drawn out high and dry upon the sand. The fisherman was very kind to Danae and her little boy. He befriended them until Perseus had grown to be a handsome youth, very strong and active, and skillful in the use of arms.

Long before this time the king had seen the mother and her child. He was a very wicked king, and he resolved to send Perseus on a dangerous journey. So he sent for the young man.

"Perseus," said the King, smiling upon him, "you are a fine young man. You and your good mother have received much kindness from me, as

well as from my brother the fisherman. I suppose you would not be sorry to repay some of it."

"Please, your Majesty," answered Perseus, "I would willingly risk my life to do so."

"Well, then," said the king, with a cunning smile, "I have a little adventure to propose to you. As you are a brave youth, you will be glad to make a name for yourself. I am to marry a beautiful princess and I wish to make the bride a present from some distant land."

"Can I assist your Majesty?" cried Perseus eagerly.

"You can, if you are as brave a youth as I believe you to be," replied the king. "The bridal gift which I wish to give is the head of the Gorgon Medusa with the snaky locks. I depend on you, my dear Perseus, to bring it to me. So the sooner you go in quest of the Gorgon, the better I shall be pleased."

"I will set out to-morrow morning," answered Perseus.

"Pray do," said the king, "and in cutting off the Gorgon's head be careful not to injure its appearance."

The news quickly spread that Perseus had undertaken to cut off the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. As Perseus walked along the people

pointed after him, and winked at one another, and cried, "Ho! ho! Medusa's snakes will sting him sharply."

Now there were three Gorgons alive at that period. They were the most curious and terrible monsters that had ever been since the world was made. Instead of locks of hair, each had a hundred enormous snakes growing on her head. The snakes were all alive, twisting, wriggling, curling, and thrusting out their tongues with forked stings at the end. The Gorgons' teeth were great long tusks, their hands were made of brass, and their bodies were covered with scales, which were as hard as iron.

But there was a worse thing about these Gorgons. If a poor mortal fixed his eyes upon one of their faces, he was that instant changed into stone. Perseus saw that he was far more likely to become a stone image than to bring back the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. For he must not only slay this golden-winged, iron-scaled, long-tusked, brazen-clawed, snaky-haired monster, but he must do it with his eyes shut. Else, while his arm was lifted to strike, he would stiffen into stone.

Perseus could not bear to tell his mother what he had undertaken to do. He therefore took his shield, girded on his sword, and crossed over from

the island to the mainland. Here he sat down in a lonely place and could hardly keep back the tears. While he was in this sad mood, he heard a voice close beside him.

"Perseus," said the voice, "why are you sad?"

Perseus lifted his head from his hands and looked up. There he saw a brisk and a shrewd-looking young man with a cloak over his shoulders and an odd sort of cap on his head. He carried a strangely twisted staff in his hand and a short and very crooked sword hung by his side. He was light and active, like a person used to exercise and well able to leap or run. Perseus felt ashamed that anybody should have found him with tears in his eyes, so he wiped his eyes and answered the stranger as bravely as he could.

"I am not so very sad," said he, "I am only thoughtful about an adventure that I have undertaken."

"Oh ho!" answered the stranger, "tell me all about it. I may be of service to you. I have helped a good many young men through adventures that looked difficult enough beforehand. Perhaps you may have heard of me. I have more names than one, but the name of Mercury suits me as well as any other. Tell me what the trouble is. We will talk the matter over and see what can be done."

The stranger's words and manner put Perseus into quite a different mood. He resolved to tell Mercury all his troubles. Possibly his new friend might give him some advice that would turn out well in the end. So he told the stranger, in few words, how the king wanted the head of Medusa with the snaky locks for a bridal gift, and how he had undertaken to get it for him, but was afraid of being turned into stone.

"That would be a great pity," said Mercury, with his mischievous smile. "However, you would make a very handsome marble statue."

"What would my mother do if her son were turned into a stone?" exclaimed the boy.

"Well, well, let us hope that the affair will not turn out so badly," replied Mercury. "I am the very person to help you if anybody can. My sister and myself will do our best to bring you safe through the adventure. If you are bold and cautious and follow our advice, you need not fear being a stone image yet awhile. But first of all you must polish your shield till you can see your face in it as distinctly as in a mirror."

This seemed to Perseus rather an odd beginning to the adventure. However, believing that Mercury knew better than himself, he set to work and scrubbed the shield till it shone like the moon at harvest-time.

Mercury looked at it with a smile and nodded his approval. Then, taking off his own short and crooked sword, he girded it about Perseus. "No sword but mine will answer your purpose," said he. "The blade has a most excellent temper and will cut through iron and brass as easily as through the slenderest twig. And now we will set out. The next thing is to find the Three Gray Women, who will tell us where to find the Nymphs."

"The Three Gray Women!" cried Perseus. "Pray, who may the Three Gray Women be? I have never heard of them before."

"They are three very strange ladies," said Mercury, laughing. "They have but one eye among them, and only one tooth. You must find them out by starlight or in the dusk of the evening, for they never show themselves by the light of the sun or moon."

"But," added Perseus, "why should I waste my time with these Three Gray Women? Would it not be better to set out at once in search of the Gorgons?"

"No," answered Mercury, "there is nothing for it but to hunt up the old women. When we meet them you may be sure that the Gorgons are not a great way off. Come, let us be stirring."

Perseus by this time felt so much confidence in

his companion that he made no more objections. They set out and walked at a brisk pace. "Here," cried Mercury, "take this staff, for you need it much more than I do. Are there no better walkers than yourself in your island?"

"I could walk better," said Perseus, glancing at his companion's feet, "if only I had a pair of winged shoes."

"We must see about getting you a pair of them," answered Mercury.

But the staff helped Perseus along so well that he no longer felt the slightest weariness. In fact, the stick seemed to be alive in his hand and to lend some of its life to Perseus. He and Mercury now walked onward at their ease. At last he remembered that Mercury had spoken of his sister. "Where is your sister?" he inquired. "Shall we not meet her soon?"

"All at the proper time," said his companion.

At last they came to a very wild and desert place overgrown with bushes. Perseus looked about him and asked Mercury whether they had much farther to go.

"Hist, hist," whispered his companion, "make no noise. This is just the time and place to meet the Three Gray Women. Be careful that they do not see you before you see them."



“What must I do,” asked Perseus, “when we meet them?”

Mercury explained to Perseus how the Three Gray Women managed with their one eye. They changed it from one to another. When one of the

three had kept the eye a certain time, she took it out of the socket and passed it to one of her sisters, who clapped it into her own head and enjoyed a peep at the world. Thus at the instant when the eye was passing from hand to hand, none of the poor old ladies was able to see a wink. "You will soon find whether I tell the truth or not," observed Mercury. "Hark, hush, there they are now."

Perseus looked earnestly through the dusk of the evening, and there, sure enough, he saw the Three Gray Women. As they came nearer he saw that two of them had but the empty socket for an eye in the middle of their heads. But the third sister had a very large eye, which sparkled like a great diamond in a ring. She led the other two by a hand of each.

Before they reached the clump of bushes one of the Three Gray Women spoke. "Sister Scarecrow," cried she, "you have had the eye long enough. It is my turn now."

Old Dame Scarecrow took the eye out of her forehead and held it forth in her hand. "Take it, one of you, quickly," cried she.

"Now is your time," whispered Mercury to Perseus. "Quick, quick! before they can clap the eye into either of their heads. Rush upon the old ladies and snatch it from Scarecrow's hand."

In an instant Perseus leaped from behind the clump of bushes and made himself master of the prize. But the Gray Women knew nothing of what had happened. Each supposed that her sister was in possession of the eye, and they began to quarrel.

At last Perseus explained the matter. "My good ladies," said he, "pray do not be angry with one another, for I have the honor to hold your very excellent eye in my own hand."

"You have our eye! And who are you?" screamed the Three Gray Women, all in one breath. They were terribly frightened when they discovered that their eye had fallen into the hands of a stranger. "Oh, what shall we do, sisters? What shall we do? We are all in the dark. Give us our eye. Give us our eye! Give us our one precious eye! You have two of your own! Give us our eye!"

"Tell them," whispered Mercury to Perseus, "that they shall have the eye as soon as they direct you where to find the Nymphs who have the flying slippers, the magic wallet and the helmet of darkness."

"My dear ladies," said Perseus, addressing the Gray Women, "you shall have your eye, as bright as ever, the moment you tell me where to find the Nymphs."

“The Nymphs! What Nymphs does he mean?” screamed Scarecrow. “There are a great many Nymphs. Some have homes in fountains of water, some go hunting in the woods, and some live inside the trees. We know nothing at all about them. We are three old souls that go wandering about in the dusk. We never had but one eye amongst us, and that one you have stolen away. Oh, give it back, good stranger, give it back.”

“My good dames,” said he, “I hold your eye fast in my hand, and I shall keep it for you until you please to tell me where to find these Nymphs. I mean the Nymphs who keep the enchanted wallet, the flying slippers and the invisible helmet.”

“What is the young man talking about?” exclaimed Scarecrow, “a pair of flying slippers, an invisible helmet, and an enchanted wallet! What sort of things may they be, I wonder? No, no, good stranger, we can tell you nothing of these things. You have two eyes of your own, and we have but the single one amongst us three. You can find out such wonders better than three blind old creatures like us.”

Perseus began to think that the Gray Women knew nothing of the Nymphs. He was just on the point of returning their eye and asking pardon for snatching it away, when Mercury caught his hand.

“Do not let them make a fool of you,” said he. “These Three Gray Women are the only persons in the world that can tell you where to find the Nymphs. Without their help you will never succeed in cutting off the head of Medusa with the snaky locks.”

Finding that there was no other way of recovering their eye, the Three Gray Women at last told Perseus what he wanted to know. No sooner had they done so than he clapped the eye into the vacant socket of one of their foreheads, thanked them for their kindness, and bade them farewell. Mercury and Perseus then made their way in quest of the Nymphs and they were not long in finding them.

The Nymphs proved to be very different persons from the Three Gray Women. Instead of being old, they were young and beautiful, and instead of one eye, each Nymph had two bright eyes of her own. They seemed to be acquainted with Mercury. When he told them of the adventure which Perseus had undertaken, they gave him the valuable articles that were in their possession. First they brought out a small purse, made of deer skin, and bade him be sure and keep it safe. This was the magic wallet. Next they brought a pair of slippers with a nice little pair of wings at the heel of each. ✕

"Put them on, Perseus," said Mercury, "you will find yourself as light-heeled as you can desire for the remainder of your journey."

When Perseus had got on both of these wonderful slippers he was altogether too light to tread on earth. Making a step or two, he popped into the air high above the heads of Mercury and the Nymphs and found it very difficult to get down again. Mercury laughed at Perseus and told him he must not be in a hurry but must wait for the invisible helmet. The good-natured Nymphs had the helmet, with its dark waving plumes, ready to put upon his head. The instant the helmet was put upon his head, there was no longer any Perseus to be seen—nothing but the empty air. Even the helmet that covered him had vanished.

"Where are you, Perseus?" asked Mercury.

"Why, here, to be sure," answered Perseus, "just where I was a moment ago. Don't you see me?"

"No, indeed," answered his friend. "You are hidden under the helmet. But if I cannot see you, neither can the Gorgons. Follow me and try your winged slippers."

With these words Mercury spread his wings. His figure rose lightly into the air and Perseus followed. By the time they had ascended a few

hundred feet, the young man began to feel what a delightful thing it was to leave the dull earth so far beneath him, and to be able to flit about like a bird.

It was now night. Perseus looked upward and saw the round silvery moon. He thought that he should desire nothing better than to soar up thither and spend his life there. Then he looked downward again and saw the earth, with its seas and lakes, its rivers and its snowy mountain peaks, its fields and its forests, and its cities of white marble. With the moonshine sweeping over the whole scene, the earth was as beautiful as the moon or any star could be.

Sometimes he and Mercury approached a cloud. At a distance it looked as if it were made of fleecy silver, but when they plunged into it they found themselves chilled and wet with gray mist. So swift was their flight, however, that in an instant they passed from the cloud into the moonlight again.

As the two companions flew onward, Perseus fancied that he could hear some one by his side. "Who is this," he inquired, "that keeps rustling close beside me in the breeze?"

"Oh, it is my sister," answered Mercury. "She is coming along with us, as I told you she would.

We could do nothing without the help of my sister. She has such eyes, she can see you just as distinctly as if you were not invisible, and I'll venture to say, she will be the first to discover the Gorgons."

By this time, in their swift voyage through the air, they had come within sight of the great ocean, and were flying over it. Far beneath them the waves tossed in mid-sea, or rolled a white surf-line upon the long beaches, or foamed against the rocky cliffs with a roar that was like thunder. Just then a voice spoke in the air close by him.

"Perseus," said the voice, "there are the Gorgons."

"Where?" exclaimed Perseus. "I cannot see them."

"On the shore of that island beneath you," replied the voice. "A pebble dropped from your hand would strike in the midst of them."

"I told you she would be the first to discover them," said Mercury to Perseus, "and there they are."

Two or three thousand feet below him Perseus saw a small island, with the sea breaking into white foam all around its rocky shore. At the foot of a precipice of black rocks lay the terrible Gorgons fast asleep, soothed by the thunder of the sea. The moonlight glistened on their steely scales



and on their golden wings. Their brazen claws were thrust out and clutched the wave-beaten rock. The snakes, that served them instead of hair, seemed to be asleep, too, but now and then one would lift its head, thrust out its forked tongue, and make a drowsy hiss.

"Be cautious," said the calm voice, "one of the Gorgons is stirring in her sleep and is just about to turn over. That is Medusa. Do not look at her. The sight would turn you to stone. Look at the reflection of her face and figure in the bright mirror of your shield."

Perseus now understood Mercury's reason for having him polish the shield. In its surface he could safely look at the reflection of the Gorgon's face. It was the fiercest and most horrible face that ever was seen, and yet it had a strange, fearful and savage kind of beauty in it. The eyes were closed and the Gorgon was still in a deep slumber, but she gnashed her white tusks and dug into the sand with her brazen claws. The snakes twined themselves into knots and writhed and lifted up their heads without opening their eyes.

"Now," whispered Mercury, "make a dash at the monster."

"But be calm," said the grave voice at the young man's side. "Look in your shield as you

fly downward, and take care that you do not miss your first stroke."

Perseus flew cautiously downward, still keeping his eyes on Medusa's face in his shield. The nearer he came, the more terrible did the snaky face and scaly body of the monster grow. At last, when within arm's length, Perseus lifted his sword. At the same instant Medusa opened her eyes, but she awoke too late. The sword was sharp, the stroke fell like a lightning flash, and the head of wicked Medusa tumbled from her body.

"Well done!" cried Mercury. "Make haste and clap the head into your magic wallet."

The small wallet which Perseus had hung about his neck grew all at once large enough to contain Medusa's head. As quick as thought he snatched up the head, with the snakes still writhing upon it, and thrust it in.

"Your task is done," said the calm voice. "Now fly, for the other Gorgons will do their utmost to avenge Medusa's death."

It was indeed necessary to take flight, for the clash of Perseus' sword and the hissing of the snakes awoke the other two monsters. There they sat for an instant rubbing their eyes, while all the snakes reared themselves on end with surprise and hate. They could see no enemy, but when they

saw the scaly body of Medusa headless, it was terrible to hear the yells and cries they set up. And then the snakes! They sent forth a hundred-fold hiss, and Medusa's snakes answered them out of the magic wallet.

Up rose the Gorgons staring about in hopes of turning somebody to stone. Perseus took good care to turn his eyes another way, and as he wore the invisible helmet, the Gorgons knew not in what direction to follow him.

Perseus made the best use of the winged slippers by soaring upward a mile or so. Then he made a straight course to the island to carry Medusa's head to the king. When he arrived he expected to see his mother. But during his absence the wicked king had treated her so badly that she was compelled to make her escape and take refuge in a temple. So Perseus went straight to the palace, and was shown into the presence of the king.

"Have you performed your promise?" inquired the king. "Have you brought me the head of Medusa with the snaky locks? If not, young man, it will cost you dear; for I must have that bridal present for the beautiful princess. There is nothing else that she would admire so much."

"Yes, please your Majesty," answered Perseus

in a quiet way, as if it were no very wonderful deed to perform, "I have brought you the Gorgon's head, snaky locks and all."

"Indeed! pray let me see it," quoth the king. "It must be a very curious sight if all that travelers tell about it be true."

"Your Majesty is right," replied Perseus. "It is really an object that will be certain to fix the sight of all who look at it. If it please your Majesty, I would suggest that a holiday be proclaimed and that all your Majesty's subjects be summoned to behold this wonderful curiosity. Few of them, I imagine, have seen a Gorgon's head before, and perhaps they may never see such a thing again."

The king knew well that his subjects were an idle set and fond of sight-seeing. So he sent out heralds and messengers to blow the trumpet at the street-corners and in the market-places and summon everybody to court. Accordingly, a great multitude of good-for-nothing vagabonds came. Out of pure love of mischief, they would have been glad if Perseus had met with some mishap. They shoved and pushed and elbowed one another to get near a balcony, on which Perseus showed himself, holding the wallet in his hand. On a platform, within full view of the balcony, sat the king amid

his evil counsellors. King, counsellors, and subjects all gazed eagerly toward Perseus.

"Show us the head! Show us the head!" shouted the people.

There was a fierceness in their cry as if they would tear Perseus to pieces if he did not. "Show us the head of Medusa with the snaky locks."

A feeling of sorrow and pity came over Perseus. "O King," cried he, "I am very loath to show you the Gorgon's head!"

"Ah, coward!" yelled the people, "he is making game of us! He has no Gorgon's head! Show us the head if you have it, or we will take your own head for a football."

"Show me the Gorgon's head or I will cut off your own," shouted the king. "This instant," repeated the king, "or you die."

"Behold it then!" cried Perseus, in a voice like the blast of a trumpet.

Suddenly he held up the head. At the first glimpse of the terrible head of Medusa they all whitened into marble. Perseus thrust the head back into his wallet, and went to tell his mother that she need no longer be afraid of the wicked king.

—Adapted from Nathaniel Hawthorne.

A Legend of Bregenz

Girt round with rugged mountains,
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected,
Shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town;
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers
Upon their rocky steep
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep;

Mountain and lake and valley
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fled
So silently and fast
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years.

She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering around her stand,
She sang them the old ballads
Of her own native land;
And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful, year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;

All talk of flax or spinning,
Or work was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day out in the meadow,
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down;
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
All care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted,
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!

"The night is growing darker,—
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"

The women shrank in terror,
 (Yet pride, too, had her part)
But one poor Tyrol maiden
 Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz,
 Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
 Only her country's foes!
- The faces of her kinsfolk,
 The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
 Reclaimed her as their own.

Nothing she heard around her
 (Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
 The pasture and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
 And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
 And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
 With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
 Were standing in the shed;

She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness,—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy;
Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

“Faster!” she cries, “Oh, faster!”
Eleven the church-bells chime;
“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!”
But louder than bells’ ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans above his neck

To watch the flowing darkness,—
The bank is high and steep,—
One pause—he staggers forward
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam!
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier,
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.

And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well, to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still;
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour,
“Nine,” “ten,” “eleven,” he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden’s name!

—*Adelaide Proctor.*

Bregenz, the capital of Vorarlberg, the Austrian Tyrol, is situated at the extreme eastern part of Lake of Constance, about fifteen miles from the Rhine. In 1408 the men of Appenzell, a canton of Switzerland, made a sudden attack upon Bregenz, but the attack was repulsed.

The Chimera

* In the olden times a sparkling fountain gushed out from a hillside in the land of Greece. One day in the golden sunset a handsome young man named Bel-ler'o-phon drew near its margin. In his hand he held a bridle, studded with brilliant gems, and having a golden bit. An old man, and another of middle age, and a little boy were near the fountain, and likewise a maiden, dipping up some of the water in a pitcher. Bellerophon paused and begged that he might refresh himself with a drink.

"This is delicious water," he said to the maiden as he filled her pitcher, after drinking out of it. "Will you be kind enough to tell me whether the fountain has any name?"

"Yes, it is called the Fountain of Pi-re'ne," answered the maiden. "My grandmother has told me that this clear fountain was once a beautiful woman. Her son was killed by the arrows of Diana and she melted away into tears. So the water, cool and sweet, is the sorrow of that poor mother's heart!"

"I should not have dreamed," said the young stranger, "that so clear a spring, with its gush and gurgle, had one tear-drop in its bosom. And this, then, is Pirene? I thank you, pretty maiden, for telling me its name. I have come from a far away country to find this very spot."

"Water must be getting low, friend, in your part of the world," remarked the middle-aged man, "if you come so far to find the Fountain of Pirene. But pray, have you lost a horse? I see you carry the bridle in your hand. A very pretty one it is, too, with that double row of bright stones upon it."

"I have lost no horse," said Bellerophon with a smile, "but I am seeking a very famous one, which must be found hereabouts, if anywhere. Do you know whether the winged horse, Peg'a-sus, still haunts the Fountain of Pirene? He used to do so in your forefathers' days."

The country fellow laughed.

Pegasus was a snow-white steed, with beautiful silvery wings, who spent most of his time on Mount Hel'i-con. He was as wild and swift in his flight through the air as an eagle. There was nothing else like him in the world. He had no mate, he never had been backed or bridled by a master, and for many a long year he had led a solitary and a happy life.

Pegasus often alighted on the solid earth and, closing his silvery wings, would gallop over hill and dale for pastime, as fleetly as the wind. Often he had been seen near the Fountain of Pirene, drinking the water, or rolling himself upon the soft grass of the margin. Sometimes, too, he would crop a few of the clover-blossoms.

Of late years he had been seldom seen. Indeed, there were many of the country folk near the fountain who had never beheld Pegasus. They did not believe there was any such creature. The country fellow to whom Bellerophon was speaking chanced to be one of these persons. That was the reason he laughed.

"Pegasus, indeed!" cried he, turning up his nose, "Pegasus, indeed! A winged horse, truly! Of what use would wings be to a horse? Could he drag the plow? How would a man like to see his horse flying out of the stable window, or whisking him up above the clouds, when he wanted only to ride to mill? No, no! I don't believe in Pegasus. There never was such a kind of horse-fowl made."

"I have some reason to think otherwise," said Bellerophon quietly. Then he turned to an old gray man who was leaning on a staff. He was listening with his head stretched forward and one hand at his ear.

"And what say you, sir?" inquired Bellerophon. "In your younger days you must have seen the winged steed!"

"Ah, young stranger, my memory is very poor," said the aged man. "When I was a lad, I used to believe there was such a horse, and so did everybody else. But nowadays, I hardly know what to think. If I ever saw the creature, it was a long, long while ago. To tell you the truth, I doubt whether I ever did see him."

"And have you never seen him, my fair maiden?" asked Bellerophon of the girl who stood near with the pitcher on her head.

"Once I thought I saw him," replied the maiden, with a smile. "It was either Pegasus or a large white bird, a great way up in the air. One other time, as I was coming to the fountain with my pitcher, I heard a neigh. It startled me so that I ran home without filling my pitcher."

"That was truly a pity!" said Bellerophon.

Then Bellerophon turned to the child, who was gazing at him with his rosy mouth wide open.

"Well, my little fellow," cried Bellerophon, pulling one of his curls, "I suppose you have often seen the winged horse."

"That I have," answered the child, very readily. "I saw him yesterday, and many times before."

[†]
“You are a fine little man,” said Bellerophon, drawing the child closer to him. “Come, tell me all about it.”

“Why,” replied the child, “I often come here to sail little boats in the fountain and to gather pretty pebbles out of its basin. Sometimes, when I look down into the water, I see the image of the winged horse in the picture of the sky. I wish he would come down and take me on his back and let me ride him up to the moon. But if I so much as stir to look at him, he flies far out of sight.”

So Bellerophon put his faith in the child, who had seen the image of Pegasus in the water, and in the maiden who had heard him neigh.

Therefore, he haunted the Fountain of Pirene for a great many days afterwards. He kept on the watch, looking at the sky or down into the water, hoping that he might see the image of the winged horse. He held the bridle with its bright gems and golden bit, always ready in his hand.

The rustic people in the neighborhood, who drove their cattle to the fountain to drink, often laughed at Bellerophon. They told him that a young man ought to be in better business. They offered to sell him a horse if he wanted one. When Bellerophon declined the purchase, they tried to bargain with him for his fine bridle.

Even the country boys thought him foolish. They used to have much sport about him. One little urchin would play Pegasus and cut the oddest capers by way of flying, while one of his school-fellows would scamper after him, holding forth a twist of bulrushes to represent Bellerophon's bridle.

But the gentle child who had seen Pegasus in the water comforted the young stranger. The little fellow often sat down beside him and, without speaking a word, would look down into the fountain and up towards the sky for the winged horse. So Bellerophon always felt encouraged.

Why was it that Bellerophon had undertaken to catch the winged horse?

In a certain country of Asia, a terrible monster called a Chi-me'ra had made its appearance and was doing great mischief. This Chimera was the ugliest and most poisonous creature, and the strangest and the hardest to fight with, that ever came out of the earth. It had a tail like a boa constrictor; and it had three separate heads, one of which was a lion's, the second a goat's, and the third a great snake's. A hot blast of fire came flaming out of each mouth. It ran like a goat and a lion and wriggled along like a serpent, and thus made as much speed as all the three together.

Oh, the mischief, and mischief, and mischief that this creature did! With its flaming breath it could set a forest on fire, or burn up a field of grain or a village with all its fences and houses. It laid waste the whole country roundabout. It used to eat people and animals alive and cook them afterwards in the burning oven of its stomach.

While the hateful beast was doing all these horrible things, Bellerophon chanced to come to that part of the world on a visit to the king. The king's name was I-ob'a-tes, and Lyc'i-a was the country over which he ruled. Bellerophon was one of the bravest youths in the world, and he desired to do some brave and good deed to make all mankind admire and love him.

King Iobates saw the courage of Bellerophon and proposed to him to go to fight the Chimera, whom everybody feared. Unless it should be killed soon it was likely to turn Lycia into a desert. Bellerophon assured the king that he would either slay the terrible Chimera or he would perish in the attempt.

But as the monster was so swift Bellerophon knew that he could never win by fighting on foot. He must get the very best and fleetest horse that could be found. And what other horse in all the world was half so fleet as Pegasus? He had wings

as well as legs and was even more active in the air than on the earth.

So Bellerophon traveled from Lycia to Greece and brought the beautiful jeweled bridle in his hand. It was an enchanted bridle. If he could only get the golden bit into the mouth of Pegasus the winged horse would own Bellerophon for his master.

But it was a weary time while Bellerophon waited and waited for Pegasus to drink at the fountain of Pirene. He was afraid King Iobates might think that he had fled from the Chimera. It pained Bellerophon, too, to think how much mischief the monster was doing, while he himself was compelled to sit by the bright waters of Pirene as they gushed out of the sparkling sand. He feared that he might grow to be an old man and have no strength left in his arms nor courage in his heart, before the winged horse would appear. Oh, how heavily passed the time! How hard a lesson it was to wait!

Well was it for Bellerophon that the gentle child had grown so fond of him and was never weary of keeping him company. Every morning the child gave him a new hope to put into his bosom.

"Dear Bellerophon," he would cry, looking up

into his face, "I think we shall see Pegasus to-day!"

At length, if it had not been for the little boy's great faith, Bellerophon would have given up all hope. He would have gone back to Lycia, where he would have done his best to slay the Chimera without the help of the winged horse and would probably have been killed and devoured.

One morning the child spoke to Bellerophon even more hopefully than usual.

"Dear, dear Bellerophon," cried he, "I know not why it is, but I feel we shall certainly see Pegasus to-day!"

All that day he would not stir a step from Bellerophon's side. They ate a crust of bread together and drank some of the water of the fountain.

In the afternoon there they sat. Bellerophon had thrown his arm around the child who had put one of his little hands into Bellerophon's. The latter was lost in his own thoughts and was fixing his eyes on the trunks of the trees near the fountain and on the grapevines that climbed among the branches. But the gentle child was gazing down into the water. He was grieved for Bellerophon's sake. Two or three quiet tear-drops fell from his eyes into the fountain.

But, when he least thought of it, Bellerophon felt the pressure of the child's little hand and heard a whisper.

"See there, dear Bellerophon! There is an image in the water."

The young man looked down into the mirror of the fountain. He saw what he took to be the reflection of a bird flying at a great height in the air, with a gleam of sunshine on its snowy or silvery wings.

"What a splendid bird it must be!" said he, "and how very large it looks, though it must really be flying higher than the clouds!"

"It makes me tremble," whispered the child, "I am afraid to look up into the air. It is very beautiful and yet I dare only look at its image in the water. Dear Bellerophon, do you not see that it is no bird? It is the winged horse, Pegasus."

Bellerophon's heart began to throb. He gazed upward, but could not see the winged creature, whether bird or horse, because it had plunged into the fleecy depths of a summer cloud. It was but a moment, however, before the object reappeared, sinking lightly down out of the cloud, although still at a vast distance from the earth.

Bellerophon caught the child in his arms and shrank back so they were hidden among the thick



shrubbery around the fountain. He was afraid of no harm, but he feared that, if Pegasus caught a glimpse of them, he would fly far away to some mountain-top, for it was really the winged horse. After they had expected him so long he was coming to quench his thirst with the water of Pirene.

Nearer and nearer came the wonder, flying in great circles like a dove when about to alight. Downward came Pegasus in those wide sweeping circles, which grew narrower and narrower as he

approached the earth. The nearer he came the more beautiful he was, and the more marvelous was the sweep of his silvery wings. At last he alighted and began to drink. He drew in the water with long and pleasant sighs and quiet pauses of enjoyment, and then another draught, and another, and another. For nowhere in the world, or up among the clouds, did Pegasus love any water as he loved this of Pirene. When his thirst was slaked, he cropped a few of the honey-blossoms of the clover, just tasting them, not caring to make a hearty meal.

After thus drinking to his heart's content, the winged horse began to caper to and fro and dance out of mere sport. There never was a more playful creature made than this very Pegasus. So there he frisked, fluttering his great wings as lightly as a linnet, and running little races half on earth and half in air.

Once or twice Pegasus stopped and snuffed the air, pricked up his ears, and tossed his head as if he suspected some mischief. Seeing nothing, however, and hearing no sound, he soon began his antics again.

At length Pegasus folded his wings and lay down on the soft green turf. He soon rolled over on his back with his four slender legs in the air.

It was beautiful to see him. Bellerophon and the child held their breath because they dreaded lest the slightest stir or murmur should send him up with the speed of an arrow into the blue of the sky.

Finally when he had had enough of rolling over and over, Pegasus turned himself about, and, like any other horse, put out his fore legs to rise from the ground. Then Bellerophon darted from the thicket and leaped astride of his back.

Yes, there he sat on the back of the winged horse!

But what a bound did Pegasus make when, for the first time, he felt the weight of a mortal man upon his loins! A bound, indeed!

Before he had time to draw a breath, Bellerophon found himself five hundred feet aloft, and still shooting upward. The winged horse snorted and trembled with terror and anger. Upward he went, up, up, up, until he plunged into the cold misty bosom of a cloud. Then again, out of the heart of the cloud, Pegasus shot down like a thunderbolt, as if he meant to dash both himself and his rider headlong against a rock. Then he went through a thousand wild capers.

He skimmed straight forward, and sideways, and backward. He reared himself erect, with his



fore legs on a wreath of mist and his hind legs on nothing at all. He flung out his heels behind, and put down his head between his legs, with his wings pointing right upward.

About two miles above the earth, he turned a somersault so that Bellerophon's heels were where his head should have been. He seemed to look

down into the sky instead of up. Pegasus twisted his head about and, looking Bellerophon in the face, with fire flashing from his eyes, he made a terrible attempt to bite him. He fluttered his wings so wildly that one of the silver feathers was shaken out. It floated earthward and was picked up by the child, who kept it as long as he lived in memory of Pegasus and Bellerophon.

But Bellerophon was as good a horseman as ever mounted. He had been watching his chance and at last clapped the golden bit of the enchanted bridle between the jaws of the winged steed. No sooner was this done than Pegasus became as tame as if he had taken food all his life out of Bellerophon's hand.

It was almost a sadness to see so wild a creature grow tame so suddenly, and Pegasus seemed to be oppressed by the change. He looked around to Bellerophon with tears in his beautiful eyes, instead of the fire that had flashed from them. But when Bellerophon patted his head and spoke a few firm yet kind words, another look came into the eyes of Pegasus. He was glad, after so many lonely centuries, to have found a companion and a master.

While Pegasus had been doing his utmost to shake Bellerophon off his back, he had flown a very long distance. They had come within sight of a

lofty mountain by the time the bit was in his mouth. Bellerophon had seen this mountain before and knew it to be Helicon, the abode of the winged horse. Pegasus now flew to the summit and waited patiently for Bellerophon to dismount.

The young man leaped from his steed's back but still held him fast by the bridle. Meeting his eyes, Bellerophon was touched by the thought of the free life which Pegasus had lived. He could not bear to keep him a prisoner, if the horse really desired his liberty.

So he slipped the enchanted bridle off the head of Pegasus, and took the bit from his mouth.

"Leave me, Pegasus!" said he, "either leave me, or love me."

In an instant the winged horse shot almost out of sight, straight upward from the summit of Mount Helicon. It was now twilight on the mountain-top, but Pegasus flew so high that he overtook the departed day, and was bathed in the sunshine. Soon he looked like a bright speck, and at last could not be seen. Bellerophon was afraid that he should never see him more, but the bright speck reappeared and drew nearer and nearer, until it was lower than the sunshine. Behold, Pegasus had come back! After this trial there was no more fear of the winged horse's making his

escape. He and Bellerophon were friends, and they put loving faith in each other.

That night they lay down and slept together, with Bellerophon's arm about the neck of Pegasus. They awoke at peep of day and bade one another good morning, each in his own language.

In this manner Bellerophon and Pegasus spent several days, and they grew better acquainted and fonder of each other all the time. They went on long journeys and sometimes ascended so high that the earth looked hardly bigger than the moon. They visited distant countries and amazed the inhabitants. All thought that the beautiful young man on the back of the winged horse must have come out of the sky. A thousand miles a day was no more than an easy space for the fleet Pegasus to pass over.

Bellerophon was delighted with this kind of life. He would have liked nothing better than to live always in the same way, aloft in the clear air. But he could not forget the horrible Chimera which he had promised King Iobates to slay. First he learned to manage Pegasus with the least motion of his hand and taught him to obey his voice. Then he was ready to attempt this adventure.

At daybreak, therefore, as soon as he opened his eyes, he gently pinched the ear of Pegasus to

arouse him. Pegasus immediately started from the ground. He pranced about a quarter of a mile aloft and made a grand sweep around the mountain-top, to show he was wide awake. During this little flight he uttered a loud brisk neigh and finally came down to Bellerophon's side, as a sparrow hops upon a twig.

"Well done, dear Pegasus! well done, my sky-skimmer!" cried Belerophon, fondly stroking the horse's neck. "And now, my fleet and beautiful friend, we are to fight the terrible Chimera."

As soon as they had eaten their morning meal and had drunk some sparkling water, Pegasus held out his head for his master to put on the bridle. Then Bellerophon girded on his sword and hung his shield about his neck and prepared himself for battle. When everything was ready the rider mounted and ascended five miles, the better to see where he was going. He then turned the head of Pegasus towards the east and set out for Lycia.

In their flight they overtook an eagle and came so nigh him that Bellerophon might easily have caught him by the leg. It was still early in the forenoon when they beheld the lofty mountains of Lycia with their deep and shaggy valleys.

They were near their journey's end and the winged horse gradually descended with his rider.

It was a wild, savage, and rocky tract of high hills. In the more level part of the country there were the ruins of houses that had been burnt. Here and there dead cattle were strewn about the pastures where they had been feeding.

"The Chimera must have done this mischief," thought Bellerophon, "but where can the monster be?"

Three spires of black smoke issued from the mouth of a cavern. The cavern was almost directly beneath the winged horse and his rider at the distance of about a thousand feet. The smoke, as it crept upward, had an ugly stench which caused Pegasus to snort and Bellerophon to sneeze. It was so disagreeable to Pegasus that he waved his wings and shot half a mile away.

But on looking behind him Bellerophon saw something that led him to draw the bridle and turn Pegasus about. He made a sign which the winged horse understood. Pegasus sank slowly through the air until his hoofs were just above the rocky bottom of the valley. In front was the cavern's mouth with the three smoke-wreaths oozing out of it.

There seemed to be a heap of strange and terrible creatures curled up within the cavern. Their bodies lay close together. Judging by their

heads one of these creatures was a huge snake, the second a fierce lion, and the third an ugly goat. The lion and the goat were asleep, the snake was awake and kept staring around him with a great pair of fiery eyes. The three spires of smoke came from the nostrils of these three heads. Here was the terrible three-headed Chimera. He had found out the Chimera's cavern. The snake, the lion, and the goat were not three separate creatures, but one monster.

All at once Bellerophon started as from a dream and knew it to be the Chimera. Pegasus seemed to know it at the same instant, and sent forth a neigh that sounded like the call of a trumpet to battle. At this sound the three heads reared and belched out great flashes of flame. Before Bellerophon had time to think, the monster flung itself out of the cavern and sprang towards him, with its immense claws extended and its snaky tail twisting itself behind.

Pegasus was as nimble as a bird, so both he and his rider were saved from the Chimera's head-long rush. In the twinkling of an eye he was up half way to the clouds, snorting with anger. He shuddered with disgust at this poisonous thing with three heads.

The Chimera raised itself up so as to stand on

the tip of its tail. Its talons pawed fiercely in the air, and its three heads spluttered fire at Pegasus and his rider. How it roared and hissed and bellowed! Bellerophon, meanwhile, was fitting his shield on his arm and drawing his sword.

“Now, my beloved Pegasus,” he whispered in the winged horse’s ear, “thou must help me to slay this monster or thou shalt fly back to thy mountain peak without thy friend Bellerophon. The Chimera must die or its three mouths shall gnaw this head of mine which has slumbered upon thy neck!”

Pegasus whinnied, turned back his head and rubbed his nose tenderly against his rider’s cheek. It was his way of telling Bellerophon that he would perish rather than leave him behind.

“I thank thee, Pegasus,” answered Bellerophon. “Now then, let us make a dash at the monster!”

Uttering these words he shook the bridle. Pegasus darted down aslant, as swift as the flight of an arrow right towards the Chimera’s threefold head. All this time it was poking itself as high as it could into the air. As he came within arm’s-length Bellerophon made a cut at the monster. He was carried onward by his steed before he could see whether the blow had been successful. Pegasus soon wheeled round. Bellerophon then

saw that he had cut the goat's head of the monster almost off. It dangled downward by the skin and seemed dead.

But the snake's head and the lion's head had taken all the fierceness of the dead one into themselves. They spit flame and hissed and roared with a vast deal more fury than before.

"Never mind, my brave Pegasus!" cried Bellerophon, "with another stroke like that, we shall stop either its hissing or its roaring."

And again he shook the bridle. Dashing aslant as before the winged horse made another arrow-flight toward the Chimera. Bellerophon aimed another stroke at one of the two heads as he shot by. But this time neither he nor Pegasus escaped so well. With one of its claws the Chimera had given the young man a deep scratch in his shoulder and had hurt the left wing of the flying steed with the other.

On his part, Bellerophon had mortally wounded the lion head of the monster. It now hung downward, with its fire almost out, and sending out gasps of thick black smoke. The snake head, however, was twice as fierce as before. It belched forth shoots of fire five hundred yards long. It emitted hisses so loud, so harsh, and so ear-piercing, that King Iobates heard them, fifty miles off, and

trembled till the golden throne shook unde

“Well-a-day!” thought the king, “the
is coming to devour me!”

Meanwhile Pegasus had again paused in
and neighed angrily. The spirit of the horse was all
aroused and so was that of Bellerophon.

“Dost thou bleed, my immortal horse?” cried
the young man, caring less for his own hurt than
for the pain of this glorious horse. “The Chimera
shall pay for this mischief with his last head!”

Then he shook the bridle, shouted loudly, and
guided Pegasus straight at the monster’s hideous
front. So rapid was the onset that it seemed but a
dazzle and a flash before Bellerophon was at close
grip with his enemy.

The Chimera, after losing its second head, had
got into a red-hot passion of pain and rage. It
opened its snake-jaws so wide that Pegasus might
have flown right down its throat, wings outspread,
rider and all! It shot out a great blast of its fiery
breath and enveloped Bellerophon and his steed
in flames.

Then the Chimera gave a spring and flung its
huge body right upon poor Pegasus. It clung round
him with might and main and tied up its snaky tail
into a knot! Up flew the aerial steed higher, higher,
higher, above the mountain peaks, above the clouds,

and almost out of sight of the earth. But still the earth monster kept its hold and was borne upward, along with the creature of light and air.

Bellerophon meanwhile, turning about, found himself face to face with the ugly visage of the Chimera. He could only avoid being scorched to death or bitten in two, by holding up his shield. Over the upper edge of the shield he looked sternly into the savage eyes of the monster.

But the Chimera was so mad and wild with pain that it did not guard itself well. It tried to stick its horrible iron claws into its enemy and left its own breast exposed. Seeing this, Bellerophon thrust his sword up to the hilt into its cruel heart.

Immediately the snaky tail untied its knot. The monster let go its hold of Pegasus and fell downward from that vast height. The fire within its bosom burned fiercer than ever and quickly began to consume the carcass. Thus it fell out of the sky, all aflame, and was mistaken for a shooting star or a comet.

At early sunrise some cottagers, going to their day's labor, saw, to their astonishment, that several acres of ground were strewn with black ashes. In the middle of a field there was a heap of whitened bones much higher than a haystack. Nothing else was ever seen of the dreadful Chimera!



And when Bellerophon had won the victory he bent forward and kissed Pegasus, while the tears stood in his eyes.

“Back now, my beloved steed!” said he, “back to the Fountain of Pirene!”

Pegasus skimmed through the air quicker than ever he had done before, and reached the fountain

in a short time. There he found the old man leaning on his staff, and the country fellow watering his cow, and the pretty maiden filling her pitcher.

"I remember now," quoth the old man, "I saw this winged horse once before, when I was quite a lad. But he was ten times handsomer in those days."

"I own a cart horse worth three of him!" said the country fellow. "If this pony were mine the first thing I should do would be to clip his wings!"

But the poor maiden said nothing, for she had always the luck to be afraid at the wrong time. So she ran away and let her pitcher tumble down and it broke.

"Where is the gentle child," asked Bellerophon, "who used to keep me company, and never lost his faith, and never was weary of gazing into the fountain?"

"Here am I, dear Bellerophon!" said the child, softly, for the little boy had spent day after day on the margin of Pirene, waiting for his friend to come back. When he saw Bellerophon descending through the clouds mounted on the winged horse, he had shrunk back into the shrubbery. He was a tender child and dreaded lest the old man and the country fellow should see the tears in his eyes.

"Thou hast won the victory," said he, joyfully, running to the knee of Bellerophon, who still sat on the back of Pegasus. "I knew thou wouldst."

"Yes, dear child!" replied Bellerophon, alighting from the winged horse. "But if thy faith had not helped me I should never have waited for Pegasus, I should never have gone up above the clouds, and I should never have conquered the terrible Chimera. Thou, my little friend, hast done it all. And now let us give Pegasus his liberty."

So he slipped off the enchanted bridle from the head of the marvelous steed.

"Be free, forevermore, my Pegasus!" cried he, with a shade of sadness in his tone. "Be as free as thou art fleet!"

But Pegasus rested his head on Bellerophon's shoulder, and would not take flight.

"Well, then," said Bellerophon, caressing the airy horse, "thou shalt be with me, as long as thou wilt. We will go together and tell King Iobates that the Chimera is destroyed."

Then Bellerophon embraced the gentle child and promised to come to him again and departed. But in after years, that child took higher flights upon the winged steed than did Bellerophon, for gentle and tender as he was, he grew to be a mighty poet!

—Adapted from Nathaniel Hawthorne.

How the Robin Came

An Algonquin Legend

Happy young friends, sit by me,
Under May's blown apple-tree,
While these home-birds in and out
Through the blossoms flit about.
Hear a story, strange and old,
By the wild red Indians told,
How the robin came to be:

Once a great chief left his son,—
Well-beloved, his only one,—
When the boy was well-nigh grown,
In the trial-lodge alone.
Left for tortures long and slow
Youths like him must undergo,
Who their pride of manhood test,
Lacking water, food, and rest.
Seven days the fast he kept,
Seven nights he never slept.
Then the young boy, wrung with pain,
Weak from nature's over-strain,
Faltering, moaned a low complaint:
"Spare me, father, for I faint!"
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,

Hid his pity in his pride.

“You shall be a hunter good,
Knowing never lack of food;
You shall be a warrior great,
Wise as fox and strong as bear;
Many scalps your belt shall wear,
If with patient heart you wait
Bravely till your task is done.
Better you should starving die
Than that boy and squaw should cry
Shame upon your father’s son!”

When next morn the sun’s first rays
Glistened on the hemlock sprays,
Straight that lodge the old chief sought,
And boiled samp and moose meat brought.
“Rise and eat, my son!” he said.
Lo, he found the poor boy dead:
As with grief his grave they made,
And his bow beside him laid,
Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid,
On the lodge-top overhead,
Preening smooth its breast of red
And the brown coat that it wore,
Sat a bird, unknown before.
And as if with human tongue,
“Mourn me not,” it said, or sung;

“I, a bird, am still your son,
Happier than if hunter fleet,
Or a brave, before your feet
Laying scalps in battle won.

Friend of man, my song shall cheer
Lodge and corn-land; hovering near,
To each wigwam I shall bring
Tidings of the coming spring;
Every child my voice shall know
In the moon of melting snow,
When the maple's red bud swells,
And the wind-flower lifts its bells.
As their fond companion
Men shall henceforth own your son,
And my song shall testify
That of human kin am I.”

Thus the Indian legend saith
How, at first, the robin came
With a sweeter life from death,
Bird for boy, and still the same.
If my young friends doubt that this
Is the robin's genesis,
Not in vain is still the myth
If a truth be found therewith:
Unto gentleness belong

Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
Happier far than hate is praise,—
He who sings than he who slays.

Valuation

The old Squire said, as he stood by his gate,
And his neighbor, the Deacon, went by,
“In spite of my bank stock and real estate,
You are better off, Deacon, than I.

“We’re both growing old, and the end’s drawing
near,
You have less of this world to resign,
But in Heaven’s appraisal your assets, I fear,
Will reckon up greater than mine.

“They say I am rich, but I’m feeling so poor,
I wish I could swap with you even:
The pounds I have lived for and laid up in store
For the shillings and pence you have given.”

“Well, Squire,” said the Deacon, with shrewd
common sense,
While his eye had a twinkle of fun,
“Let your pounds take the way of my shillings
and pence,
And the thing can be easily done!”

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Sigurd the Volsung

The Norse Hero

In the days when the world was young, when first the Northlands were peopled, a mighty dwelling was built where lived the noble Volsung. The roofs were thatched with gold; the doors were nailed with silver; the people who worked on it were of noble birth. Earls were the carpenters; dukes guarded the doors; while the wives of earls cared for the household. There dwelt the bravest and the noblest of Norsemen, merry-hearted men who fearlessly braved the raging sea-storm and who met the good and the evil days hopefully. There the gods came down and walked among them. The great god, O'din, came down to direct and rule them for he saw that these fair-haired men would do great deeds, and the north would be held in honor by all the world.

The great house was built close to the sea, at the edge of the forest, and in the midst of the festal hall sprang up a mighty tree which the Volsungs called the Branstock. Beneath the spreading branches of the Branstock stood the throne of the king, a mighty leader of men, be-

loved by Odin. Here the Volsungs circled about the great tree, feasted and told their marvelous tales.

At one of these feasts—a wedding feast of the daughter of Volsung with the Goth king—as they sat around the Branstock making merry, telling tales of man-folk, and singing of how the stars were lighted and where the winds had their birth, there entered the dwelling a mighty man, one-eyed and ancient, yet his face gleamed with brightness. He strode to the Branstock, drew from his cloudy raiment a gleaming sword and smote it deep into the bole of the great tree. Then he spoke, “Now let the man among you whose heart and hand is ablest pluck this sword from the oak-wood and take it as my gift. Be merry,” he added, “earls of the Goth-folk, O Volsung sons, be wise. Farewell for a while.” There his speech ended and he walked slowly down the hall floor and out. No one questioned nor followed, for they knew the gift was from Odin. Then Volsung the king arose and said, “Why sit ye idle? O sons of Volsung, and earls of Goth, arise and place thy hand, each in turn, upon the sword that lies buried in the heart of the Branstock.”

Then said the Goth king, “Give me the grace to try it first, lest another gain what I might win.”

King Volsung laughed and said, "O honored guest, begin. Yet fear not that Odin hath forgotten to whom he would give the gift."

Then forth went the Goth king and laid his hand on the hilt and strained at the glorious sword till his heart grew black with anger.

Then said the Volsung king, "Ye earls of the Goth-folk, stand forth." Each man drew nigh, thinking his time had come for a glorious gain, but the sword was not moved.

Then uprose the home men, the shepherd and the man of war, but they too tugged in vain. When all was quiet again, the men called on Volsung, the king, and his sons to try the fateful sword.

So Volsung laughed and said, "I will set me to the toil." Therewith he laid his hand on the Branstock and cried, "O tree beloved, I thank thee that thou art so little moved." He took fast hold of the hilt of gold and strained long and hard, but the sword was not moved. With a heart still full of mirth he cried, "My sons, now stand forth and try, lest Odin tell in Godhome how no man could win the blade he gave."

So the youngest tried, and all the others tried in vain, till at last Sig'mund, the eldest, stood by the Branstock. He placed his right hand on the

precious sword-hilt in a careless fashion, for he thought it all for naught, when, lo, a shout went from floor to rafter, for in the hand of Sigmund was the naked blade. It had come from the heart of the Branstock as though it lay there loose. Sigmund seemed to stand in awe, for he thought, "I am the chosen of Odin and the time may come when I shall be sole avenger of the Volsung home."

As he wended his way to his seat he met the Goth king, who said, "O best of the sons of Volsung, I pray thee let me hold this sword that comes to thy hands on the day I wed thy kin. At home I have a store-house wherein is gold and silver, and iron and huge wrought amber; all this is a gift to thee. But the sword that came at my wedding should be mine by right."

But Sigmund laughed and answered, "If I take twice thy treasure, will it buy me Odin's sword, the gift the gods have given? The sword came at thy wedding, Goth king, but it did not come unto thy hand."

Years passed and Sigmund became king of the Volsungs and sat on his father's throne. He hearkened and doomed and proportioned, and did all the deeds of a king. Autumns and winters perished and Sigmund grew old. Then came the fiercest battle of the Volsungs, but King Sigmund



said, "Come, go forth to battle, whether we live or die, no more shall the sword of Odin be in peace in its scabbard"; and he called on each earl by his name to do well for the house of the Volsungs. Then he tossed up the sword of the Branstock and blew on his father's horn. And the Volsung men moved on their foe, like wolves upon their prey.

On went the Volsung banner and on went Sig-

mund. And he smote with his sword before a hand could raise against it. The light of victory gleamed in his eyes; no more was he worn and weary. With all the hope of his childhood, he thought, "A while and I shall sit triumphant, the king of all the world." When lo, a mighty man stood before him, one-eyed and ancient, but his face was like a flame. Then face to face with Sigmund he stood and raised his spear and clashed with Sigmund's latest stroke, and the sword that had come from Odin fell shattered to the ground. Sigmund's eyes changed, the childlike hope left his face, for there he stood empty-handed and the grey-clad man was gone. It was an ill hour for Sigmund and his men as they fell before the foe.

And then, through the shades of evening, when the foe had left the field of dead, the gentle wife of Sigmund sought her lord and found him wounded. She cried to him, "Thou shalt live. Thou shalt be healed."

"Nay," he answered, "it is Odin's will. I live but to tell thee of the days that are yet to come. Then will I get me home to my kin that are gone before. I have lived no empty life. I have worked for the Volsungs and yet I have known that for a better one than I am shall this broken sword of Odin's be mended. It shall be Si'gurd,

my son, who shall do what I have left undone, and thou, the wisest of women, shalt cherish him." With these words his voice failed, and when the sun was risen there lay Sigmund dead. And here, where his father died, Sigurd and his mother lived.

Bright-eyed little Sigurd was loved by everyone for his beauty and strength and gentleness. He was keen and eager to learn and the dwarf Re'gin, the wise craft-master, taught him many things. He taught him the making of swords and war-coats, the building and sailing of vessels, the tongues of many countries, and the music and making of harps.

The son of Sigmund grew strong and noble and brave. He chased the deer of the forest and the wolves and the bulls of the mountains. Alone he wandered through desert and dales, and over windy heaths, and far out from the shores on the sea.

One day as he sat with Regin the dwarf told him of his father, of the great deeds done by him and the Volsungs in the days that had been, until the lad's heart swelled within him and he longed to be like them.

And Regin said to him, "I see that thou wilt ride forth, as did thy kin, to right the wrongs, to help the weak and to banish evil; and with Odin's

help thou shalt do many noble deeds." Then he took up his harp and smote the strings, and they gave forth sweet sad music.

But Sigurd left his master while the music still filled the room and went to the king and said, "Wilt thou for the asking give me a horse, a noble steed; for the day shall come when my heart shall teach me to do the deeds of a king?"

The king answered, "The stable of the king is before thee, from which thou mayest choose the best."

Sigurd replied, "I would choose from the noble beasts that run in the meadows, if I have not asked over much."

The king smiled and answered, "Wilt thou ride forth to where there are griefs and troubles, and win the praise of men? If so, have thy way."

Sigurd thanked the king, and all through the night he dreamed of wrongs he should right and of evils he should banish. When the morning broke, he shook off sleep and left the dwelling of kings and went out into the world to take whatsoever fortune should betide. He went through the great forests and high upon mountain crags. At length he came to the house of an ancient king, the last of the Giants.

When Sigurd entered the house, the giant called

out, "Hail! king with the bright eyes! There is no need to tell of thy message. It was wafted here on the wind that thou wouldst be coming to-day to choose from my pasture a horse, a battle steed, strong enough for the great deeds that thou wouldst do; and to ride forth to win for thyself a name and fame among the sons of men."

Then Sigurd ran down the steep side of the mountain to the great meadows where the horses were feeding. But all of them were so large and beautiful and strong that he did not know which to choose. Suddenly there stood before him a grey-clad man, one-eyed and ancient, who said, "There is one horse in the meadow braver than all the rest, and if you will follow my counsel you can find him out."

Seeing his face shining above his grey gown, Sigurd said, "I am ready, what shall I do?"

"We will drive the horses down to the water's edge and see what will happen then," said the old man.

So they went on together and drove the horses on till they came to the rushing river, where the whole herd took to the water and strove to swim across. There were many strong, brave steeds, but the flood over-mastered them, and some were swept downward, some turned back, and some

were caught in the eddies. Only one swam across. They saw him toss his flowing mane, which glowed and flashed in the sunlight. Then he plunged into the stream and swam back again and, lightly leaping to the land, stood beside Sigurd.

“Here is a gift of my giving. He is Greyfell of the race of Sleip’nir, the tireless horse of Odin, and will carry you wherever you wish to go,” said the stranger. As Sigurd saw the old man disappearing over the mountain side, he knew that this wonderful white horse was the gift of Odin. He sprang upon the horse, who seemed to know his master, and who carried him lightly and well. And he rode on to his home singing the song of Greyfell, the wonderful horse who swam through the sweeping river and back again.

The days passed by and Sigurd often looked on the mountains and wondered what was beyond. “I know the world is wide and filled with deeds unwrought,” said he, “and it seems I can hear men talking of the day when I shall come and win a good name.”

Then said Regin, “The deed is ready at hand, yet I would hold my peace, for thou lovest thy life and thy home.”

But the eyes of Sigurd shone and his shield cast back their light like the sunbeams, and in an

eager voice he cried, "Tell me, what is the deed I shall do?"

Then answered Regin, "The deed is the righting of a great wrong, and the winning of treasures untold, that shall make thee more than king."

"What is the wrong to be righted and where are the treasures untold?" asked Sigurd.

Regin answered, "Hereby must a tale be told, but first you must know that I was not born of thy race. I came of the Dwarfs of long ago." Then he told Sigurd the story of the gold of And-va'ri.

"We were three brothers," said he, "and my father gave us each a gift that could not be taken away. To my brother Otter was given the snare and the net. He loved to wander through the woods and to haunt the stream, and often he would shift his shape with the wood-beasts and the things of the land and the sea. One day as he lay on the bank of the river, he thought of the fish that peopled the stream below, and as he thought and longed for them his body was changed. He grew into a real otter and swam down the stream. His eyes were sleepy and blind, and as he devoured his prey, the gods Odin and Lo'ki came wandering by. Loki lingered a little and he saw through the shape of the otter the chief of the free and

careless. He was filled with envy and he tore a stone from the wall of the river and smote my brother and his life fled away.

“Then Loki took up the skin of the otter, and the gods wandered on through the wild-wood till they came to my father’s house. Into this noble dwelling the gods turned, for the day was at an end. There they met my father, who bade them sit and rest their weary feet. And there arose music and song and they ate and drank and were merry, but amidst the merry-making they felt themselves tangled and caught in a net. Then my father said, ‘I know ye are gods and for the slaughter of my offspring ye shall give me my heart’s desire. Ye shall bring me the gathered gold of the sea, the wonderful gold of Andvari.’

“Then spake Odin, ‘It is well; the guilty one shall seek the gold of Andvari.’

“Now Andvari was a dwarf who lived under a great river torrent that dashed headlong to the sea. Here he had gathered great hordes of gold stolen from daughters of the Rhine long ago, and he had turned himself into a fish, the better to guard his treasure. So Loki went to the mountain lands where the torrents dash to the sea, and there he spread a great net as broad as the river, and the great fish, Andvari, was soon caught.



“‘O evil one, what will you have?’ Andvari cried in terror.

“‘All the gold thou hast stolen and stored,’ answered Loki. ‘Come forth and give it and dwell forever in peace, or else die in the toils of this net.’ Then Loki made him give up all his gold and treasures, even to the finger-ring he had worn. As Loki started homeward Andvari cried out, ‘The

curse of Andvari goes with the gold and with the ring, and it shall be the bane of every man who shall own it hereafter.'

"Loki only laughed and returned to my father's house and the treasure was laid in the hall. Then Loki drew off the elf-ring and cast it on the heap and said, 'Ye shall lack none of it; not even the curse of the elf king.'

"Then my father loosed the gods, but Odin turned at the door and spoke, 'Lo, I look on the curse of gold, and on a wrong amended by a wrong,' but we heeded him not, for our thoughts were on the gold."

Then continued Regin, "My brother Faf'nir, to whom my father had given a soul that feared naught, the greedy heart of a king, and the ear that hears no woes, slew my father. 'I have slain my father,' he said, 'that I alone may keep the gold. Lo, I am king forever and alone on the gold I shall brood.'

"I looked on Fafnir and trembled, for his body was wrapped in gold, and awful grew his visage, and dragon-like grew his form as he spoke these dreadful words. And I fled from the monster and came to this land. That was long ago as men-folk count the years, and here I have become the master of the masters. But a sword in the hands of a

stripling shall one day end all this, and I shall have the gold and the world shall be mine."

Then, groaning aloud, he said, "Hast thou heard me, Sigurd? Wilt thou help a man that is old? Wilt thou win the treasure of gold and be more than king? Wilt thou rid the earth of a wrong?"

When Regin had finished his story, Sigurd sprang up and cried, "Thou shalt have thy will; thou shalt have thy treasures, O master. Haste! Forge me a sword to slay the dragon, and I will right thy wrongs and win the treasure of Andvari."

The master replied, "Here is a sword which I have wrought with many a spell and charm and with all the crafts of the Dwarfs, for the craft that createth was my gift from my father."

Sigurd beheld the sword with jeweled hilt and altogether beautiful, and he said, "The work is proved by its deeds. See if it shall fail me." He turned to the anvil and as he smote it with the sword the glittering pieces fell to the earth. Then he strode out the door, and it was full two months before he returned.

At last he came to Regin and said, "What hast thou done, O master? Hast thou forged a sword for me?"

Regin replied, "Thou art a hard taskmaster, for night and day have I labored. And the cun-

ning of old days has left my right hand, if this sword does not please thee."

"O Regin," cried Sigurd, "thy kin of the days of old were an evil and treacherous folk," and he smote the anvil with the glistening sword, and the life of the sword departed; it lay dull and broken on the floor. Sigurd spoke not a word, but strode off through the door and went to the hall of the kings and there all evening he was merry and gay. But when morning came he went to his mother and said, "You have told me that my father's sword was a gift from Odin, that the god put it into a tree from which no one could draw it out but the bravest and strongest of the Volsung race, and that my father drew it forth. And when he fell in battle he gave to thee the pieces of the sword. Hast thou guarded them well?"

His mother looked at him and saw his gleaming eager eyes, and her heart was sad within her, for she saw their parting day was nigh, yet she said, "I will give it to thee gladly, for Sigmund, thy father, wished it kept for thee, and the day has come when thou shalt need it."

Then she took him to the guarded chamber where lay the broken sword of Sigmund. There was no rust on its edges and the gems in its hilt were as bright as when they had flashed from the

Volsung hall. Sigurd smiled upon it and said, "O Mother of Kings, well hast thou guarded this treasure. Now these pieces shall be welded together, and work even for the glory of earth folk and the honor of the gods."

At once he sought out Regin and gave him the pieces and said, "This is the sword that shall slay the serpent and give thee back thy gold."

Regin's heart leaped high with hope and he took the pieces and shut himself up many days in his smithy, and the mighty sword was fashioned. When Sigurd came to get it, Regin cried out, "Hail, son of the Volsungs, I have toiled as thou hast desired. Here is the fateful sword."

As the sword lay there on the ashes, Sigurd saw that the hilt was ruddy and great, the edges were fine and white, and a flame ran down the side. He uttered no sound, but as he stooped down for his sword, the blade leaped high over his head and he stood in the ring of its fire. Then he struck it upon the anvil with all his mighty strength; the anvil broke into pieces, but the sword was not dulled, and Sigurd's heart sang with joy.

Then Sigurd, the Volsung, went forth into the world with his sword, his father's gift from Odin by his side. The glorious sun rose up and the grey world changed to red, the heavens glowed

with color above him, the golden light streamed over the foot of the mountains, and Sigurd himself seemed golden. Shining beams of light fell from Greyfell's gleaming mane as Sigurd cried out to him to speed away, and rider and horse darted along the passes. Up and up they journeyed till they came to the Glittering Heath where the great dragon lived. Sigurd leaped down from Greyfell and touched his sword, when suddenly before him stood a mighty man, one-eyed and ancient.

"Whither goest thou," said the stranger, "with the steed and the ancient sword?"

"I go to right the wrongs of Regin and gain the treasures of Andvari," said Sigurd.

"Wilt thou strike the mighty dragon?" said the ancient one.

"The sword of Sigmund shall strike the fearful dragon," said Sigurd, "and slay him ere the day is done."

"Then," said the stranger, "thou shalt find a path in the desert made by Fafnir, the dragon, as he goes down to the edge of the water when his heart is weary, when he loathes the gold. As he goes he spouts out poison, so that no one dares go near him. But do thou dig a great pit in his path and lie therein with thy sword bare to strike as he goes by."

And Sigurd answered, "I shall do thy bidding and for thee I shall strike this blow." For he knew that again he had talked with Odin. And, with a brave heart, he went on till he came to the glittering path of Fafnir. There he toiled long and hard and dug a great pit and lay in wait for the dragon. At daybreak he heard a great rattle and clatter as of gold dragged over the earth. The sound came nearer and nearer and at last the great dragon rolled over the pit where Sigurd lay. Sigurd thrust his sword up over his head into the heart of the dragon and killed him, then leaped aside from the pit and from the rushing river of blood. There by the dead serpent Sigurd the Vol-sung leaned on his sword, and Greyfell stood beside him as Regin came over the desert to find them.

When Regin looked upon the body of the dragon, he thought, "Now the treasure of Andvari is all mine; no one shall have any part of it, for it is all mine." Then he turned to the serpent and saw the pool of red blood, and he drank long and deep of the pool. When he arose his eyes fell upon the brave Sigurd, who was wiping the blood from his sword, and he was filled with envy. He crouched before Sigurd and said in sneering tones, "Thou hast killed my brother. If thou wilt be free of this slaying, then gather fire together and roast

the heart of Fafnir for me, that I may eat of it and live and be more than master; for therein was might and wisdom and I would eat thereof." Then Regin tore out the heart of Fafnir and, as he handed it to Sigurd, he fell backward and slept with his sword at his side. A fearful thing he looked as he dreamed of kingship and power.

While Sigurd built the fire to roast the heart for Regin, the eagles cried over him and sent out their songs to him, but he understood them not. But the heart of Fafnir roasted and sputtered over the fire, and, when Sigurd reached out to see if it were done, the blood and the fat oozed from it and scalded his fingers. He put them to his mouth to quench the burn and as he tasted the blood a great change came over him. His bright eyes flashed and sparkled as he harkened to the songs of the eagles, for now he understood them as they sang of the envy and greed of Regin.

Then he remembered that in the heart of Fafnir was might and wisdom, and as Regin lay asleep Sigurd ate of the heart and grew wise as were the dwarfs of old. The eagles circled above his head and told him how and where to find the treasures of gold. So he leaped on the back of Greyfell and followed the glittering path, as the eagles had told him, till he came to the shore of the sea, and there



lay the golden treasure of Andvari and the red gold ring of Andvari.

Sigurd seized the ring and put it on his finger and rode away with all the gold that Greyfell could carry. Greyfell neighed with pride, tossed his head high, and sprang over the desert. So Sigurd and Greyfell rode out into the world with the treasures of Andvari, and the eagles sang,

“Bind the red rings, O Sigurd! for the strife awaits
thine hand,
And a plenteous war-field’s reaping, and the praise
of many a land.”

Then Sigurd and Greyfell rode southward. Long they rode, till one morning they came in sight of a mighty mountain, where a great fire was burning. The day passed and night fell. Still they rode on, eagerly following the light until the eastern side of the mighty mountain seemed ablaze. Greyfell bounded forth joyously, but Sigurd drew rein and gazed upon the wonder. A waving wall of fire lay before their path and its lapping tongues darted here and there in fierce leaps. The heart of Sigurd leaped too and Greyfell sniffed at the smoke. Then Sigurd turned in his saddle, tightened his war-belt and, crying aloud to Greyfell, rode straight at the heart of the fire. The white wall wavered before him; then the flames parted, and Sigurd and Greyfell rode through the roaring fire, as a man might ride through the rye. Then the flames faded and sank away.

Sigurd looked about him and beheld a great castle, gleaming with gold and precious stones, and a golden banner floating over all. He leaped from his horse and, finding the doors of the castle open, he entered. There on a great mound lay a pale

gray image. He stooped over the body clad in silver armor and pushed back the helmet from the face, but the figure did not stir.

Then he looked at his sword and said, "My Sword, what wilt thou do?" Then with the bright blade he cut the armor from the throat down through the skirt, and there he beheld in all her beauty, with her sun-bright hair over her shoulder, the fairest woman ever born.

As he bent over her he cried, "Awake, awake, I am Sigurd."

She opened her eyes and said, "Who art thou? Who hast waked me from my weary sleep?"

"The hand of Sigurd, the sword of Sigmund, and the loving heart of the Volsungs have done this deed for thee," said Sigurd.

"Where then is my father Odin that laid me here?" she asked.

"Odin dwells on high, O lovely maiden, but I abide on the earth, and have ridden through walls of fire to reach thy side," answered he.

Now the sun rose up and lightened the earth, and these two rose up and were bathed in the light, and they cried aloud together, "All hail to thee, O day, and to all thy noble hours!"

Then Sigurd looked upon her and said, "Thou art the fairest woman of the earth. Who art thou?"

I am Sigurd. I have slain the foe of the gods, and gotten the gold of Andvari, and now greater were my joy if I may win thy love, O fairest of women."

"I am Brun'hilde, daughter of Odin," she answered. "It was I who came to earth and bore great heroes from the battlefield, but I disobeyed my father and, in his wrath, he placed me in sleep on this mountain. And here I was to sleep until some hero brave enough to ride through the flames should come to awaken me. And thou art he, my Sigurd, the fearless one."

Then she arose and hand in hand they wended their way over the mountainside, and Brunhilde told him the secret wisdom of the gods and the wonders of the world, and Sigurd grew wise beyond the wisdom of men. Then he drew from his finger the ring of Andvari and, placing it on her finger, said, "O Brunhilde, listen while I swear that before I cease to love thee, the sun shall die in the heavens and the days never more be fair."

"And I swear that I love thee only," answered she, "and the day shall die forever and the sun shall be in blackness ere I forget thee."

Then Brunhilde sent Sigurd with Greyfell and his sword out into the world again to right the wrongs and to help the weak.

—Adapted from William Morris.

The Walrus and the Carpenter

The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all its might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done—
“It’s very rude of him,” she said,
“To come and spoil the fun!”

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry,
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
“If this were only cleared away,”
They said, “It would be grand!”

“If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the Walrus said,
“That they could get it clear?”
“I doubt it,” said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

“O Oysters, come and walk with us!”
The Walrus did beseech.
“A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.”

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the Oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.”

“But wait a bit,” the Oysters cried,
“Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And some of us are fat!”
“No hurry!” said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

“A loaf of bread,” the Walrus said,
“Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you’re ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.”

“But not on us!” the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
“After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!”
“The night is fine!” the Walrus said,
“Do you admire the view?

“It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!”
The Carpenter said nothing but
“Cut us another slice;
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I’ve had to ask you twice!”

“It seems a shame,” the Walrus said,
 “To play them such a trick,
After we’ve brought them out so far,
 And made them trot so quick!”
The Carpenter said nothing but
 “The butter’s spread too thick!”

“I weep for you,” the Walrus said;
 “I deeply sympathize.”
With sobs and tears he sorted out
 Those of the largest size
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
 Before his streaming eyes.

“O Oysters,” said the Carpenter,
 “You’ve had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?”
 But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
 They’d eaten every one.

—*Lewis Carroll: “Through the Looking-Glass.”*

Father William

“Repeat ‘You are old, Father William,’ ” said the Caterpillar.

~~W~~ Alice folded her hands, and began:—

“You are old, Father William,” the young man
said,

“And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right?”

“In my youth,” Father William replied to his son,
“I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I’m perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “as I mentioned
before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that?”

“In my youth,” said the sage, as he shook his gray
locks,
“I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple.”

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws
are too weak

For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the
beak.

Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the
law,

And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength, which it gave to my
jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly
suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is
enough,"

Said his father; "don't give yourself airs.
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs!"

—Lewis Carroll: "*The Adventures of Alice in Wonderland.*"

Odysseus, the Greek Hero

The Call to Telemachus

Many years ago, when Europe was overrun by savage tribes, there dwelt in Greece a great and warlike nation. The Greeks had learned to make good laws, and had many wise heroes. Among the greatest of these was O-dys'seus.

For ten long years the Greeks had been at war with the Trojans, had laid siege to Troy and had at last captured the city. Even the gods had taken sides in the conflict, some helping the Greeks, others the Trojans.

The gods who aided the Trojans were very angry at Odysseus, for he it was who had made the plan by which Troy had been captured. So, while all the other Greeks arrived home in safety after the war, the hostile gods would not permit Odysseus to return home. Long he wandered upon the sea, viewing many towns, seeing many men, having many a heartache while struggling for his life. And now, though longing for home and wife, he was held in a grotto by Ca-lyp'so, a goddess.

After many years of struggling, Odysseus had the pity of all the gods save Po-si'don, the mighty

sea god. He was the only one who stayed away from a council of the gods called by Zeus to aid Odysseus.

When all the gods were gathered on Mount O-lym'pus, Zeus, the Great Ruler, thus addressed them: "Lo, how men blame the gods, for they say all troubles come from us; and yet sorrow comes to them through their own evil deeds."

Then spoke the clear-eyed A-the'ne, daughter of Zeus: "So may all suffer who do unlawful acts, for they deserve to perish, but it is for those who suffer without cause that I am distressed. I grieve for the wise but hapless Odysseus, who, even now cut off from friends, is held upon a wooded island of the sea by Calypso, daughter of Atlas, who supports the pillars that keep heaven and earth asunder. She it is who detains this lonely man, seeking to make him forget his home and his wife. Are you angry with him, O Zeus, that you help him not?"

Then Zeus made answer: "My child, how can I forget the princely Odysseus, who is wise beyond the wisdom of all mortals, and who ever pays the highest honor to the gods? 'Tis not my will that he so suffers; but Posidon is ever angry because Odysseus blinded his son, the Cy'clops Pol-y-phe'mus. Since that day Posidon drives

Odysseus wandering from his land. Come then, let us all here plan for his return home. Posidon's anger shall be undone, if we stand united."

Then Athene, rejoicing, answered great Zeus thus: "Our father, most high above all rulers, if it please the gods to permit the wise Odysseus to return to his own home once more, despatch Her'mes to this island of the sea to tell the nymph our purpose, that Odysseus shall set forth upon his homeward journey. I myself will go to Ith'-a-ca to rouse his son, Te-lem'-a-chus, to action against the host of suitors for his mother's hand, that prey upon his home and flocks."

When the word of consent was given, Athene bound her immortal sandals on her feet, whereby she could speed as the breath of the wind over land and sea. She took her ponderous spear, tipped with bronze, thick, long, and strong, with which she could vanquish heroes, and dashing down the ridges of high Olympus, arrived at Ithaca, at the threshold of the court of Odysseus.

Here she found the insolent suitors, who were amusing themselves with games before the palace door, seated on hides of oxen slain by themselves. Their pages and squires were near, some mixing wine and water in bowls, others washing and laying tables, others carving meat.

The first to see Athene was the noble Telemachus, seated among the suitors, sad and lonely, wishing for his father's return, to scatter these unwelcome suitors, to take to himself his honors, and be master of his own. Athene, disguised as a warrior, caught his eye. He went straight to her, grasped her hand, and said: "Hail, stranger, welcome! Eat, and then make known your needs."

So saying, he led the way, and Athene followed to a lofty hall. There he seated her upon a chair, richly carved, and sat beside her, that he might ask news of his father and be unheard by the suitors. A servant brought water in a golden pitcher for the hands, poured it into a silver basin, and spread a polished table before them. The housekeeper brought food for them, giving freely of her store. The carver, too, set meat before them and placed their golden goblets ready for the wine.

And now the haughty suitors entered and took seats on couches and chairs. Pages poured water on their hands, maidens heaped bread in baskets, while young men filled the goblets. Meat was set before them, and they ate, and after turned to thoughts of song and dance.

Meanwhile Athene and Telemachus talked in undertones, that those around might not hear. Telemachus told of his father's wandering absence

from his home, nor guessed that Athene knew all. Then Athene said: "Give me your ear and heed my words. To-morrow call an assembly of the A-chæ'an lords and tell them your will, calling the gods to witness. Bid all the suitors go back to their homes. Let your mother return to her father's hall, while you set forth in the best ship you have, to gather tidings of your long-absent father. The gods may help you.

"If you hear your father is alive, then, weary as you are, and worn with waiting, still endure another year. But if you learn that he is dead, return home, pile his mound, and pay the funeral rites. Then give your mother to a husband.

"Next, plan how you may slay these insolent suitors in your halls—whether by hidden schemes or open force. You are no longer the child you were, for I find you fair and tall. Be strong, that men hereafter may speak of you with praise; rely upon yourself; heed what I say. I must e'en now away."

Then discreet Telemachus answered: "Stranger, you speak with kindness even as a father to his son, nor shall I forget it; but tarry now, bathe and refresh your soul."

"Nay, do not detain me longer; I am anxious for my journey." And straightway Athene passed

away, even as a sea-hawk takes its flight. She had brought strength and courage into the young man's heart, turning his thoughts upon his father even more than before. Suddenly it came to Telemachus that a god had been with him, and he arose more godlike himself, and walked among the suitors, listening to their talk, and after withdrew to his own couch and slept.

The Departure of Telemachus

✕ In the early morning, Telemachus arose, dressed, slung his sharp sword over his shoulders, bound his sandals under his shining feet, and came forth from his chamber in bearing like a god. Straightway he ordered the heralds to summon an assembly of the Achæans, who gathered quickly. ✕

When they were all come together, Telemachus went before the assembly, holding a brazen spear. Two swift dogs followed after, and beauteous was the grace Athene cast about him as he drew near. He sat in his father's seat, and the elders made way for him. The cause of the assembly was asked, and Telemachus arose to answer thus:

“It is I who have called you hither. Twofold is the ill that has befallen my house. My noble father is lost, he who was once your king; and worse than

that is the trouble that destroys my home and now cuts off my substance. Suitors beset my mother against her will, sons of the very leaders here present. They go not to her father's house, to let him give her to the one finding favor, but they haunt this house of ours day after day, killing our oxen, sheep, and fatted goats. They hold high revel, eating and drinking without heed. Much goes to waste, for Odysseus is away. Forbear, my friends, I entreat you by Zeus, leave me to pine in bitter grief alone. Better for me it were that you yourselves should devour my stores and herds, for then I might pursue you, claiming return. Now heavy woes lay upon my heart." He spoke in wrath, and dashed his spear to the ground. Pity fell on all the people.

All were silent. An-tin'o-us alone, one of the leading suitors, made answer: "Telemachus, you are lofty-tongued and high-tempered. What mean you by putting us to shame? You would fasten guilt upon us, but the Achæan suitors are not at all to blame. It is your mother who is at fault, for she is full of craft and cunning, exceeding all other women. Three years have passed, a fourth is here, since she first began to mock the hearts of our Achæan men. She offers hopes to all, sends us all messages; but her mind has another purpose. Here

is the last scheme she devised whereby to keep us waiting. She set up a great loom in the hall and went to weaving, and the web was fine and very large. Then she said to us: 'Urge not my marriage till I complete this robe, O young men who are my suitors, now that royal Odysseus is dead. 'Tis a shroud for Lord La-er'tes, when death shall lay him low. I should be blamed were he of so great riches to lie without a shroud.'

"Then, in the daytime did she weave at the great web and at night did she unravel all the work of the day. Thus for three years she hid her craft and fooled the Achæans. But in the fourth year one of her maids confessed, and we discovered her unraveling the splendid web. Then she finished it against her will.

"So now, Telemachus, you understand the matter; let your mother go forth to her father's house; let her marry whom I-car'i-us wills and whom she pleases; but let her no longer weary the Achæan youths by continued waiting. Your mother is greatly enriched by the gifts of Athene, for she has skill in fair works, a noble mind, and a craft unknown to those of old. She has good judgment, yet in this matter Pe-nel'o-pe judged not wisely. For so long as she holds her present mind to keep us waiting, will we devour your life and substance.

Nor shall we go to our estates till she marries an Achæan, one she chooses for herself."

Then answered discreet Telemachus: "Antinous, I cannot drive from home the one who bore me and who brought me up; but go you and quit my house, or I shall pray great Zeus to aid me. Then shall you yourselves be ruined."

So Telemachus spoke, and farseeing Zeus sent in answer a pair of eagles, flying from a mountain peak on high. These moved on along the wind close to each other with outstretched wings; but as they reached the many-voiced assembly, wheeling about, they flapped their wings, glared at the heads of all, and death was in their eyes. Then they tore at one another with their claws and darted across the town. The men were awe-struck and wondered at the meaning.

Then one versed in understanding birds and telling fates said, "Hearken, men of Ithaca! Over these suitors rolls a great wave of woe. Odysseus is not dead but draws near, sowing deeds of death for those who would rob his house."

Then answered Eu-rym'a-chus, another leader among the suitors: "Old man, go prophesy to the children, not to us. Your words shall not stir us from this place till Penelope makes her choice among us, and if you aid this boy it shall go hard

with you. Plenty of birds flit in the sunshine and portend nothing. Away!"

Then Telemachus, seeing the suitors unmoved, answered, "I urge no longer, but give me a swift ship and twenty comrades, and I'll away to learn of the coming of my father."

Mentor, the lifelong friend of royal Odysseus, arose and pled the ceasing of this shameful treatment of Odysseus' home, but the suitors scorned him and told him to make the voyage with Telemachus and to speed away. The assembly dispersed, nor was it thought truly that Telemachus would go.

Telemachus, however, walked along the shore, bathed his hands in the foaming sea and prayed Athene's aid.

Then Athene came to him, likened to Mentor in her form and voice, and spoke, "Telemachus, henceforth you shall not be a base nor foolish man, if in you stirs the brave soul of your father. Then shall this voyage not be in vain, nor shall this journey be delayed. I will provide you a swift ship and be myself your comrade. Go you back to the palace, mix with the suitors and prepare the stores, securing all in vessels; the wine in jars, the barley meal in tight skins. I will go about the town to collect a crew. Then quickly we will sail the open sea."

Telemachus hastened away to the house. The suitors mocked him and jeered even as he passed down the house into his father's large and high-roofed chamber, where in piles lay gold and bronze, clothing in chests, and stores of fragrant oil, great jars of rare old wine, awaiting the return of Odysseus the king. Of these Telemachus took store, aided by his good old nurse, who wept as she worked, yet made a solemn oath to heaven not to tell his mother until the eleventh or twelfth day of his departure.

× Meanwhile Athene, likened to Telemachus, went through the town approaching one man and another and gave each word to meet the swift ship at even-tide. The sun sank, the ways grew dark, Athene drew the swift ship to the sea and put in all things that well-built vessels carry. The crew gathered and the goddess fired them with zeal.

Then Athene put a heavy sleep upon the suitors and the people of the town, and all were silent. Thereupon she called Telemachus before the stately hall, "Telemachus, your mailed comrades are at the ship and wait you. Come, let us go, and lose no more time," and she led the way.

When they reached the ship, Telemachus thus spoke, "Come, comrades, let us fetch the stores. All are ready in the hall, but my mother knows

nothing of this, nor do her handmaids, save one alone." So saying, he led the way and the others followed, and brought all the stores to the vessel. Then they boarded ship, loosed the cables and set sail, Athene at the vessel's stern. The wind swelled out the sail and round the stern the rushing water roared loudly as the ship started. Onward she sped, forcing a passage through the waves. The men poured forth wine to the gods, who never die and never have been born, but chiefest of all to Athene, the clear-eyed daughter of Zeus, they filled the bowls. So through the night and early dawn, the ship sped on her way.

And when the sun was up they had arrived at Pylos, the home of Nestor the great horseman, and a man most wise. Thither Telemachus went, Athene likened as Mentor leading the way. There Nestor, the shepherd of the people, gave them cheer and recounted the wonders of the Trojan war and how events fell out and why, speaking of Odysseus the great, of whom he had not heard from any man on earth whether he was alive or dead.

But Nestor sent Telemachus with horses and a strong-built chariot to the spearman Men'e-la'us. There the son of Odysseus learned that his royal father was held on an island of the sea by the nymph Calypso, who would not let him go. Nor

crew nor ships had he to bear him hence. This was what Telemachus learned and no word more. So back he sailed to his native land, the gods lending him swift breezes, and of his journeyings he recounted all to his beloved mother, Penelope. Yet danger lurked before him, for the proud suitors were plotting among themselves how they should slay him.

The Raft of Odysseus

Meanwhile high Zeus, at Athene's pleading, despatched his son Hermes to the fair-haired nymph Calypso, bidding her let Odysseus go. Thus spoke Zeus to Hermes:

“Odysseus must leave the island. Not with the guidance of the gods nor with the aid of mortal man, but by himself, sad and lonely, on a strong-built raft, let him set sail for the land of Phæ-a'-ceans, kinfolk of the gods. There shall he be honored as if a god. They shall bear him by vessel to his native land, giving him greater store of gold and bronze and clothing than Odysseus would have won from Troy itself had he received his share of spoil. It is his lot to see his friends again, and reach his high-roofed home and native land once more.”

Hermes, obedient, bound on his golden sandals which carry him over land and sea swift as a breath of the wind. Over the water he skimmed like a bird, and when he neared the distant island he was in form the messenger again. He walked toward the great grotto where Calypso dwelt and found her there. A great fire blazed upon the hearth of sandalwood and cedar that made sweet perfume as it burned.

Calypso, with golden shuttle, was weaving at her loom, singing with sweet voice.

Trees grew about the grotto, alder, poplar, and sweet-scented cypress, where long-winged birds had nests, owls, hawks and crows. Luxuriant vines trailed over the grotto, while four springs of running water in a row made their way to one another here and there in trickling streams. On every side violets and parsley bloomed, so that even an immortal might be gladdened at the beauty of it all.

Here Hermes stood and gazed about to his heart's fill; then entered the grotto. Calypso glanced up and instantly knew her guest. "Pray, Hermes of the golden wand, why are you here? Welcome, though, you are!"

"Goddess, Zeus ordered me to come. He says a man is with you, the most unfortunate of all who fought for Priam's town nine years and in the

tenth destroyed the city and departed home. Homeward bound they offended Posidon, who raised ill winds against them and a dangerous sea so that all his comrades perished; but he was brought to your shore by wind and water. Zeus bids you send this man away and quickly too, so that he shall not perish far from friends."

Calypso, the heavenly goddess, shuddered and said, "Hard are you gods. Yet since Zeus must be obeyed, let him go. I have no ships fitted with oars, nor crews to bear him over the ocean, but I will freely give him counsel how he may go unharmed to his own native land."

Then answered Hermes, "Even so, let him go! Beware the wrath of Zeus! Let not his anger by and by wax hot against you," and he went his way.

Calypso, obedient, hastened to brave Odysseus. She found him on the shore bewailing his sad fate, and longing for the home he feared he would see no more.

Thus she spoke, "Odysseus, weep no more, for I have come to set you free and let you go to your native land once more. You shall hew long timbers and with your axe build a great raft to bear you over the misty sea. I will supply you bread and water and wine, clothing too, and a wind to follow. Thus unharmed you shall arrive, if the gods who

hold the open sky so will it, for they are mightier than I."

* Odysseus, remembering how long he had been held here against his will, feared the mighty goddess and shuddered, "O goddess, I will not set foot upon a raft to sail the dangerous sea unless you swear you are not plotting further woe against me."

Calypso smiled and spoke in gentle voice, "Nay, fear not, my thoughts are true. My heart is full of pity for you, that you sorrow, so come!" and she led the way to the farther shore of the island where the trees grew tall; alder and poplar and sky-stretching pine, long-seasoned, very dry, that would float lightly.

Calypso placed in Odysseus' hand a mighty axe of bronze, sharp on both sides; she gave him also a polished adze. Then she went back to her grotto, while Odysseus began to fell the trees. The work was quickly ended. Twenty trees he felled in all, trimmed and smoothed them with skill. He built the floor of the raft as large as the floor of a broad freight ship and raised a bulwark, set with many ribs and finished with long timbers, on the top. Then he made a mast and fitted to the raft a rudder with which to steer. He caulked the raft from end to end with willow withes to keep out the water.

Meanwhile Calypso, heavenly goddess, brought

cloth to him for a sail and this he set up well, with braces and halyards and sheet ropes. Then with levers he heaved the great raft into the mighty sea.

On the fifth day all was ready. Odysseus, as soon as the early dawn appeared, bathed and quickly dressed in coat and tunic. The heavenly nymph appeared before him in a silvery robe, fine spun and clinging, a golden girdle about her waist, a veil upon her head. She gave to him a skin filled with wine, another filled with water, and a sack of food. Then she sent along his way a gentle breeze.

Odysseus joyfully bade her farewell and spread his sail, steering his raft skillfully with the rudder. For eighteen days he sailed upon the sea and came in sight of Phæacia, where Zeus had commanded him to land. But now the mighty earth-shaker, Posidon, returning from his distant journey, spied Odysseus afar from the mountain tops and grew wroth in spirit and muttered in his heart, "The gods are helping Odysseus. Should he arrive at Phæacia he will escape the coils of evil that surround him. I will stir up trouble." Forthwith he gathered clouds and stirred the deep sea with his great trident and he started tempests of wind from every side and covered the land and sea with his clouds. Night came; the great winds rushed forth



and over the sea rolled up waves mountains high.


Odysseus felt doomed and cried aloud, "Oh, woe is me! swift death is sure." Even as he spoke a great wave broke over him and swept him from his raft into the raging sea. Bravely he battled with the roaring waves and, pushing them aside, laid hold once more upon his raft and secured a footing. And now the raft plunged up and down, driven

relentlessly by the sea. Athene came to help and stayed the winds, but for two days and nights he drifted on the sea, at all times facing death. The third day came a great calm and he espied the coast and swam onward, impatient to touch ground. A great wave dashed him shoreward to a river's mouth, Athene helping. Then he prayed aloud for help and came to shore breathless and speechless, his body swollen and water gushing from his mouth and nostrils so that he almost swooned.

At length he reached the river's bank and kissed the earth, then stole into the woods and, searching out a sheltered spot made warm and soft by countless leaves, he laid him down. Over his eyes Athene poured sweet sleep, and so he rested.

Early the next day Odysseus was wakened by the voices of women who were bathing and washing linen near by. Through the intervening trees he called to the leader, who proved to be the daughter of the king of Phæacia. He was provided with fresh clothing, invited to the palace and urged to seek especially the favor of Queen A-re'te.

Athene conferred on him most splendid appearance and kingly bearing and guided him to the court. As they neared the famous palace of the king, Athene said, "Enter here and be unafraid, for a man of courage always attains his ends better.

First seek out the Queen Arete in the hall; she is a woman of sound judgment. If she looks on you kindly, then you have hope of seeing your friends once more and reaching your high-roofed house and native land." Athene then passed away into the sea. 

Odysseus gazed long upon the wonders and splendor of the palace, then went along the hall, still clothed in the thick cloud Athene had cast upon him. At length he came to Queen Arete and the king, and he threw his arms about Arete's knees, begging her aid. The cloud retreated from him; the people of the house were hushed and stared amazed as he told his tale of sorrow and of woe, of awful hardships and of direst need. They gave him food and drink and he was refreshed and rested.

Arete saw that the robe and tunic of Odysseus had been made by her own hands, and asked, "Stranger, who are you? Of what people? Who gave this clothing to you?"

Then wise Odysseus told her of Calypso and her island home and how he had been held there seven years against his will; then of the message of Zeus that made her change her will and set him free; of his raft, and the voyage; of Posidon's rage; his landing, and of the garments given him in his need by Arete's fair daughter.

King Al-cin'ous and his queen listened and admired the brave Odysseus and pledged him aid. Stirred by Athene, prompted by the skill of Odysseus in the games, his daring powers in the sports, and moved by his manly bearing and his honest speech, they ladened him with gifts—a silver-studded sword, the king's own golden chalice, a great chest filled with rich robes, a goodly tunic and much gold.

Arete bade Odysseus bind the chest himself, lest some one rob him on the way should he chance to slumber. Straightway Odysseus tied the chest with the cunning knot which he had learned from Circe. Boundless were the gifts of gold and clothing sent in to royal Odysseus from all the lords of far-famed Phæacia, till he grew exceeding rich.

Then at King Al-cin'o-us' bidding, Odysseus told him who he was, where he lived, and what had been his life; of the great Trojan war; of the evil fate accorded to his men by Zeus, causing many sorrows.

Many thrilling tales Odysseus told the king and queen, two of which are here repeated. X

The Story of Aeolus

“On our homeward journey my men and I set sail and arrived ere long at the island where dwelt

Ae'o-lus. A full month he made us welcome and questioned me of all, of Il'i-um, the Argive ships, and the return of the Achæans. So I related all the tale in its due order. Then when I asked him about my further journey and entreated aid, he did not deny me, but made provision for my going. He gave me a sack, and in it he bound the blustering winds; for Aeolus is steward of the winds, to stay or rouse one at his will. He bound the sack to my ship with cord of silver, that not a breath might stir ever so little, then he sent the west wind as my aid to bear my ships and men along; but by our folly we were lost.

“We sailed away nine days, as well by night as day. By the tenth our native fields appeared, so close at hand we could see the men tending fires. Sleep overcame me, for I had guided the ship's mast for many a day unrested.

“Meanwhile my men grew jealous, saying, ‘Odysseus bears rich gifts from generous Aeolus, and he is ladened with spoils from Troy as well, while we, toiling with him, come home with empty hands. Come, let us see what wealth of gold and silver this sack holds.’ And greed and mutiny reigned among them.

“Then they straightway loosed the sack, and out rushed all the winds. A sweeping storm bore

us far from our native shore back to Aeolus' isle, and I was well-nigh crushed with despair, but held my courage still.

"Again we entered Aeolus' hall. Wondering, he questioned our return; what had befallen when he had lavished on us so much care.

"Then with aching heart I answered, 'A wicked crew betrayed me, and a cruel sleep; but heal my woes, Aeolus, for you have power.'

"Then all were silent as Aeolus rising in wrath spoke, 'Out of this island instantly, vile man. I may not aid a man detested of the gods; begone, for your return shows that you are hated by the immortals; begone.' And he drove us from his door.

"Thence we sailed on with aching hearts, for aid came our way no more."

The Story of Circe

"We sailed on, meeting with many a dire adventure, till we reached the island where Cir'ce dwelt, a fair-haired mighty goddess, with power of human speech, child of the beaming sun, and granddaughter of the ocean.

"Here we took shelter in the harbor and rested for two days. On the third, my spear in hand, my sharp sword at my side, I left the ship and walked briskly to a distant point of outlook. I saw smoke

rising, but doubted whether to seek out its cause or to return to tell my men what I had seen and bid them search. I chose the latter way, and was returning to my ship, when a deer crossed my path. My men were starved for meat, so I slew him, slung him on my back and bore him to my men, saying, 'We shall not starve just yet, let us attend to eating, nor waste away in hunger.'

"The men hastened and made a great feast and courage stirred anew within our breasts. I told them of the smoke that I had seen, then their courage waned, remembering the dire adventures that had befallen. Forthwith I divided my comrades into two bands; the one I led, the other, the godlike Eu-ryl-o'chus; and we drew lots who should go first. It fell to Eurylochus; so he departed with two and twenty comrades, heavy-hearted.

"They found the house of Circe built of smooth stones upon high ground. Mountain wolves and lions wandered about it. These had been charmed with evil drugs by Circe. They did not spring upon my men, but stood erect wagging their long tails and fawning. My men trembled at the sight of these strange beasts.

"They then came to the door and heard within the sweet singing of Circe, as she sat at her wonderful loom weaving fine webs.

‘~~P~~o-li’tes, nearest and dearest of my comrades, spoke first, ‘Friends, some one within sings at her loom. It is a goddess or woman. Let us call.’

“They called and quickly the doors were flung open and Circe herself came forth and bade them enter. Eurylochus alone remained behind, suspicious of a snare. Circe led the men in, seated them on couches and on chairs, then fed them cheese, barley and yellow honey, and gave them drugged wine to make them forget home and native land. As they fed she smote them with her wand and drove them into pens. They took the form of pigs, yet kept their reason. They wept aloud and groaned as they were penned. Circe tossed them acorns, chestnuts, and such things as wallowing swine delight to eat.

“Eurylochus meanwhile came swiftly back to the great black ship to tell me of my men and their most awful fate. He was so horrified that he could not speak a word. Tears streamed down his cheeks. His heart was filled with anguish. At length he told us of the men and their sad fate. They had entered her door and he had waited for their return in vain.

“I slung my silver-studded sword about my shoulders, and my bow, and bade him lead me back the selfsame way; but falling on his knees he begged

me not to go, for none could escape the evil there. So I bade him remain on the swift black ship and went ashore alone. As I approached the great house of Circe, Hermes, in likeness of a youth, met me and addressed me thus:

“‘Your comrades, hapless man, are penned like swine in Circe’s house and kept in sties. You seek to free them and I will help you and get you safely there. Take this potent herb to protect you and go to Circe’s house. She will put drugs into your food, but they will not work against you, for this potent herb will prevent it. When Circe turns her wand against you, draw your sword and spring at her as if to kill her, and she will cower before you; then make her swear that she will not plot new woe against you.’

“Hermes departed to high Olympus, while I made my way to Circe’s palace, where I stood before the shining doors and called. The goddess heard my voice, came forth and bade me enter, and I followed her with aching heart. She seated me and gave me a potion in a golden cup. I drank the potion and was unharmed. She smote me with her wand and said, ‘Off to the sty and lie there with your fellows!’

“I drew my sharp sword and made as if to slay her. With a loud cry she cowered at my knees



and cried: 'Who are you? Of what people? Where is your town and kindred? My drugs have charmed you not; you have a mind that cannot be beguiled; you must be the brave Odysseus. Hermes said you would come here on your return from Troy. Come, sheath your sword and let us be good friends.' And she gave me her solemn oath she would plot against me no new woe.

"Meanwhile four maids, who were the serving women of the palace, plied their work about the halls. They are the children of the springs and groves and sacred streams that flow into the sea. One placed beautiful clothes of purple and linen on silver chairs; another drew silver tables to these chairs and set forth golden baskets; a third stirred wine within an ivory bowl; a fourth prepared the water for the bath.

"After the bath I was richly dressed, and led into the feasting hall, where rich food was set before me, but my heart foreboded evil and I could not eat. Circe noticed this, and said, 'Eat, brave Odysseus, have no further fear, for I have pledged my oath.'

"I answered, 'Nay, goddess, I have no heart to eat while my companions dear are held here captive.'

"Circe left the palace, opened the sty and drove the swine forth. Awhile they stood before her mutely. Then she struck each with her wand, and once more these swine were men, younger, fairer, and taller than before. They knew me, grasped my hand and wept.

"Circe bade me hasten back to the ship and bring my other comrades. My heart assented, and I went. And Circe made us welcome, and gave us

food and cheer for one full year. Then my men longed for home and native land, and I prayed the great goddess and she yielded and let us go, but sent us on a different journey from the one we longed for.

In deepest sorrow we departed and Circe herself shed bitter tears and warned me of the dangers we should run. She told me of the Sirens singing in the meadows, who cast a spell on every man who goes their way. She said, 'Whoever unwarned hears the Sirens sing, forgets his home, his wife, his children, and wishes to return no more.'

"Near by these Sirens is a heap of human bones. Sail quickly past, and stop your comrades' ears with wax, that they may not hear the music and so be beguiled. If you yourself would hear, have yourself bound hand and foot upright against the mast block, that you cannot stir.'

"Then Circe told us of the giant crags. One towers to heaven, and in the middle is a cave where the great monster Scylla dwells and utters hideous cries. She has twelve feet, all misshapen; six necks, exceeding long; a frightful head on each. Up to her waist she lies within her cave. She holds her heads without and fishes there for dolphins, dogfish, and other water creatures. No ships pass

her in safety, for she seizes a man with every head, so every ship loses six men. X

“The second crag is lower and close beside the first, where Cha-ryb’dis stands and sucks down the wine-dark water in a swirl. Thrice a day she sucks it down and thrice a day she sends it up, a fearful sight. No earthly power nor heavenly can save a ship that happens by when the water is sucked down. Between Scylla and Charybdis greatest danger lies, but turn your course toward Scylla and speed swiftly by. Better to lose six men than all the ship and crew.

“She told me of many another adventure, with direst dangers beset, then with tears turned back to her palace.

“I went aboard our swift vessel, the crew loosed the cables, took places at the pins, and sitting in order, smote the foaming water with their oars. A fair wind came to fill our sails, sent by the fair-haired Circe; and we bounded forward on our way. I told my comrades all the goddess had told me, so we were prepared. We met the dangers and passed through them, losing our best six men to Scylla, who seized upon them as we passed. That was the saddest sight my eyes had ever seen in all my toils and wanderings on the sea.

“Later my men brought down the vengeance of

Zeus upon us all by slaying the best of the Sun's great kine. The Sun, in direst rage, complained to Zeus of their destruction. Then mighty Zeus, roused to greatest ire, brought forth a terrible storm and hurled his fiercest thunder-bolt upon us to destroy our ship. Out of the ship my comrades fell and slid into the sea, and they were cut off from reaching land; I clung to the mast and drifted on nine days. The tenth day brought me to the island of Calypso. That tale I've told to you, O generous king and queen."

Odysseus Arrives Home

Royal Odysseus ended his tale while all were hushed in silence.

Then Alcinous spoke, "Brave Odysseus, you shall be aided home with no more wanderings; long you have suffered."

They made a great feast. Odysseus bade his noble friends farewell and turned his footsteps swiftly to the ship awaiting him. Odysseus embarked and laid him down in silence. Sweet slumber fell upon him and the ship sailed away. Safely and steadily she ran; no circling hawk, swiftest of winged things, could keep beside her.

There is a harbor in Ithaca, sacred to the Old Man of the Sea. Near it is a dark cave; within are

bowls and jars of stone; here bees hive their honey; here stand great looms of stone, where the sea-nymphs weave purple robes; here are fresh springs of crystal water, ever-flowing. Here the ship's crew rowed in and ran the ship ashore half her full length. They came ashore bearing sleeping Odysseus in his linen sheet and bright-hued rug, and laid him on the sands, still deep in sleep. They placed near by, some distance from the road, the great treasure given Odysseus by the Phæacian chiefs, and then departed homeward.

Posidon, to avenge the safe return of Odysseus to his home against the sea-god's will, turned the stately ship into stone as is neared Phæacia's port, where it stands a towering rock.

Meanwhile royal Odysseus awoke, stood, and gazed upon his native land, unknowing, then groaned aloud, "To what land am I come? Where shall I leave my treasure? Whither shall I go?" And he paced the shore in sadness.

Pallas Athene drew near, garbed like a young shepherd. Odysseus was gladdened by sight of her and spoke to her, "Friend, you are the first one I have seen within this land. Save me and save these goods, I supplicate you as a god. Tell me, shepherd, what land is this? What people dwell here?"

Athene made answer: "Stranger, this is a rugged land, where grain grows, and abundant grapes; rains are frequent and the dews refreshing; here goats and cattle pasture well; trees of all kinds are here, and ever-flowing springs of crystal water. The name of Ithaca has reached to Troy, a city far from Achæa."

Odysseus was thrilled with delight at thought of his native land, yet could not believe, so much had he suffered. Even as he thought, the shepherd turned into a tall, gracious woman, heaven-born. Odysseus looked and beheld the goddess, Pallas Athene, smiling down upon him.

Odysseus spoke, "Hard it is, goddess, to know when you are near; you take so many forms. Oh, tell me truly, have I indeed once more reached my own dear native land?"

Then answered the goddess: "Still you doubt—I, for my part, never doubted your return, though with the loss of all your men. I had no wish to quarrel with Posidon, my father's brother, who hated you, for you blinded Polyphemos, his dear son. But look, behold your native land!"

The cloud-mist scattered and the land of Ithaca appeared most plain. Odysseus was glad, and kissed the bounteous earth and gave thanks to Zeus and to Athene for his safe return.

Then spoke Athene, "Long-tried and brave Odysseus, be of good cheer; store the goods here in this cave, safe from the eyes of men. Then let us plan."

'Twas quickly done, and all the gold and bronze and costly raiment were laid away.


Athene spoke, "Royal son of Laertes, for three years shameless suitors have held sway in your hall, wooing your matchless wife and offering her bridal gifts. She, mourning for you, gives hope to all, promises to each, sends messages to all, but has a different purpose in her heart."

†Odysseus heard with anger and spoke with fiery words, "O goddess, come, quickly plan for me a plot whereby I may have vengeance on their wicked heads. With your strong aid I could overcome three hundred. I can fight again, even as at Troy, when we tore away her shining crown and despoiled her of her glory."

Then said Athene: "Be sure I shall be with you in your work. Some of these suitors shall die, and all shall suffer, but I must change you, make you strange to all men's views. I will wrinkle your flesh and make it yellow, take off your golden locks and clothe you in loathsome rags, blear your eyes and make you most repulsive."

So saying, Athene touched him with her wand,

and he was changed to the likeness of a poor old man, forsaken and forlorn, garbed in a filthy frock and tunic, tattered and grimed with smoke. Over all she threw a deer's hide, shorn of its hair. She gave him a staff and a wallet full of holes.

With plans thus made the goddess went her way. Odysseus found food and shelter in the dwelling of his trusted swineherd, who knew him not, but was kind to all who suffer. From Eu-mæ'us he learned of all that had transpired since he had left, so was the brave Odysseus more ready for the fray. 

Odysseus and Telemachus

Telemachus, on his return from his far journey, paid an early visit to the faithful old swineherd, Eumæus, whom his father loved and trusted.

Eumæus was overjoyed to see him, and wept while he kissed his face, his eyes, his hands. "So here you are, Telemachus, my sweet boy. When you went away by ship, I feared we never should see you more. This stranger I place in your charge. Do what you will, for he needs your help, your food, your clothing."

Then answered Telemachus, "How can I take a stranger home? I am young and cannot trust my arm to fight. However, I will give him a coat and

tunic, a two-edged sword, and sandals for his feet, and send him where he wishes to go. I would not have him go among the suitors, they are too strong and cruel-hearted."

Then spoke Odysseus: "Friend, my heart is sore at what you say. Would I were young as you, and were the son of good Odysseus; or would I were Odysseus' self coming from his wanderings, then would I prove a trouble to all these suitors who throng Odysseus' hall. I would rather be crushed by their numbers than behold their disgraceful deeds; guests are abused, and men are eating up my bread and living there in useless idleness."

Eumaeus went out. Athene entered, seen only by Odysseus, to whom she beckoned, and he followed her. Freely she spoke: "Ready, Odysseus, hide your story no longer. Tell your son, then plan the death and doom of the suitors, and go forward into the city. I will be there, too, eager for the combat."

With that Athene touched Odysseus with her golden wand and laid a spotless robe and tunic on his body. He grew larger and dark-hued, his cheeks were rounded and his beard became darker about his chin. This done, she went away, and Odysseus entered the swineherd's lodge. Telemachus was filled with awe, thinking it was a god,

and thus he spoke: "Stranger, you are different now; your clothes are different, and your flesh is not the same. You surely are one of the gods who hold the open sky."

"Nay, child, no god, but your own father. I have suffered long and wandered far. Now, in the twentieth year, I have come back to my native land. Pallas Athene is my guide, and she has power to make me now beggar, now a man in fair attire."

So saying, he sat down. Telemachus threw his arms around his father and they sobbed long and loud together.

Then they planned how, by the aid of Athene and Zeus, they might overcome these suitors, more than a hundred strong, within the palace gates.

At evening the noble swineherd, Eumæus, joined Odysseus and his son. They busily prepared their supper, having killed a yearling pig. Athene had changed Odysseus again into an old and ragged man, lest the swineherd, seeing him well-dressed and young, might guess the truth and tell the tale to steadfast Penelope. After they supped they turned toward bed and took the gift of sleep.

In the morning Telemachus wended his way to the city to his mother, while Odysseus lingered at the swineherd's hut; then he, too, went in later with Eumæus.



The first to see the swineherd as he walked along the hall was the princely Telemachus, who quickly gave him a nod to call him to his side. There Eumaeus sat him down. A page passed him a dish of meat and also gave him bread from the basket.

Closely following, Odysseus entered the palace like a wretched beggar, and sat down on the threshold of the hall. Telemachus sent him food, all that his hands could hold of meat and bread.

Then Odysseus went among the suitors as a beggar, asking aid, that he might find out their hearts. Some gave him generously; some few refused. Antinous was angered by his presence, and rebuked the swineherd for bringing in a miserable beggar.

Odysseus stepped back before Antinous, saying: "Indeed you would not give a suppliant salt in your own house, if sitting at another's table you will not give me bread. Yet here there is abundance."

He spoke and Antinous was angered all the more, and said: "Now you shall never leave this hall in peace, for you have taunted me." He seized his footstool and hurled it at Odysseus with all his might, striking his back. Odysseus stood firm as a rock, shook his head in silence, and sat down brooding on evil.

There came into the hall a common beggar, Irus, greedy for eating and drinking without end. He was much offended to find Odysseus in his place and jeered at him, and started a quarrel.

Antinous observed them, laughed and said: "Friends, nothing so good as this has ever happened. What sport the gods have sent this house. Let us quickly set Irus and this stranger on."

Laughing, they all sprang up and gathered

round the tattered beggars. Antinous called out: "Here are goat paunches lying by the fire, set there for supper, full of fat and food. Whoever wins and proves the better man shall take what one he wills. That man shall hereafter attend all our feasts; no other beggar will be allowed to come here asking alms."

A trembling fell on Irus, but they led him into the ring and both men raised their fists and began a bout. The lordly suitors clapped their hands and almost died of laughter at such sport. Soon Irus was laid low, and Odysseus dragged him without the court. Then, once more walking to the thresh-old, Odysseus sat down amidst the merry laughter of the suitors. Even Antinous wished him well and gave him food and praised his powers.

After the feast the suitors, desiring rest, departed homeward. Royal Odysseus remained behind, plotting against the suitors, and he bade Telemachus take all the fighting-gear from the hall, telling the suitors all had need of burnishing, that they might not grow suspicious.

The Recognition by Euryclia

Eu'ry-cli'a, the nurse, locked the doors of the stately hall. Odysseus and his gallant son bore

away the helmets, shields and spears. Before them Athene went, holding a golden lamp that made a beauteous light. When all was done, Telemachus sought his bed, but Odysseus stayed behind.

Now heedful Penelope came to the hall made vacant by the suitors, and sat beside the fire in her accustomed place. Her chair was formed of spiral work of ivory and silver, and over it a large fleece had been thrown. Fresh heaps of wood were piled up in the braziers, giving new light and heat.

Penelope ordered in a polished bench, and over it a fleece. She bade the stranger draw near to tell his tale to her. And she questioned him, "Stranger, who are you? Of what people? Where is your town? Where live your kindred?"

Then spoke Odysseus: "Lady, no man upon the earth may speak dispraise of you, for your fame is wide as is the sky. Yet, this I beg of you, ask not my lineage and home. I am a man of sorrow, yet I must not weep and wail in a strange house; it but makes things worse."

Then answered heedful Penelope: "O stranger, I, too, am in deep distress. Longing for Odysseus, I waste my heart away. All the young nobles here in Ithaca now sue for my hand in marriage. At first I did beguile them, for I set up a great loom to weave a robe fine and exceeding large. I told

these young men I would not marry till the robe was finished, a shroud for the father of Odysseus, good Laertes, bowed by grief and age. By day I wove, by night I did unravel what I had done. Three years I worked; in the fourth year I was found out. Then I finished the robe against my will.

“Now I can no longer shun my marriage, for my parents urge me to marry, and my son chafes at the wasting of his house these suitors bring upon him.”

Then Odysseus answered, “I myself, in my younger days, saw Odysseus, your husband, and entertained him in far-off Crete.”

Much the stranger told Penelope of Odysseus, some true, some false, for he did not choose to have her guess who he was. All doubts of the honor of this man passed from her mind full quickly when he described how Odysseus was attired, even to his golden brooch, graven with a dog clutching a fawn.

Penelope's heart was full of kindness for this man, who told her much of what she loved to hear. She bade the old nurse, Eurycليا, wash the stranger's feet and make him welcome.

The old nurse drew near with the glittering basin for washing feet, and saw his likeness to Odysseus, her master, and she told him so. Then

as she washed, she found the boar's scar on his knee that he had received in younger manhood. Joy and grief seized her and, laying her hand upon Odysseus, she said, "You really are Odysseus, my dear child, now I know."

And she would have told Penelope then and there, but Odysseus drew her close to him and said, "Nurse, nurse, betray me not. Though you have found me out, be silent. Let no one in the house know; leave this matter to the gods."

Penelope sought her couch and bewailed her husband till sleep fell upon her, while Odysseus remained in the hall. The palace was in slumber.

The King Reveals Himself

Odysseus had left his great bow and shaft of steel at home when he started for Troy. Now Athene put into the mind of Penelope to offer to the suitors this same bow and all the arrows as a prize in sport and contest.

Penelope went to the great room where much was stored and took down the bow and the quiver full of arrows. After many sighs and tears she hastened to the hall to meet the lordly suitors, and thus addressed them: "Hearken, you suitors who beset this house and waste our substance, giving as

your excuse you wish to marry me, I offer you the mighty bow of Odysseus. Whoever lightest bends the bow, and shoots through all twelve axes, shall have me for his bride. For him will I forsake this home, so beautiful and full of wealth."

Then spoke discreet Telemachus, "Delay not, suitors, nor longer hesitate to bend the bow. I long to try it even for myself, to prove that I am able to wield my father's arms."

With that he flung back his red cloak and put his sharp sword from his shoulder. Then he set the axes in a furrow marked with cord, and stamped down flat the earth on each side. Surprise filled the suitors to see how well he set the axes, for Telemachus had never seen the game before. And now he would essay the bow for himself, but his father shook his head and stayed the eager boy. Then spoke Telemachus again: "Come, you stronger men than I, come, try the bow and end the contest." Then he laid by the bow and stood it on the ground, the shaft near it, and once more took his seat.

Then Antinous gave orders, "Rise up in order from left to right." First arose the soothsayer, who alone hated the lawlessness of the suitors. Going to the threshold, he stood and tried the bow, but he could not bend it, and he said: "No, friends,

I cannot bend the bow, let someone else essay; many a man will fail ere it be drawn." He, too, laid by the bow and shaft, standing them on the ground; then he sat down in the seat from which he first arose.

Then many young men warmed the bow with a cake of fat, and made trial, but they could not bend the bow, for they fell far short of power. Antinous and Eurymachus, the leaders of the suitors, still held back.

Meanwhile, out of the house came two strong men, herdsmen of royal Odysseus. He followed them and said: "Should Odysseus of a sudden by the aid of the gods come home, would you men support him or these suitors?"

With one voice they answered, "Odysseus."

Then Odysseus drew aside his rags and showed the herdsmen the great scar on his knee, and they knew their master and fell upon his neck weeping. Quickly they returned to the hall.

Eurymachus held the bow and turned it up and down, trying to heat it at the glowing fire, but he could not bend it, and he groaned aloud, "Ah, here is woe for me and woe for all! If we cannot bend Odysseus' bow, what a disgrace for all future time will rest upon us." And they thought to offer a sacrifice of choicest goats to the archer god Apollo.

Then wise Odysseus spoke, "I pray you, let me try the bow and prove my skill of former days, when I had strength and power."

The suitors were enraged at such suggestion; but Penelope begged that he be given a trial, saying: "If this stranger wins, I will clothe him in a tunic, give him a pointed sword, and sandal his feet and send him where he will."

Then Telemachus arose and said, "Fair Mother, leave this matter all to us. Seek your chamber, and bid the women ply their tasks." Amazed, Penelope sought her room, pondering over the words of her son.

By order of Telemachus, the doors of the stately hall were secretly locked, the outer gates bound by ropes, so that no one might enter in, no sound pass out.

Already Odysseus held the bow and turned it round and round to see if worms had gnawed the horn while he had been away. The suitors watched and jeered. Odysseus, holding the bow now in his left hand, tried the cord; clear to the touch it rang, voiced like a swallow. Fear came upon the suitors, their faces paled; Zeus thundered loud.

Odysseus laid a bronze-tipped arrow on the bow, drew the string and forth sped the shaft. It did not miss the ring of one axe from the first to last



of all the twelve. He turned to his son and said, "Telemachus, the guest here sitting brings you no shame; my strength is as sound as ever." Then he frowned the sign, Telemachus girt on his sword, clasped his spear and stood beside his father.

Royal Odysseus threw off his rags and sprang to the threshold, bow in hand and quiver full of arrows. He pointed his sure arrow at the darkest

traitor, Antinous, and laid him low. The hall broke into tumult; they threatened Odysseus, "Stranger, for this deed of horror, vultures shall eat you here."

And Odysseus answered, "Dogs, you have destroyed my home, and wooed my wife, saying I was dead. Now dire destruction shall come upon you all." Their faces paled with fear at his dread words, but they blamed Antinous for all their woe.

Then said Odysseus, "Every suitor here shall pay the price of his lawless deeds; it lies before you to fight or flee."

Then Eurymachus called aloud: "Come, friends, this man will not hold back his ruthless hand, let us turn to fighting. Draw swords and hold tables up against his deadly arrows, have at him all together, thus may we overpower him." So saying, Eurymachus drew his two-edged sword and rushed toward Odysseus with a fearful cry. Quickly Odysseus let fly an arrow, and the mists of death gathered in the eyes of Eurymachus.

The hall was now in greatest tumult; fiercely the combat waged, nor had Odysseus other help than his young son, the two herdsmen, and the mighty goddess Athene, who gave him not ready victory at once, but tested his full strength in many a clash of steel. Many a man begged mercy. None was spared except the few that Telemachus knew were

guiltless. Against these he stayed his father's hand. Then, when the fury was over, Odysseus sent for the old nurse, Euryclia, and her women, to clear away the hall and make it as before, a feasting hall.

The household was aroused and knew their lord, and hailed the brave Odysseus with delight. They fell upon his neck, and held him by the hand. A great longing fell upon him to cry aloud and weep, for he knew these people all were true.

Then the old nurse, full of delight, went to tell her mistress Lord Odysseus was at home, "Awake, Penelope, dear child, Odysseus is here. He has come at last and slain the haughty suitors."

"Dear nurse, the gods have crazed you," answered heedful Penelope, "why mock me when my heart is full of sorrow?"

"Nay, child, I do not mock you. Odysseus is here, he is the stranger so set upon by the proud suitors, but they are all laid low. Odysseus awaits to see you. Follow me."

Penelope was glad, and sprang from her bed and hung upon the nurse's neck and shed many tears. Then she robed herself, entered the great hall, and sat down opposite Odysseus in the firelight. He sat by a tall pillar looking down, waiting to hear his stately wife speak, but she sat silent long. Amazement filled her heart, and long she gazed

upon him, but knew him not for the mean clothes he wore.

Telemachus rebuked her, saying, "Mother, your heart is most ungentle. Why do you hold aloof from my dear father, who returns after having toils and hardships during twenty long years? Your heart is harder than a stone."

Penelope answered: "My child, my soul is dazed with wonder; I cannot speak to him, nor ask a question, nor look him in the face. But if it is indeed Odysseus, we both have signs to know each other by."

Royal Odysseus smiled and said, "Telemachus, leave your mother in the hall to try my truth. She soon will know me better."

Odysseus, too, left the hall and soon returned, bathed, anointed with oil, and in a goodly coat and tunic. Athene cast over his face great beauty, and gave him wondrous grace in head and shoulders. Like a god he entered the hall and faced his wife.

One look she gave him and she knew her lord, and ran to him and threw her arms about his neck, sobbing for joy. And he was stirred to weep, holding his loved and faithful wife. Greatly they rejoiced in each other, and their glad life together began anew. ✕

—Adapted from Translations by Pope and Bryant.

Robert of Lincoln

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:

 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call, in his merry note:

 Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
 Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knave, if you can!

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight!
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six white mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten his merry air:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

Beowulf, the Hero of the Anglo-Saxons

Grendel Visits Hrothgar's Hall

In the days of old great was the renown of the Danes. Of all the nations of the north none was braver or more famous. Their deeds on land and sea were sung by the Skalds in the great feasting halls of earls and thanes.

In these early days, when Hroth'gar was king of the Danish folk, he was surrounded by a great following of kinsmen and clansmen, valiant in battle and merry comrades at his board.

At length the feasting hall of Hrothgar grew too small for his great train. Then he ordered built a great mead-hall, the largest and most stately under heaven. He called it "He'ort" because around the top of it was a border of the horns and heads of harts. Here the people gathered about the board at night. They told tales, sang songs, and drank dark mead from ivory horns and cups of gold. Here Hrothgar distributed rich gifts, bracelets and rings, and much treasure. All lived most happily in feast and game and song.

But far out on the moor there dwelt a fierce giant named Gren'del. He was the evil one from whom sprang elves and dwarfs and likewise giants who warred against mankind. He heard the merriment and the shouts of glee within the hall; he heard the sound of harp and the song of the Skald, and he said, "This glee will I destroy, this joy shall be turned into sorrow, for I will overcome this house."

The joyful sounds lashed the monster to fury, and that very night Grendel set out to pay a visit to the lofty house. There he found a company of nobles sleeping after their feast, who knew not sorrow nor the misery of men nor aught of unhappiness. Without warning and without pity, Grendel seized thirty sleeping thanes and departed with the slaughtered ones to his home, exulting in his prey.


In the morning Grendel's foul deed was discovered, and weeping and loud wails filled the halls, while the king sat upon his throne and wept aloud for his thanes. The very next night Grendel returned and did even greater mortal harm. How he gloried in his crimes!

Soon a great terror fell upon the people so that they kept in close hiding by day, and at night sought places in the open where they might

sleep. Many abandoned their homes and the best houses stood empty.

Great and long was the struggle. For twelve weary years this monster warred against the people, while woe and sorrow entered the homes about the moor. Then stories were told of the terrible strife between Grendel and Hrothgar, and these tales were carried into distant lands.

Thus it came to pass that not a man would go within miles of the fearful moor where Grendel lived. So stealthy was the monster that no man knew his size, for he was never seen by man. On dark nights Grendel took possession of Heort, but he went not near the throne, for that was sacred.



The Coming of Beowulf

Now there dwelt in the land of the Goths a noble young thane, Be'o-wulf by name, who was cousin to the king, Hy-gel'ac. This noble warrior heard of the terrible sufferings of the Danes through the monster Grendel and longed to give his aid to King Hrothgar. So the young hero went to King Hygelac and said, "Prepare for me a goodly ship and I will go over the road the swans travel to the aid of this monarch of the Danes."

King Hygelac ordered a good ship to be built for Beowulf and soon it was ready for the voyage. Without delay the brave youth set out over the sea with a picked crew of fifteen men to seek the renowned king, Hrothgar, who had such need of brave men. Like a bird the ship sat upon the water and sped forward, driven by the wind. Soon the voyage came to an end, for on the second day the men saw land, high cliffs and great mountains.

Thereupon the crew landed quickly, tied their vessel fast, shook out their garments and war-gear, and thanked God that the voyage had been so easy.

Now the sea-warden of the Danes saw the landing of Beowulf and his men from the high wall. He saw them making ready their war-gear and their bright shields. Riding quickly down to shore, he shook the mighty lance in his hand and spoke, "What come ye for, arm-bearing men? Why are ye protected by shields and why have ye come over the sea? I am placed here to guard this coast and ever do I look seaward that no enemy coming in ships may do injury to the land of the Danes. Never have any shield-bearers attempted more openly to approach than your band. I can see that one among you is a great

earl and mighty warrior. I must know whence you come ere you advance farther as false spies into our land. Tell me, ye far-dwellers and seafarers, whence is your coming."

Then Beowulf stepped forth in great courtesy and said, "We are Goths, Hygelac's warriors. Through kind feelings have we come on a great errand to visit thy king, the aged Hrothgar. We have heard that a fierce monster attacks thy kinsmen by night, and does them great injury and this he has done for years. I have come to help Hrothgar overcome this deadly foe and bring back better times."

➤ Up spoke the fearless warden from his horse where he sat, "A sharp shield-warrior knows well the difference between words and works. I hear ye are a friendly band come to our aid. Advance, keeping your weapons and I will direct you. Meanwhile my fellow officers will guard your ship against every foe."

Whereupon the band quickly left the ship, fast anchored, and eagerly pressed forward, till they beheld the grandest of all houses built beneath the sky, the far famed Heort where the great king abode.

Then the warden turned his steed about and said, "It is time for me to go. May the all-

ruling Father hold you with honor and keep you safe. I will return to the sea to guard against any hostile band."

Beowulf and his men advanced rapidly toward the great hall, their shields shining, the iron rings of their mail-shirts clanking loud against their shields. When they arrived before the mansion the weary men set their shields against the wall, sat down on a bench near by, placed their war-gear together in a ring, and stacked their spears close at hand. Thus they waited in silence for a messenger from the king.

Soon a proud warrior appeared and asked, "Whence bear ye your shields, your gray war-shirts, your helmets, and this heap of spears? From your gallant bearing, I think ye are not exiles but men of valor, come to do great deeds."

Then the hero of the Goths, famed for his strength, made answer, "We are table companions of our king, Hygelac, and my name is Beowulf. I will tell my errand to the great king, thy lord, if he will grant that we may greet him."

"I will tell the mighty prince of your errand," replied the warrior, "and make known to you his answer." Thereupon the warrior went to his sad and aged king and said, "A brave hero and his men have come across the sea from the Goth

country. Their noble chief, whom they call Beowulf, would speak with thee. I would beg of thee to speak with them, my lord, for in their war-gear they seem worthy the esteem of earls, and their leader is surely a man of valor."

"I knew Beowulf when he was a child, and I knew his father," replied Hrothgar. "The sea-faring men say the son is bold and strong as was his father, that in the grip of his hand he has the strength of thirty men. I hope he has brought aid to us against our enemy. Make haste now and bid them welcome."

Forthwith the messenger returned to Beowulf and said, "My noble lord bids me say that he knows thy noble kindred and that ye, as men of courage, are welcome. Enter ye therefore unto Hrothgar with your war-gear, but leave behind your spears and shafts for killing."

Then Beowulf arose, bade some of his warriors remain with the spears, and was led into the great hall where he spoke to the king. "Hail to thee, Hrothgar, the story of Grendel's deeds has reached my native land. They tell us that this hall, the greatest under heaven, stands empty and deserted every night. Great is the strength through which I have won many battles. Five monsters have I slain on land and many

a one on sea. Now would I and my men overcome this monster, Grendel. We ask that we alone be given the task to purify Heort. Grendel fights without weapons, so will I fight without them. I will grapple with the enemy and we shall contend for life, foe against foe. If Grendel overpowers me, there will be no need of a mound over my head since he will devour me, but I pray you to send back to Hygelac my breast armor that was fashioned by We'land the smithy."

The aged monarch rejoiced at these words of hope and said, "Right welcome art thou, brave Beowulf, and I thank thee for thy words of promise. I remember thee as a page at court. Surely God in his mercy has sent us a helper in the hour of need. My warrior band has been laid waste; for twelve long years they have been swept into the horrid clutches of the monster, Grendel, who is never seen by man for he always comes in the darkness. Full oft my warriors have vowed to await with their swords the coming of Grendel, but, in the morning, this lordly hall was drenched with their blood, and they had been snatched away. Since thou, my friend, hast sought us for this battle and honor, sit now to the feast, and share with us thy plans and all thy hopes of victory."

Soon a bench was cleared for the Goths, and they sat down in the great hall and feasted with the Danes. The mead-cup was passed, the glee-man sang and there was much merriment and rejoicing among the warriors.

But to Un'ferth, the king's story-teller, the coming of Beowulf was a great displeasure, for his heart was filled with malice and envy. "Art thou the Beowulf," he asked, "whom Bri'ca overcame in a swimming race in the sea? For this I expect a worse adventure for thee, if thou darest abide one night near Grendel."

Then said Beowulf, "Now ye shall hear the truth. When Brica and I were youths we ventured our lives on the ocean. Hand in hand we went out with our swords to defend ourselves against the sea monsters. After five nights together a tempest and the darkness drove us apart, and until morning I strove alone with the waves and the monsters. One evil monster dragged me down to the bottom of the sea and held me tight in his grasp; yet I was able to strike the creature with the point of my sword. Nine of these monsters did I slay with my sword, before I could make my escape, and in the morning they lay upon the shore, where they could never more threaten sea-farers. Therefore

I speak the truth when I say that I have more strength and endurance than any other man."

Again there was rejoicing in Beowulf's strength. The king was pleased with the brave words and his gracious queen arose, adorned in cloth of gold, and passed down the great hall greeting the Danes. To her lord she gave the jeweled mead-cup and bade him be of great joy at the feast. Then she passed the cup to old and young, bidding all to be of good cheer. At length she stood before Beowulf and gave greeting to him, saying, "We thank God that such a warrior has come to our aid."

Before draining his cup Beowulf answered, "I vowed when I put to sea that I would rid your people of the monster, Grendel, or fall in the struggle."

The queen liked well his words, and with stately step she again seated herself beside her lord, and the feasting went on.

At length the night approached, and Hrothgar and all the company arose in silence. The aged king greeted Beowulf, wished him well, and gave him command of the mead-hall, saying, "Never before, since I could raise hand and shield, have I entrusted the feast hall of the Danes to any man. Guard well this best of houses; be mindful

of glory; show thy great valor; keep watch against the foe. Thy every wish shall be fulfilled if thou dost perform this work of valor and livest." Then Hrothgar and his warriors departed and left Beowulf and the Goths in command of the hall.

The Fight With Grendel

Trusting in God and in his own might, the brave Beowulf took off his iron armor and the helmet from his head, and gave his trusty sword to one of his warriors, saying, "To-night this Grendel and I will strive together without arms. Let the wise God give glory to him who seems most worthy." Then the great leader lay down, and a pillow received his face. Around him lay his wise seamen. No one of them thought to see his native land again, so terrible had been the deeds of this dread monster. At length all slept save Beowulf who defiantly awaited the foe.

When the night was blackest, the monster, Grendel, came stalking from the moor under the misty hills. He strode under the clouds straight to the golden hall. The mighty iron bands across the massive door broke at his touch. He opened wide the door and entered in with fiendish tread and angry mood, while fire flashed from his eyes.

As he beheld the sleeping band, he laughed, expecting to take the life from everybody there.

Then the monster seized one of the warriors and crushed him to death, while Beowulf watched to judge the awful deed. Nearer and nearer Grendel approached the mighty hero and reached forth to crush him also. Then Beowulf, with all his strength, grasped the monster by the arm, in a stronger grasp than Grendel had ever known. The hall resounded with their wrestling and was shaken to its foundations. It was a marvel that the building did not fall to the ground, but it was bound by immense bands of iron forged with great cunning.

The comrades of Beowulf sprang up and strove to slay the fiend with their swords, but no blade on earth could touch this foul destroyer, for he used enchantments against weapons of every kind.

When Grendel found he could not shake off the mighty grasp of the hero, great fear came upon him and he strove hard to free himself and flee to his cave. At length Grendel, with a mighty effort, pulled himself free from his deadly foe, leaving in Beowulf's grasp his arm and hand and shoulder. With a howl of rage and pain he ran from the hall, back to his foul den in the



moor. Well he knew that his days were numbered.

How the hall rang with the shouts of joy given by the comrades of Beowulf, as they hung up the monster's hand and arm and shoulder under the high roof of the mead-hall.

The next morning many a warrior traced the bloody trail back to the dark water, to which the monster had fled to die. The lake reeked with

blood and they knew that Grendel was no more.

Then the band of warriors returned to the hall, joyous in the victory of Beowulf, whose brave deeds were retold and sung to eager listeners. The Danes and Goths rejoiced together that the monster had been removed from the land.

King Hrothgar, his queen, and his great train, entered the hall to view the wonder, hanging beneath the high roof; and all gave thanks to God for sending them a helper, and the aged Hrothgar loved Beowulf as a son.

A great feast was ordered, while Heort was adorned anew with wonderful tapestries, woven full of the deeds of heroes. The bright building had been greatly shattered within, for iron bands were broken and hinges rent asunder, but all was quickly covered up by ready hands for the great feast to Beowulf, the deliverer.

When the moment arrived, King Hrothgar went to the hall to partake of the feast of the thanes. Great and brave was the throng of men gathered there. Joyously they drank of the sweet mead, and the king drank of the first beaker to Beowulf, presenting to him a golden banner as a reward of victory. Then he gave the hero a complete armor of gold; helmet, coat-of-mail and

sword. Suddenly, at the king's command, eight beautiful steeds were led into the hall, one of them bearing the king's own saddle. Arms and horses the king bade Beowulf have for his own.

Besides, to each of the warriors who had come with Beowulf, some costly present was given, some heirloom. Gold was paid for the loss of the warrior devoured by the monster Grendel.

After the gift giving, the king called for the harp and song, and many a tale was sung of the deeds of the Danes in the elder days.


At length the queen arose and gave the beaker of sweet mead to her husband, King Hrothgar, and bade him be merry, for now Heort was delivered from evil. Then she turned to the young warrior, Beowulf, and presented him with a rich mantle and jewels, rings and bracelets, and a golden collar studded with precious stones, the most magnificent collar under the heavens. "Wear this collar, dear Beowulf," said the queen, "and make use of this mantle; they are both lordly treasures. Thrive well; be ever brave and strong. Thy name shall be sung far and near for this deed thou hast done for the Danes."

The queen then went to her seat while music again filled the hall and the feast went on. There was no thought of evil to come.

When the evening came on, Hrothgar betook himself to rest, and silence fell on Heort. For the first time in years the hall was not deserted, but the floor was laid with beds and bolsters, and the nobles laid themselves down to rest, tired but content.



Grendel's Mother, the Avenger



At last all in the great hall sank to sleep. One of the warriors paid sorely for daring to sleep in the hall, for Grendel had an avenger, his mother. She was the wicked old woman of the sea, dwelling in cold streams and deep down under the waters beyond the moor.

That very night the old hag betook herself to Heort, where the Danes lay sleeping, unmindful of care or trouble. In she rushed to seize one of the sleepers. The men sprang up, sword in hand, but had no time to think of armor or helmets. When the hag found she was discovered she made haste to get away with her life. Quickly she seized a warrior and made for her fen. He was Hrothgar's dearest hero and most powerful warrior.

Though leaving in such haste, the frightful hag took time to get the hand and arm and shoulder of Grendel, bearing these away with her.

A great cry arose in Heort, reached the aged Hrothgar, and made known to him the awful horror. Beowulf was not there, for another dwelling had been given him and his men. In his dire trouble the old king sent for him at once.

Ere break of day the noble champion, with some of his comrades, marched to the palace at the call of the king. Beowulf did not know of the awful fate of the brave Danish hero, and he asked the king if he had passed an easy night.

“Nay, Beowulf,” answered the king, “ask thou not after our happiness. Sorrow has re-appeared among the Danes, for my bravest warrior and bodyguard was killed in Heort last night by a deadly wanderer, a fell fiend who thus avenged the death of Grendel, her son. She dwells not a mile from here, in a mere overhung by gnarled and twisted groves. Here the hag lives in the dangerous fen-path where a mountain stream dashes out of sight and flows underground. Here every night fire is seen to play upon the waters of the mere.

“That man lives not who knows the depth of the mere. A hart wearied by the hunt would sooner give up his life on the bank than seek to save it by leaping into the water, for ever the waves dash high, the clouds gather dark and

gloomy overhead, and the wind stirs up terrible tempests.

“Once more we ask the aid of thee. I pray thee, seek out the direful spot if thou darest. I will reward thee with money and ancient treasure, as I have done before, if thou comest away alive.”

Beowulf answered on the instant, “Sorrow not, wise man. It is better to avenge the death of a friend than to sorrow for him. Arise, guardian of the realm, let us quickly seek out the course of Grendel’s mother. I promise thee she shall not escape into the sea nor into the bosom of the earth. Go where she will I shall seek her out. Have patience and all thy woes shall cease.”

Then Hrothgar leaped up and thanked God for the hero’s promises. Quickly he mounted his steed and went forth with Beowulf and a troop of men, tracing the foul hag’s course over the ground and beyond the murky moor. These sons of nobles passed by deep rock gorges, along narrow, lonely paths, near rocky cliffs where dwelt huge monsters in great caverns. Beowulf, with a few wise men, rode forward to view the plain until he found a mountain tree leaning over rocks where water stood beneath. Horror filled the men as they came upon the head of the lost warrior, lying upon that cliff in a pool of blood.

For a long time they watched the boiling sea, filled with serpents, dragons, and other monsters.

(At length Beowulf girt on his mighty armor and helmet and gripped his sword well in hand to ward off all evil strokes. Then he spoke, "I am ready, O king, for my journey. If for thy need I lose my life, guard well my dear comrades and send the treasure thou hast given me to Hygelac, my noble king, that he may know I have found in thee a great gift-giver."

Without waiting for an answer, Beowulf plunged into the sea. Down, down he went for the space of a full day ere he came to the ground plain. Forthwith she who had lived a hundred years under water, fierce and greedy, discovered that a man was seeking out the home of the monsters. With her horrid claws she seized the warrior but could not pierce his coat of mail. Then the sea wolf bore him to her dwelling at the bottom of the sea. Her flight was so swift that Beowulf could not use his weapons, and many sea beasts pursued him and struck him with their tusks and claws.

(At length, Beowulf found himself in a great hall from which the water was held back, and, looking about, he saw the sea-wolf and struck at her with his mighty sword. Like Grendel she

used enchantments against mortal weapons, so the trusty sword could do her no harm.

Thereupon, Beowulf threw his jeweled sword to the ground and trusted to the strength of his hand. Grasping the monster by the shoulder, he threw her to the floor, but quickly she seized him in her claws, leaped upon him and drew her dagger to avenge her son.

Now, this brave warrior would have gone to his death had his hand not come in contact with a huge old sword forged by giants. Savage with anger and hopeless of his life, he smote so fiercely with the mighty weapon that the hard edge severed her neck and she fell to the floor. Then a great flame burst forth, filling the place with a bright light. As Beowulf looked in wonder about the hall he found the body of Grendel and struck his head off. So dreadful was the poison of Grendel's blood that the mighty sword melted away till only the hilt remained.

Many were the great treasures lying there, but Beowulf took only the heads of Grendel and the hag, the hilt of the wonder-sword and his own trusty blade.

Hrothgar and his company waited long for Beowulf and saw with horror the waves dash high, red with blood. They grieved sorely for



the hero, whom they did not expect to return to them, for they believed the sea-wolf had slain him. After nine days the brave Danes and their leader left the cliff and went to their homes, but the Goths sat gazing upon the mere, sick at heart for the loss of their leader. Suddenly they saw the figure of a man coming up through the water. It was Beowulf swimming upward to shore, bringing his mighty burdens.

How all rushed to help him land, thanking God that he was safe and sound. Quickly they

loosed his helmet and coat of mail. Without delay all went back over the well-known road, while four men found it difficult to carry the heads.

When they arrived at the stately Heort, the brave man, the man crowned with glory, went to meet the king. "Behold," cried Beowulf, "we have brought you the spoils of the battle. It was no light conflict, for I barely escaped with my life. Even my good sword was of no avail against the enchantments of the sea-wolf, but a mighty sword forged by the giants came to my hand, and with it I slew the monster. Here is left only the hilt, for the good blade melted away when I cut off the head of Grendel. Now I promise thou shalt sleep free from danger in this hall. Thou, my lord, and thy faithful thanes need fear death no more from the monsters of the moor and fen."

Then Hrothgar looked upon the hilt of the ancient sword and said, "Dear Beowulf, best of warriors, I thank thee for our deliverance from evil. Thy fame shall be known among all the nations of the world. Thou shalt ever be a comfort to thy people and a help to thy warriors. Live ever nobly and do well. I thank God that I have lived to see these gory heads and know that the strife with evil is over. Go now to

the mead-bench and partake of the joy of the feast, and I will share my treasures with thee."

Next morning the Goth hero found his comrades eager to set sail for home, so he went to the throne of the king to give him greetings and say farewell. "We sea-farers," said Beowulf, "have been entertained most royally. If, when beyond the waters, I should learn that thine enemies have beset thee, I will return with a thousand thanes to help thee. Moreover, if thy son will come to the court of the Goths he will find many friends there."

Hrothgar replied, "I never heard one so young speak so wisely. Thou art strong in might and wise in speech. Thy brave spirit pleases me more and more, dear Beowulf." Then the king gave the hero twelve treasures and bade him go in safety to his people. Beowulf, proud of these gifts, went to the ship which was riding at anchor. His comrades had made all ready, and they bade their Danish friends a courteous farewell. Many were the gifts lavished upon them all and Hrothgar sent costly presents to King Hygelac. Many of the Danes wept as the sails were filled with the wind.

The voyage was favored by wind and wave, and they sailed smoothly over the foaming sea till

they saw the cliffs and headlands of the Gothic shore. Quickly they landed and the coast-warden helped to carry the treasure to the dwelling of Hygelac, which was close to the sea-wall.)

Without delay the great hall was made ready for the travelers, and Hygelac greeted the mighty hero with these words, "How fared thee in thy journey, dear Beowulf? Didst thou lessen the woes of the great hall of the Danes? I feared to have thee strive with Grendel, so I am thankful to see thee safe home again."

"The meeting between Grendel and me is well known to many men," replied Beowulf. "None of Grendel's kin need boast of that twilight conflict. When I came into the country of the Danes, I went first to greet Hrothgar. On learning my purpose to deliver his people, he gave me a seat of honor by his son at the mead-board. I have never seen greater joy at a feast."

Great was the wonder of the king and his men as they listened to the marvelous tale of Beowulf's adventures. When the story was finished the hero ordered his men to bring in the gifts of the Danes. These he presented to King Hygelac; the great banner, the helmet, the coat-of-mail, the splendid battle sword, and four beautiful horses. To the queen he gave the

wonderful collar of gold given him by the queen of the Danes, and in addition he gave her three white palfreys, keeping but one noble steed for himself. Thus Beowulf proved himself noble, generous and loyal to his king.

The Dragon

In later days Hygelac fell in battle, and his son also, was slain. Then Beowulf was called to rule the Goths, and he took charge of the realm and governed it for fifty winters, nobly and well; but in his old age trouble settled over his land, and again the brave warrior went out to right wrongs.

It chanced that an outlawed man, fleeing along a rough and steep path came upon a mighty sea-cave open to the sky. He saw therein a great heap of treasure and war-gear and longed to seize upon it. Looking about, he saw a mighty dragon asleep by his fire. Catching up a treasure chest and a golden drinking cup, he rushed away and bore all to his lord, seeking pardon for his crime.

In war times this treasure had been heaped here for concealment. One after another the ancient warriors had passed away till no one

was left to guard the treasure. A dragon had chanced upon it and, in delight, mounted watch over the cave guarding it well for full three hundred years.

When the fell monster awoke, he found that the glittering heap had been disturbed and the jeweled cup removed. He lashed his tail in fury and, sniffing about, found that a man was the thief. Then round and round the cavern he went again and again in search of the robber, but no man was to be found in all that great wilderness. With fury unabated, the monster waited for darkness to wreak his vengeance on the heads of men.

When all mankind had gone to rest, the great reptile crawled forth and visited the haunts of men. Far and wide he went, belching forth streams of fire that burned the dwellings of the hated men and left nothing living in his path. At dawn he darted back to his hoard, so that none might see him. Thus he crawled forth night after night, carrying fire and death to all in his path.

At length even the castle and the very throne itself was threatened. The aged Beowulf, filled with sorrow for the sufferings of his people, rose up. He bade his men bring him a battle-shield

of iron. "In my youth," said he, "I ventured into many battles and now must I, the aged guardian of my people, enter upon this fight. Well do I remember how the great hall of the Danes was purified. Now must I go forth and crush this foe in mine own land. I would not bear sword or weapon, if I knew how to grasp the miserable reptile, just as of old I attacked Grendel; but well I know that there will be intense fire and poison, so I must have my shield and coat-of-mail, nor shall I yield him one foot. Ye, my warriors, shall await me on the mountain, well guarded by shield and armor, to watch the fray. It is no venture of yours but for me alone. I shall with valor obtain this gold, or fierce and deadly war shall take your lord."

Thereupon, the mighty chief rose up and bore his coat-of-mail beneath the stony cliff close to the dragon's lair. From it there came a stream of fire so hot that no man could face it unburned. The brave old warrior shouted forth his battle-cry, which roused up the dragon to renewed hate, for it was the voice of man. Quickly the mighty monster rushed forth, coiled like a bow and belching deadly flames.

There was no time to think. Instantly, Beowulf, guarding with his shield, rushed to the

attack and hurled a mighty sword stroke at the reptile, but the blade weakened when it struck the thick tough scales of the monster. This only roused the dragon to greater fury and it belched forth fire in every direction, so that all the watching warriors fled in terror to the woods, save one, Wig'laf, the son of a hero. When this brave warrior saw his lord suffering from the heat he plunged into the fire shouting, "Beloved hero, now must thou protect thy life with all thy strength and I will help thee."

On came the awful monster with blazing flames. The shield of Wiglaf was burned, but he took shelter under his kinsman's shield. Then Beowulf took renewed courage and gave the fire-dragon a mighty blow, but again the blade failed to reach a vital spot. In wildest fury, the dragon rushed upon the heroes and with his sharp teeth seized Beowulf by the neck. Then did Wiglaf show his courage and smote the evil one a little lower, so that his sword drove into the body of the monster, and the fire began to fail. Strength came to the exhausted Beowulf, and the two heroes struck down the fiery foe.

But the wound made by the evil dragon began to burn and swell, and the hero found that the poison was settling within his breast. Full well



he knew that his hour had come. While the faithful thane bathed his lord's wound and undid his helmet, Beowulf said, "For fifty years I have ruled over my people and not another king has dared to attack me in battle. In my home I awaited what was in store for me, guarded my own, sought no quarrel with any one, nor swore a false oath. In all this I have joy even though

I am sick unto death. Yet now, dear Wiglaf, I fain would see this treasure hoard. Go view it quickly and bring hither the jewels and curious gems. Make haste that I may behold the treasure before my life is spent, then may I more easily give up my life and my kingdom."

At the word Wiglaf flew to the mound, entered the cavern open to the sky and beheld there heap upon heap of costly things lying broken, discolored and sunken in the earth. There lay cups studded with precious stones, old necklaces and bracelets, golden cups and eating vessels, old war-gear and rare swords. These were treasures of by-gone men, works of the giants, and, towering over them all, hung a banner of gold, a wonderful work made by a skilled craftsman. From this banner a light shone forth so that he could see the cavern floor. The brave thane made haste, loaded himself with all the treasure he could carry, taking the wonderful banner back to his dying king.

Beowulf opened his eyes and beheld the treasure and said, "Now do I thank the Ruler of all, that I have won such treasure for my people. I have sold my old age for the treasure-hoard. Thou, my faithful warrior, must supply my people's need for I can do no more. After my funeral fire, bid my warriors build a splendid

mound facing the sea that shall tower high, and let all sea-farers call it Beowulf's Mound."

The brave-hearted old warrior gave his gold collar to the young thane, and also his golden helmet and his mail-shirt, and bade him wear them and do honor to his aged king. Then he said, "Dear Wiglaf, thou art the last remnant of thy race. Fate has swept away all my kinsmen and now I follow them." So saying the noble Beowulf closed his eyes in death.

So it was announced from the headland in the hearing of all, that no more should the serpent rule over the treasure-hoard or whirl in the air his deadly breath. For this, Beowulf, the chief of the Goths, had lain down his life.

Sadly did the people view the great hoard and in sorrow they prepared the funeral pile whereon they laid the body of their beloved king. Over his ashes they built a towering mound fronting the sea, and placed therein the ancient treasure where it remains to this day.

About the mound rode the sons of the Goths, brave in battle, chanting the noble deeds of their king, saying, "Of all the kings of the world he was the mildest, kindest, and most gentle to his people and most worthy of praise."

—Adapted from Thorpe's Translation of the Lay of Beowulf.

Lady Clare

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn;
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O, God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair;

Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true;—
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay, now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

“Nay, now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret all ye can.”
She said, “Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man.”

“Nay, now, what faith?” said Alice the nurse;
“The man will cleave unto his right.”
“And he shall have it,” the lady replied,
“Though I should die to-night.”

“Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinn’d for thee.”
“O mother, mother, mother,” she said,
“So strange it seems to me.

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me (mother,) ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,

Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the Earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn;
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood,—

"If you are not the heiress born,
"And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

The Bee and the Flower

~~X~~
The bee buzz'd up in the heat.
"I am faint for your honey, my sweet."
The flower said, "Take it, my dear,
For now is the spring of the year.
So come, come!"
"Hum!"

And the bee buzz'd down from the heat.

And the bee buzz'd up from the cold
When the flower was wither'd and old.
"Have you still any honey, my dear?"
She said, "It's the fall of the year,
But come, come!"
"Hum!"

And the bee buzz'd off in the cold. ~~X~~

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

The Brook

I come from haunts of coot and hern:

I make a sudden sally,

And sparkle out among the fern,

To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,

Or slip between the ridges;

By twenty thorps, a little town,

And half a hundred bridges.

I chatter over stony ways,

In little sharps and trebles,

I bubble into eddying bays,

I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,

By many a field and fallow,

And many a fairy foreland set

With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow

To join the brimming river;

For men may come and men may go,

But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling,
And here and there a foamy flake
 Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet for-get-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

Winter

The frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.

Bite, frost, bite.
You roll up away from the light
The blue wood louse, and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd.
And you bite into the heart of the house,
But none into mine.

Bite, frost, bite,
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

Coohoolin, the Hero of Ireland

The Birth of Coohoolin

In the time long ago, Con'a-koor was king of Ulster, and he held his court in the palace of Au'win.

Now it happened that Conakoor was making a great marriage feast for his sister Dek'teer with Soo'al-tim. At the feast Dekteer was thirsty and they gave her a cup of wine. As she was drinking, a may-fly fell into her cup and she drank it down. Presently she went into her sun-parlor and her fifty maidens with her, and she fell into a deep sleep. In her dreams, Lugh of the Long Hand, appeared to her and said, "It is I who was the may-fly. I fell into your cup. It is with me you must come away now, and your fifty maidens along with you." Then he changed them into a flock of birds and they flew southward with him. No one could get tale or tidings of them at Auwin.

About a year later another feast was given at Auwin. Conakoor and his chief men sat at the table. Suddenly a great flock of birds lit

on the grass and devoured every thing before them. The men of Ulster were greatly vexed and jumped to their chariots to follow after the birds. They pursued the birds across the country southward. These birds were the most beautiful that had ever been seen. There were nine flocks of them, linked together two and two by chains of silver. They flew before the chariots till night-fall. Then no more was seen of them.

As night came on Conakoor said to his people, "It is best for us to unyoke the chariots here and to look for some place where we can spend the night."

Then Fer'gus, the king's helper, went to look for a place and he came to a very small, poor-looking house. A man and a woman were there. When they saw him they said, "Bring your companions here. They will be welcome." Fergus went back and told what he had seen.

But Brik'roo, of the bitter tongue, said, "Let us not go into a house like that. It is not worth our while to be going there." Then he went to look for himself, and there stood a grand house in the same place. At the door stood a young man wearing armor, very tall and handsome and splendid. He said, "Come into the house, Brikroo, you are welcome." And there was a young

woman beside him, fine and noble. She said, "Surely, there is a welcome to you from me, O Brikroo."

"Why does she welcome me?" asked Brikroo.

"It is because of her that I, myself, welcome you," said the young man. "Is there no one you miss from Auwin?"

"We are missing fifty young girls for the length of a year," answered Brikroo.

"Would you know them again if you saw them?"

"If they were not too greatly changed," said Brikroo.

"Try to know them again," said the young man, "for the fifty young girls are in this house, and this woman beside me is their mistress, Dekteer. It was they, changed into birds, that went to Auwin to bring you here."

Then Dekteer gave Brikroo a purple cloak with gold fringe and he went back to his companions wearing it.

When Brikroo came to the king, Conakoor said, "What hast thou found, what news do you bring back with you, Brikroo?"

"I came to a fine, well-lighted house," said Brikroo. "I saw a queen, noble, kind, with royal looks. I saw a troop of beautiful women.

I saw the man of the house, tall and open-handed and splendid."

"Let us go there for the night," said Conakoor. So they brought their chariots and horses and arms. They were hardly in the house when every sort of food and drink was laid before them and they feasted as never before.

When they had eaten and drunk, Conakoor said to the young man, "Where is the mistress of the house, that she does not come to bid us welcome?"

And the young man answered, "A son is born to her."

So they rested that night. In the morning Conakoor was the first to rise. He saw no more of the man of the house, but he heard the cry of a child. He went to the room whence it came and there he saw his beloved sister Dekteer and her maidens around her and a young babe in her arms. She bade Conakoor welcome and told him all that had happened to her and that she had called him there to take herself and babe back to Auwin.

Conakoor said, "You have been most gracious to me, Dekteer; you have given shelter to me and my chariots; you have kept the cold from my horses; you have given food to me and my

people; and you have given us this greatest of gifts, a son. Let my sister bring up the child."

Thereupon grew up a dispute among the members of the king's council. "No, it is not for your sister to bring him up, it is for me," said Sen'ka, chief judge and chief poet of Ulster. "I am skilled; I am good in disputes; I am not forgetful; I speak before anyone else in the presence of the king; I watch over what the king himself says; I give judgment in the quarrels of kings; I am judge of the men of Ulster. No one can dispute my claim save Conakoor."

"Nay," said Bla, the king's distributor, "let me bring up the child. He will not suffer for want of care nor from forgetfulness. It is my messages that do the will of Conakoor; I call up the fighting men from all Ireland; I settle their business and their disputes; I support their honor."

"You think too much of yourself," said Fergus. "It is I that should bring up the child; I am strong; I have knowledge; I am the king's messenger; no one can stand against me in honor or riches; I am hardened to war and battle; I am worthy to bring up the child; I am the friend of the unhappy; the strong fear me; I am the helper of the weak."

Then spoke up Ow'er-gin, "Listen to me—I am able to bring up the child like a king. The people praise my honor, my bravery, my courage, my wisdom; they praise my good looks, my age, my speaking, my name, my race; though I am a fighter, I am a poet; I am worthy the king's favor. I welcome all men who fight from chariots; I owe thanks to no one except Conakoor; I beg no one but the king."

Then spoke King Conakoor, "Have done with your wrangling, my men, ye are all brave and able, each in his way. This child is my next of kin. All good must come to him. You, Senka, shall teach him to speak; you, Fergus, shall hold him upon your knees and tell him great tales; you, Ower-gin, shall be his tutor."

And he added, "This child will be praised by all the world, by chariot drivers and warriors, by kings and by wise men; he shall be loved of many men; he shall avenge all your wrongs; he shall fight your battles." Thus ended the king; thus was it settled.

And the child was left with his mother and father until he should come to sensible years. And the name he was known by was Se-tan'ta, son of Sooaltim.

Boyhood of Coooolin

It happened one day when Setanta was seven years old that he heard some people of his mother's house talking about King Conakoor's court at Auwin, and of the sons of kings and nobles. These boys lived at the court and spent a great part of their time at games and at bowling.

"Let me go there to play," he said to his mother.

"You are too young; wait until you are able to travel there with some one."

"Nay, that will be too long to wait. Tell me the road and I'll go by myself. Is it east or west from here?"

When she had answered him that, he set off by himself, nothing with him but his hurling sticks and his silver ball, and his little dart and spear.

To shorten the road he would give a blow to the ball and drive it far from him, then he would throw his hurling stick after it, and then his dart after that, and run and catch all in his hand before one could reach the ground.

So he went on until he came to the lawn at Auwin. There he saw three fifties of noble

youths, hurling and learning feats of war. When the ball came near him he got it between his feet and drove it along until he had it beyond the goal. Great surprise and anger were on them when the youths saw what the little lad had done.

King Conakoor's son, who was their leader, called out to them to come together and drive out this bold stranger and make an end of him. "He has no right to come into our game without asking leave, without putting his life under our protection," he said. "He is, no doubt, the son of a common fighting man, and it is not for him to come into our game at all."

Whereat they all rushed upon him and began throwing their hurling sticks and their balls and darts at him, but the little lad avoided all the intended blows. Then he rushed madly at the boys and threw some of them to the ground. When Fergus saw his brave defense he took the lad before King Conakoor, who was playing chess, and told what had happened.

"This is no gentle game you have been playing, lad," said the king.

"It is on themselves the fault is," said the boy. "I came as a stranger and I did not get a stranger's welcome."

"Do you not know that no one can play among the boy troop of Auwin, unless he gets their leave of protection?" asked the king.

"I did not know that, else would I have asked it of them," he said.

"What is your name?" asked the king.

"My name is Setanta, son of Sooaltim and Dekteer," answered the lad.

When the king found it was his sister's son he gave him a great welcome and bade the boy troop let him go safe among them.

"We will do that," they said.

However, when they went out to play, Setanta began to break through them and to overthrow them, so that they could not stand against him.

"What are you wanting of the lads now, Setanta?" asked King Conakoor.

"I swear by the gods my people swear by," answered the boy, "I will not lighten my hand off them till they have come under my protection the same way I had to come under theirs."

The king laughed and the boys gave way to Setanta.

So Setanta stayed at the king's house in Auwin, and all the chief men in Ulster had a hand in bringing him up.

Now a great feast was given by Coo'lin, the



mighty smith of Ulster, to King Conakoor. As the king was setting out, he paused to watch the boy troop at their games. He saw the son of Dekteer was winning the goal from them all. He said, "That little lad will serve Ulster yet." Then he called Setanta to him, asking him to go to the feast.

"Nay, I cannot go just now, the boys have not had enough play," answered Setanta.

"I cannot wait for you, lad," laughed the king.

"There is no need, my king, I will follow the tracks of the chariots," said the boy.

So King Conakoor went on to the smith's house. There was a great welcome before him, and fresh rushes were laid down. There were poems and songs and dances, and the feast was brought in and all were merry.

Then Coolin the smith said to the king, "O king, will there be any one else of your people coming to-night?"

"No, there will not," said the king, for he had forgotten that the little lad was to follow him, "why do you ask?"

"I have a fierce hound," said the smith, "and, when I take off his chain, he lets no one come into this region. He will obey no one but me. He has the strength of a hundred."

"Let him keep watch," said the king.

The hound was loosed and he made a tour of the entire district. Every one was in dread of him; he was so fierce and so savage.

Now when the sports were finished on the king's lawn, every other boy went to his father's house, but Setanta set out on the chariot tracks, shortening the way for himself by hurling his stick and throwing his ball.

As he came to the smith's lawn, the hound tore at him as if to rend him asunder. The little fellow had no weapon but his stick and ball. When he saw the hound dashing at him, he struck the ball with all his might, so that it went down the hound's throat and through his body. Then he seized the dog by the hind legs and dashed out his life against the rocks.

Conakoor started at the uproar. "That is my sister's son, come to his death by the hound. Evil is the luck to us in this lawn." And the king wailed aloud.

But they found the lad unhurt and the hound slain. Then was Coolin the smith wroth with the boy. "You have slain the protector of my family and my goods, of my flocks and my herds, and of all that I have."

"Do not be vexed," said the lad, "I will make up to you for what I have done."

"How can you do that, boy?" asked the king.

"This is how I will do it: If there is a whelp of the same breed to be had in Ireland, I will rear him and train him until he is as good a hound as the one killed. Until then, Coolin," said the boy, "I myself will be your watch dog to guard your goods, your cattle and all your household."

"You have made a fair offer, little lad," said the king, admiringly.

"I could have given no better award myself," said Cawfaw the Druid.

"From now on your name shall be Coo-hoo'lin, the Hound of Coolin," said the Druid.

"I am better pleased with my own name of Setanta, son of Sooaltim," said the boy.

"Do not say that," said Cawfaw, "for all the men in the whole world will some day have the name of Coohoolin on their lips."

"If that be so I am content to keep it," said the boy. And this is how he came by the name of Coohoolin.

The Taking of Arms

Some time after this Cawfaw the Druid was one day teaching his pupils. There were eight boys along with him that day, and one of them asked him if the signs told anything wonderful for that day.

The Druid said, "If any young man take arms to-day, his name will be greater than any other in Ireland, but his span of life will be short."

Coohoolin was outside at play, but he heard what Cawfaw said. He stopped his play and

went straight to Conakoor. "All good be with you, King!"

"What is it you are wanting, lad?" asked the king.

"I want to take arms to-day."

"Who put that into your head?"

"Cawfaw the Druid," answered Coohoolin.

"If that is so I will not deny you," said the king.

Then he gave him his choice of arms and the boy tried his strength on them. But none was strong enough for Coohoolin except the king's own. So Conakoor gave him his own two spears, his sword and his shield.

Just then Cawfaw the Druid came in and there was wonder on him and he said, "Is it taking arms this young boy is?"

"He is indeed," said the king.

"It is sorry I would be to see his mother's son take arms on this day," said Cawfaw.

"Was it not yourself bade him do it?" asked the king.

"I did not, surely," he said.

"Then you have lied to me, boy," said the king.

"I told no lie, King," said Coohoolin, "for it was he indeed put it into my mind. When he

was teaching the others, I heard Cawfaw say, 'Whoever should first take arms this day should be greater in Ireland than any other.' Nor did he say any harm would come to him, but that his life would be short."

"And what I said is true," said the Druid, "there will be fame on you and a great name, but your life will not be long."

"It is little I care if my life were to last but one day and one night, so long as the story of what I have done would live after me," said Coohoolin.

"Let us prove you. Try the chariots and we shall see if my word is true this day," said Cawfaw.

Then Coohoolin got into a chariot to try its strength and broke it into pieces, and he broke in all nineteen such chariots that Conakoor kept for the boy troop at Auwin. And he said, "Ah, King, these chariots will not do for me. They are not worthy of me."

Then the king, marveling, called his own charioteer, Joo'far, and said, "Make ready my own chariot and yoke my own horses to it for this boy to try."

So Coohoolin tried the king's chariot and shook it and strained it and it bore him. "This is the chariot that suits me," he said. "Let us drive

to where the boy troops are, that they may wish me good luck on the day of my taking arms."

So he and Joofar drove on. All the boys shouted when they saw him, "Have you taken arms, Coohoolin?"

"I have indeed," said Coohoolin.

"May you have great skill and win glory, but we shall be missing you in our sports," cried the lads. And Coohoolin drove away proud and happy.

At last they came into the enemy's country, and Coohoolin lay down for a while to sleep. At that moment Foill, son of Nech'tan, came out. "Who is it that has come across our boundaries?" he asked of Joofar.

"A young lad who has taken arms to-day for luck, and it is to show himself off he has come across the border," answered Joofar.

"Were he a fighting man it is not alive but dead he should go back to Auwin," said Foill, wrathfully.

"Indeed he is not able to fight, nor could it be expected of him," said Joofar. "He is only a child, who should be in his father's house."

At that the boy lifted his head from the ground, and it is red his face was at hearing so great an insult put upon him, and he said, "I am indeed able to fight."

Foill said, "I am inclined to think you are not."

"Say not so, but get first your armor; I would not like to kill an unarmed man," said Coohoolin.

Then there was anger on Foill, and he went running to get his arms.

"Have a care," said Joofar, "for that is Foill, son of Nechtan. Neither point of spear nor edge of sword can harm him."

"That suits me well," said the boy.

Out came Foill and they stood up together to fight. Coohoolin hurled his iron ball at Foill's head and he fell back dead.

Then Tu-ak'el, the second son of Nechtan, came running out. "Boast not of thy deed, I shall make an end of you in a moment."

"Nay, I boast not of so simple a deed as the falling of a man by my one blow," answered Coohoolin, "but go, get thy arms, 'tis only a coward would come out without arms."

Tuakel went back into the house. Joofar said, "Have a care now, for that is Tuakel, son of Nechtan, and if he is not killed by the first stroke, by the first cast, or the first thrust, he cannot be killed at all."

"You need not be telling me that, Joofar," said Coohoolin. "For it is Conakoor's great spear

I will take in my hand. No doctor can heal his wounds from such a thrust."

Then Tuakel came out on the lawn, and Coohoolin took hold of the great spear. He made a cast at him that went through his shield, made a hole in his head, and broke three of his ribs.

Now Fa-noo'le, the youngest of the three sons of Nechtan, came out. "Those were foolish fellows," he said, "to come at you the way they did. Come now into the water where your feet will not touch bottom," and with that he plunged into the ford where it was deepest.

"Mind yourself well, Coohoolin," said Joofar, "for that is Fanoole, the swallow, and that is why he has that name put upon him. He travels across water with the swiftness of a swallow. Not a swimmer in the whole world can come near him."

"It is not to me you should be saying that," said Coohoolin. "When the boy troop would break off their games and plunge into the river to swim, I used to take a boy of them on each shoulder and a boy on each hand, and I would take them through the river without so much as wetting my back."

With that he leaped into the water where it flowed deepest, and himself and Fanoole wrestled

together, and Coohoolin gripped him until he was dead and sank in the stream. Then he and Joofar seized the heads of the slain men and went their way.

Presently they saw a herd of wild deer. Their horses were put at top speed, yet they could not come up with the deer. Then Coohoolin jumped from the chariot and raced after the deer, until two stags lay moaning and panting from the hardness of their run through the wet bog, and he forced them to the chariot.

Then they went on till they came to the plain of Auwin. There they saw a flock of great wild swans, whiter than the swans of Conakoor's lake.

"Whence came they?" asked Coohoolin.

"They are come from the rocks and the islands of the great sea to feed on the plains," answered Joofar.

"Would it be best to take them alive or to kill them?" asked Coohoolin.

"It were better far to take them alive," said Joofar, "for many kill them, and many make casts at them, but you would find hardly any one could take them alive, save yourself," for now Joofar had come to believe that Coohoolin could do what he would.

Whereupon, Coohoolin put a little stone in his

sling and made a cast, and brought down eight birds of them. Then he put in a bigger stone, and brought down sixteen more. They tied the swans alive to the chariots and to the harness.

Now the king's messenger saw them coming and said, "There is a chariot-fighter coming, O King, and he is coming in anger. He has the heads of his enemies with him in his chariot; white stags are bound to it, and white birds bear him company. If he comes on us with his anger still upon him, the best men of Ulster will fall by his hand."

"I know that chariot-fighter," said Conakoor. "It is the young lad, the son of Dekteer, that went over the boundaries this very day. He surely has reddened his hand. If his anger be not cooled, the young men of Auwin will be in danger from him truly."

Then they counseled together and sent out three fifties of lovely maidens to meet him. They ran toward his chariot, crying out, "Great is Coohoolin, there is no man in all Ireland greater than he." The angry heart of Coohoolin went out at these words, and he hid his face. In triumph they bore him home. His feasting clothes were brought, and water for washing, and there was a great welcome before him.

The Courting of Eivir

When Coohoolin was growing out of his boyhood at Auwin, all the women of Ulster loved him for his skill in feats; for the lightness of his leap; for the weight of his wisdom; for the sweetness of his speech; for the beauty of his face; for the loveliness of his looks; and for all his gifts. He had the gift of caution in fighting, the gift of feats, the gift of chess-playing, the gift of draught-playing, the gift of counting, the gift of divining, the gift of right judgment, and the gift of beauty. And all the faults they could find in him were, that he was too young and smooth-faced, that he was too daring, and that he was too beautiful.

The men of Ulster took counsel together then about Coohoolin and settled among themselves that they would seek out a young girl that would be a fitting wife for him. So Conakoor sent out nine men into each of the provinces of Ireland to look for a wife for Coohoolin; to see if they could find a maiden who would be pleasing to him, that he might ask her in marriage.

All the messengers came back at the end of a year, but not one of them had found a young girl that would please Coohoolin. And then he himself



went out to court a young girl he knew in the Garden of Lugh; E'vir, the daughter of Forgall.

He set out in his chariot, that all the chariots of Ulster could not follow by reason of its swift-ness, and by reason of the chariot chief who sat in it. And he found the young girl on her playing field, with her companions about her. They were learning needlework and embroidery from E'vir.

Of all the young girls of Ireland, she was the one Coohoolin thought worth courting. She had the six gifts: the gift of beauty, the gift of voice, the gift of sweet speech, the gift of needlework, the gift of wisdom, and the gift of modesty.

Coohoolin had said that no woman should marry him but one that was his equal in age, in appearance, in race, and in skill and handiness; and one who was the best worker with her needle of the young girls of Ireland, for that would be the only one that would be a fitting wife for him. And that is why it was he went to ask Evir above all others.

And it was in his rich clothes he went out that day, his crimson five-folded tunic, and his brooch of inlaid gold, and his white hooded shirt that was embroidered with red gold. As the young girls were sitting together on the lawn, they heard coming towards them the clatter of hoofs, the creaking of a chariot, the cracking of straps, the grating of wheels, the rushing of horses, and the clanking of arms.

“Let one of you see,” said Evir, “what is it that is coming towards us.” And one of the maidens went out and met Coohoolin, and he came with her to the place where Evir and her companions were, and he wished a blessing to them.

Then Evir lifted up her lovely face and saw Coohoolin, and she said, "May the gods make smooth the path before you."

"And you," he said, "may you be safe from every harm."

"Where are you come from?" she asked him, "and over what road, and where did you sleep, and what was your food?"

And he answered her in riddles, that her companions might not understand him, for he had come to court Evir, and he put a cloak on his words, that the young girls that were with her might not understand what he had come for. For if Forgall, her father, knew, he would not consent to it.

"And now, maiden," he said, "what account have you to give of yourself?"

"That is not hard to tell," said Evir, "for what should a maiden be but a watcher that sees no one, an eel hiding in the water, a rush out of reach. The daughter of a king should be a flame of hospitality, a road that cannot be entered. And I have champions that follow me," she said, "to keep me from whoever would bring me away against their will, and against the will of Forgall."

"Who are the champions that follow you, maiden?" said Coohoolin.

"It is not hard to tell you that," said Evir.

"Every man of them has the strength of a hundred and the feats of nine. And it would be hard for me," she said, "to tell of all the many powers Forgall has himself. He is stronger than any laboring man, more learned than any Druid, more quick of mind than any poet. You will have more than your games to do when you fight against Forgall, for many have told of his great power."

"Why do you not count me as a strong man, as good as those others?" said Coochoolin.

"Why would I not, indeed, if your doings had been spoken of like theirs?" she said.

"I swear by the oath of my people," said Coochoolin, "I will make my doings be spoken of among the great doings of heroes in their strength."

"What is your strength, then?" asked Evir.

"That is easily told: when my strength in fighting is weakest I defend twenty, a third part of my strength is enough for thirty, in my full strength I fight alone against forty, and a hundred are safe under my protection. For dread of me, fighting men avoid battles, armies and armed men go backward from the fear of my face."

"That is a good account for a young boy," said Evir, "but you have not reached yet to the strength of chariot chiefs."



“But, indeed,” said Coohoolin, “it is well I have been reared by Conakoor, my dear foster-father. It is not as a countryman strives to bring up his children, between the flags and the kneading trough, on the floor of the one room, that I was brought up. But it is among the chariot chiefs and heroes, among jesters and Druids, among poets and learned men, among land owners and farmers

I have been reared, so that I have all their manners and their gifts."

"Who are these men, then, that have brought you up to do the things that you are boasting of?" said Evir.

"Fair-speaking Senka taught me wisdom and right judgment, Fergus brought me up in feats of battle, so that I am able to use my strength. I have stood at the knee of Owerigin the poet so that I can make fitting praises for the doings of a king. From Cawfaw the Druid have I learned the arts of the Druids and all the goodness of knowledge. And as to yourself, Evir," he said, "what way have you been reared in the Garden of Lugh?"

"It is easy to tell you that. I was brought up," she said, "in ancient virtues, in lawful behavior, in stateliness of form, in the rank of a queen, in all noble ways among the women of Ireland."

"These are good virtues, indeed," said Coohoolin. "Why, then, would it not be right for us two to become one? For up to this time," he said, "I have never found a young girl able to hold talk with me the way you have done."

"Go thy way, young man, and do noble deeds, then return again to me," said Evir.

Then Coohoolin returned again to Auwin.

When Forgall came back to the palace, and his lords with him, their daughters were telling them of the young man that had come in a splendid chariot. And how himself and Evir had been talking together, and they could not understand their talk with one another.

And this is what Forgall said: "You may be sure it is the mad boy from Auwin has been here, and he and the girl have fallen in love with each other. But they will gain nothing by that, for it is I will hinder them."

With that Forgall went out to Auwin, with the appearance of a foreigner on him. He gave out that he was sent by the king of the Gall to speak with Conakoor, and to bring him a present of golden treasures, and wine of the Gall, and many other things. And he brought some of his men with him, and there was a great welcome before them.

And on the third day Coohoolin and other chariot chiefs of Ulster were praised before him. And he said it was right for them to be praised, and that they did wonderful feats, and Coohoolin above them all. But he said that if Coohoolin would go to Sca'ak, the woman-warrior that lived in the east of Alban, his skill would be more wonderful still. For he said, no one could have

perfect knowledge of the feats of a warrior without that.

But his reason for saying this was that he thought if Coohoolin set out he would never come back again, because of the dangers he would put around him on the journey.

Then Forgall went home, and Coohoolin rose up in the morning, and made ready to set out for Alban, and two battle winners said they would go with him. But first Coohoolin went across the plain to visit Evir, and to talk with her before going in the ship. And she told him how it was Forgall had gone to Auwin, and had advised him to go and learn warrior's feats, that they two might not meet again. Then each of them promised to be true to the other till they would meet again, unless death should come between them. And they said farewell to one another, and Coohoolin turned towards Alban with his two companions.

But before they had gone far, a vision of Auwin came before their eyes, and the two battle winners were not able to pass by it, and they turned back. It was Forgall raised that vision to draw them away from Coohoolin, that he might be in the more danger from being alone.

Then Coohoolin went on by himself on a strange

road. He was sad and tired and down-hearted for the loss of his comrades; but he held to his word that he would not go back to Auwin without finding Scaak, even if he should die in the attempt.

Now he was astray, and did not know which way to take. And he saw a terrible great beast like a lion coming towards him, and it watching him, but it did not try to harm him. Whatever way he went, the beast went before him, and then it stopped and turned its side to him. So he made a leap and was on its back, and he did not guide it, but went whatever way it chose. They traveled like that through four days, till they came to the end of the bounds of men, and to an island where lads were rowing in a small loch. The lads began to laugh when they saw a beast of that sort, and a man riding it. Then Coohoolin leaped off, and the beast left him, and he bade it farewell.

He passed on till he came to a large house in a deep valley, and a comely girl in it, and she spoke to him, and bade him welcome. "A welcome before you, Coohoolin," she said. And she gave him meat and drink, and he went away.

Then he met a young man who gave him the same welcome. As they talked together Coohoolin asked, "What is the way to Scaak's house?"

"Thy path lieth across the Plain of Ill-luck,"

replied the young man. "On the near side of this plain the feet of man stick fast, and on the far side every blade of grass will rise and hold the traveler on its point. Here is a wheel; do thou follow its track across the first half of the plain. Then take this apple and throw it and follow its path until you reach the end of the plain." Then the young man told him many other things that would happen to him and how he would win a great name at last. At length, when the two came to part, each wished the other a blessing. Coo-hoolin did as he was bid and got across the plain and went on his journey.

Then, as the young man had told him, he came to a valley. It was full of monsters, sent there by Forgall to destroy him, and only one narrow path through it, but he went through it safely. After that his road led through a terrible, wild mountain. Then he came to the place where Scaak's scholars were, and he inquired of them whether they knew where he should find the home of Scaak.

"In that island beyond," they said.

"What way must I take to reach her?" he asked.

"By the bridge of the cliff," they said, "and no man can cross it till he has proved himself a

champion, and many a king's son has got his death there."

This is the kind of bridge it was. The two ends of it were low, and the middle was high. Whenever any one would leap on it, the first time it would narrow till it was as narrow as the hair of a man's head. The second time it would shorten till it was as short as an inch. The third time it would get slippery till it was as slippery as an eel of the river. And the fourth time it would rise up on high against him till it was as tall as the mast of a ship.

All the warriors and people on the lawn came down to see Coohoolin making his attempt to cross the bridge. He tried three times to do it, and he could not. The others were laughing at him; that he should think he could cross it, and he so young. Then his anger came on him, and the hero light shone round his head, and it was not the appearance of a man that was on him, but the appearance of a god. And he leaped upon the end of the bridge and made the hero's salmon leap, so that he landed on the middle of it. Then he reached the other end of the bridge before it could raise itself fully up, and he threw himself from it. It was not long before he found Scaak's sunny house.

Then Coohoolin went up to the house, and struck the door with the shaft of his spear, so that it went through the door.

And when Scaak was told that, she said, "Truly this must be some one who has finished his training in some other place." Then he went out to the place where she was teaching her two sons, under the great yew-tree. He took his sword and put its point to her breast, and he threatened her if she would not take him as her pupil, and if she would not teach him all her own skill in arms. So she promised him she would do that.

After Coohoolin had been a good time with Scaak, a war began between herself and E'fa, queen of the tribes that were round about. The armies were going out to fight, but Coohoolin was not with them, for Scaak had given him a sleeping-drink she thought would keep him quiet till the fight would be over. She was afraid some harm would come to him if he met Efa, for she was the greatest woman-warrior in the world, and she understood enchantments and witchcraft. But after one hour, Coohoolin started up out of his sleep; for the sleeping-drink that would have held any other man for a day and a night, held him for only an hour. And he followed after the



army and met Efa. And Coohoolin took a sudden hold of her, and lifted her on his shoulders, and brought her down to where the army was. Then he laid her on the ground, and held his sword to her breast, and she begged for her life, and he gave it to her. After that she made peace with Scaak, and bound herself by sureties not to go against her again.

As Coohoolin was going home by the narrow path, he met an old hag who was blind of the left eye. She asked him to leave room for her to pass by, but he said there was no room on that path, unless he would throw himself down the great sea-cliff that was on the one side of it. But she asked him again to leave the road to her, and he would not refuse. So he dropped down the cliff, with only his one hand keeping a hold of the path. Then she came up, and, as she passed him, she gave a hit of her foot at his hand, that he would leave his hold and drop into the sea. But at that he gave a leap up again on the path and struck off the hag's head.

After that he stayed for another while with Scaak, until he had learned all the arts of war and all the feats of a champion. And Scaak told him what would happen him in the time to come, for she had the Druid gift. She told him there were great dangers before him, and that he would have to fight against great armies, and he alone; and that he would scatter his enemies, so that his name would come again to Alban; but that his life would not be long, for he would die in his full strength. At last a message came to Coohoolin to return to his own country, so he went on board his ship to set out for Ireland.

One night they came to an island, and Coohoolin left his ship and came to the strand. There he heard a sound of crying, and he saw a beautiful young girl sitting alone on the shore. He asked her who she was and what ailed her. She said she was De'vor-gill, daughter of the king of the island, and that every year her father was forced to pay a heavy tax to Fo'mor, the giant. This year, when he could not pay it, they made him leave her there near the sea, till they would come and bring her away in place of the tax.

"Where do these men come from?" said Coohoolin.

"From that far country over there," she said, "and let you not stop here or they will see you when they come." But Coohoolin would not leave her, and presently three fierce giants landed in the bay, and made straight for the spot where the girl was. But before they had time to lay a hand on her, Coohoolin leaped on them and he killed the three of them, one after the other.

The last man wounded Coohoolin in the arm, and the girl tore a strip from her dress and gave it to him to bind round the wound. And then she ran to her father's house and told him all that had happened. After that Coohoolin came to the king's house, like any other guest.

And they were all talking about the escape of Devorgill, and some were boasting that it was they themselves had saved her; for she could not be sure who it was had come to her, because of the dusk of the evening. Then there was water brought for them all to wash before they would go to the feast. When it came to Coohoolin's turn to bare his arms, she knew by the strip of her dress that was bound about it that it was he had saved her.

"I will give the girl to you as your wife," said the king, "and I myself will pay her wedding portion."

"Not so," said Coohoolin, "for I must make no delay in going back to Ireland."

Then he made his way back to Auwin, and he told his whole story about all that had happened him. And as soon as he had rested from the journey, he set out to look for Evir at her father's house. But Forgall and his sons had heard he was come home again, and they had made the place strong, and they kept so good a watch round it that he could not get so much as a sight of her.

After that Coohoolin got his chariot made ready, and he set out again for Forgall's palace. And when he got there, he leaped with his hero leap over the three walls, so that he was inside

the court. He made three attacks, so that eight men fell from each attack, but one escaped in every troop of nine. They were the three brothers of Evir. But Forgall made a leap from the wall of the court to escape Coohoolin, and he fell in the leap and got his death from the fall.

Then Coohoolin went out again, and he brought Evir with him and two loads of gold and silver.

And Coohoolin took Evir for his wife, after that long courting, and all the hardships he had gone through. And he brought her into the House of Conakoor, and all the chief men of Ulster gave her a great welcome.

The Champion of Ulster

Now a quarrel arose among Con'all, Le'gair and Coohoolin as to who was the champion of Ulster. Conakoor, the king, bade them go to Cru'cawn in Connaught to have the matter settled by judges. So Conall set out in his chariot, and Legair in his, and the men of Ulster followed; but Coohoolin stayed behind the others, amusing the women of Ulster with his feats. He did nine feats with apples, nine with spears and nine with knives, without letting one touch the other. He

took three times fifty needles from the women, threw them up one after another, so that each needle went into the eye of another, and so were all joined together. Then he gave every woman her needle back into her own hand.

Then he set out on his journey far behind the others, yet he drove so fast that he came up with the others long before they reached Crucawn. The noise they made was so great, going at such a speed as they did, that a great shaking fell upon Crucawn, and the arms fell from the racks to the ground, and the whole estate began to shake so that every man was trembling like a rush in a stream.

The people of Crucawn watched the coming of these men from afar off. One woman who had great power of seeing said, "I see two fiery dappled grays, of the one color, shape and goodness, having the one speed, keeping the one pace, their ears pricked, their heads high, their nostrils fine, foreheads broad, manes and tails curled, thin-sided, wide-chested, galloping together. The chariot is made of fine wood, with wicker work newly polished; the yoke curved, with silver ornaments upon it; it has two black wheels, and soft-looped yellow reins. I see in the chariot a big man with reddish yellow hair and a long

forked beard. He has a soft purple cloak about him and it is striped with bright gold. His bronze shield is edged with gold, there is a five-pronged javelin at his wrist, and he wears a cover of strange birds' feathers on his head."

Then spoke up Maeve, a wise woman and a judge: "This man you see is a companion of the king, a storm of war, a flame of judgment, a long knife of victory that will cut us in pieces. It is mighty Legair of the Red Hand. His mind cuts through men as a knife through a leek. If he comes here in anger and for fighting, then as leeks are cut close to the ground with a sharp knife, the same way we shall be cut down, unless we smooth away his anger by giving everything he asks."

"But, good mother, I see another chariot, as good as the first one, coming over the plain," said the young woman.

"Tell me how it looks," said Maeve.

"I see yoked to the chariot, on the one side a red horse, taking strong, high strides across fords, over banks and gaps, over plains and hollows, with the quickness of birds that the quick eye loses in following. On the other side is a bay horse of great strength; it is at full speed he races across the plain, over stones and hard places;

he finds no hindrance in the land of oaks, hurrying on his way. The chariot is of fine wood, with wicker work, on two wheels of bright bronze; its pole is bright with silver, its frame is very high, the reins are bright yellow and looped.

"In the chariot sits a fair man, with wavy hanging hair; his face white and red; his vest clean and white; his cloak blue and crimson; his shield of bronze. In his hand is a bright spear; a cover of the feathers of strange birds is over the wicker frame of his chariot."

"I know who that man is," said Maeve. "He comes with the growling of a lion; he is a flame that can cut like a sharpened stone; he heaps head on head; he wins battle on battle. As a trout is cut upon red sandstone, so could Conall cut us if he came upon us in anger."

"I see yet another chariot coming over the plains," said the young woman.

"After what manner is it?" asked Maeve.

"I see two horses of one size and beauty, of one swiftness of speed, with ears pricked, heads high, spirited and powerful; with fine nostrils, wide foreheads, mane and tail curled, leaping together. The one is gray, handsome, with broad thighs, eager, thundering, and trampling. As he goes, his fierce hoofs throw up sods of earth

like a flock of swift birds after him. As he gallops on his way he breathes out a blast of hot breath, a fire comes from his curbed jaws. The other horse is dark, small-headed, well-shaped, broad-hoofed, thin-sided, high-couraged, broad-backed, sure-footed, spirited. He takes long strides in the race. He leaps over streams and dashes over the plains. They come together with fast, joyful steps, moving over the plain like a swift mountain mist, or like the speed of a deer, or like a hare on level ground, or like the rushing of a loud wind in winter.

“The chariot is of fine wood, with wicker work; having two iron wheels, a bright silver pole with bronze ornaments; a frame very high and creaking, strengthened with iron; a curved yoke overlaid with gold; two soft-looped yellow reins.

“I see in the chariot a dark man, the comeliest of the men of Ireland. He wears a crimson pleated tunic about him, fastened at the breast with a brooch of inlaid gold. A long sleeved linen cloak is on him, with a white hood embroidered with flame-red gold. His eyebrows are as black as the blackness of night; seven lights are in his eyes; seven colors about his head; love and fire in his look. Across his knees lies a gold-hilted sword; a great spear is in his hand; over his shoulder is

a crimson shield with a rim of silver overlaid with shapes of beasts in gold.

“Before him in the chariot is his driver, a thin, tall, freckled man with bright red hair kept back from his face with a golden thread. There is a cup of gold at each side of his head. A short cloak is wrapped about him with sleeves opening at the elbows; in his hand is a cord of red gold to guide his horses.”

“I know well who that man is,” said Maeve. “It is Coohoolin who comes driving, like the sound of an angry sea, like a great moving wave. With the madness of a wild beast that is vexed, he leaps through his enemies in the crash of battle. They hear their death in his shout. He heaps deed upon deed, head upon head; his is a name to be put in songs.

“As a mill of ten spokes grinds very hard malt, so will Coohoolin grind us to dust and to gravel, unless his anger go down. And how come the rest of the men of Ulster?” asked Maeve.

Then answered the young woman with keen vision: “They come hand in hand, arm in arm, side to side, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, axle to axle. Their horses are coming on us like thunder on the roof. The tramping of their feet makes the earth shake under them.”

And said Maeve: "Let our women be ready before them with vessels of cold water, let the beds be made ready, bring for them the best food and drink, open the courtyard, have a welcome before them and surely they will not then harm us."

Then Maeve went out by the high door of the estate, into the courtyard, three times fifty young girls attending her, with three great vessels of cold water to cool the heads of the three heroes in front of the rest. And she asked would each man have a house for himself or would they have one house for the three?

"A house for each to himself," said Coohoolin.

When all the men had come up, Senka said, "We are well pleased with your welcome of us." After that they all entered the palace and there was room for all. Then was there music and dancing and feasting for the space of three days and three nights.

At the end of that time Awl'yeel, the husband of Maeve, asked Coohoolin what was the business brought them there. Then Senka recounted the quarrel of the three heroes for the championship of Ulster, and how they had come to him to settle the dispute, as there was no better judge in the world.

"Since you have so chosen," said Awlyeel, "let

the heroes abide here three days and three nights, then shall I decide."

"We can spare our heroes that long," said Senka. With that the men of Ulster went home to Auwin, leaving Legair, Conall, and Coohoolin to be judged by Awlyeel.

That night the three heroes were given a great feast in a room by themselves. When night came on three enchanted monsters with the shape of cats were let out of a cave to attack them. When Conall and Legair saw them they climbed into the rafters leaving their food behind them. There they stayed till morning. Coohoolin left not his place, but when one of the monsters came to attack him, he gave a blow of his sword at its head, but the sword slipped off as if from a stone. Then the monster stayed quiet and Coohoolin sat watching it all the night through. With the break of day the cats went. Awlyeel came in and saw what way the three heroes were. "Are you not satisfied to give the championship to Coohoolin after this?" he asked.

"We are not," answered Conall and Legair, "it is not against beasts we are used to fight, but against men."

The next night they were sent to fight the fiend witches of the valley. Legair tried first



and was driven back; Conall tried next and fared little better; but Coooolin fought in his hero anger and overcame and slew all the witches. Yet Conall and Legair were unwilling to yield the championship to Coooolin.

Then Awlyeel and Maeve counseled together. "Legair and Conall are as different as bronze and silver, and Conall and Coooolin are as different as silver and red gold."

So Legair was called before them and Maeve said, "Welcome, Legair, it is right for you to have the champion portion. We give you the headship of the heroes of Ireland from this out, and the champion's portion, and along with that this cup of bronze, having a bird in raised silver on the bottom. Take it with you as a token of our judgment, but let no one see it till you come to Conakoor and his Red Branch palace at the end of the day. When the champion's portion is set out, then bring forth your cup in the presence of all the great men of Ulster; and I wish you may enjoy the championship a hundred years." With that Maeve ended, and Legair went out saying never a word.

Then Conall was called before the queen judge, and Maeve said, "Welcome, Conall, it is right for us to give you the champion's portion and a silver cup along with it, having a bird of raised gold in the bottom." And she gave the same direction to Conall as she had given to Legair, and he went out never saying a word.

Then a messenger was sent for Coohoolin, and he came after much protesting for he declared he would not be flattered. Then he entered the palace and Awlyeel gave him a great welcome. To him was given the gold cup, having on the bottom

of it a raised bird of precious stones. "Now you have the championship," said Maeve, "and it is our wish you may enjoy it a hundred years at the head of all the heroes of Ulster; and besides that, it is our judgment that as much as you are beyond the heroes of Ulster, so far is your wife beyond their wives. We think it right that she should walk before all the women of Ulster when they go together into the feasting hall."

Then Coohoolin drank, at one draught, the full of the cup and bade farewell to the king-judge Awlyeel, and the queen-judge Maeve, and to the whole household; and he went till he came to Auwin at the close of the day. There was no man among the men of Ulster dared ask the news of any of the three until the time came to eat and to drink in the great hall.

When the feast was laid out they all joined in eating. It was a feast given to Sooaltim, father of Coohoolin; and Conakoor's great vessel had been filled for it. The king's distributors began serving out the meat, but they held back the champion's portion. Then a man among them arose and asked why the champion's portion was not given out to one of the three heroes that had just returned.

Upon that Legair arose and held out the

bronze cup, "The champion's portion is mine. No one can dispute it with me."

"That is not so," said Conall, "here is my token. Yours is a bronze cup, mine is silver. The difference between them shows it is to me the championship belongs."

"It belongs to neither of you," said Coohoolin, and he rose up; "you have been deceived, Conall and Legair. See, I hold the champion's portion," and he lifted high the cup of red gold with the bird of precious stones upon it.

"It is yours, indeed," said Conakoor, and Fergus, and Senka, and all the chief men. "It is yours by the judgment of Awlyeel and Maeve.

Then were Legair and Conall very wroth, that they had been deceived, but they knew in their hearts that Coohoolin was mightiest among them, and so they yielded, since in every test Coohoolin came out victor. Thus ended the quarrel among the heroes for the championship of Ulster.

The Death of Coohoolin

Many were the battles Coohoolin fought, and many were the men killed. It is no wonder he had a good share of enemies watching to destroy him.

Loogaid of the Red Stripes was his worst enemy, for Coohoolin had killed his father. Because of this, Loogaid gathered together a great army to make an attack on Coohoolin and the men of Ulster. He invited the kings of different provinces, where Coohoolin had enemies, to come and bring their men with them. These all came together and feasted and made merry three days and three nights. At the end of that time they went into Ulster.

It was then that Conakoor, king of Ulster, got word that the borders of his province were being robbed and his people killed. He called his messengers and said, "Go out for me now and bring Coohoolin here to Auwin, for this army is gathered to destroy him. Bid him to delay not, but to come here to plan with myself and Cawfaw and all the men of knowledge."

The messenger went quickly and found Coohoolin on the seashore trying to bring down some sea birds with his sling. But with all the birds that were flying over him and past him, he could not bring one down. He was sorely troubled by this, for he knew it had some bad meaning. When he saw the messenger he bid him welcome.

"I am glad of thy welcome," said the messenger, "and I have news from Conakoor."

"What is your news?" asked Coohoolin.

"I have news, indeed," he replied, and he told Coohoolin all that Conakoor had said from beginning to end.

Then Coohoolin took the messenger home, where they found Evir out on the lawn to meet them. When she heard of the dangers that threatened all the people she decided to go with Coohoolin to Auwin. So they set out together in chariots for Auwin.

When Coohoolin had come to Auwin, the poets and harpers and skilled men all made music and pleasant talk about him in the bright sunny house of the Red Branch. They knew Coohoolin loved the singing of songs and rhymes and was often quieted by the art of a great story-teller. "Coohoolin is rash," they thought, "and he may rush out alone against the enemy."

Conakoor also bade Cawfaw and the learned men and the women to keep watch over Coohoolin and to mind him well. "For I leave the charge on you," he said, "if he should fall, the safety of Ulster would fall with him forever."

"That is true," said Cawfaw, and all the others said the same.

When it was known that Coohoolin had come to Auwin, the three daughters of Col'a-tin came

there with the lightness and the quickness of the wind. They were three witches, one-eyed and spiteful, and they plotted revenge upon Coohoolin for the death of their father. They had been into every country from the rising to the setting of the sun, and had learned every sort of enchantment and witchcraft.

These three sisters sat down on the lawn outside the house where Coohoolin was and began to tear up the earth and the grass. Then, by means of their witchcraft, they made troops of men and whole armies from stalks and colored oakleaves and little fuzzy balls. Then the fierce shouts of a mighty army and the sounds of fighting broke forth on every side of the house.

Coohoolin looked out on the lawn, and redness and shame came to his face, for he thought he saw two armies fighting one another. He put his hand to draw his sword, but the faithful Cawfaw threw his two arms about him.

“Do not go out there,” he cried, “there are no armies near us, but it is enchantment and witchcraft.”

Then all the wise men came and told him the same thing.

Next day the noise of battle began again and, in spite of all their efforts, Coohoolin went and

looked out of the window. There he seemed to see a mighty army on the plain. Then he thought he heard a harp and sweet music, which told him that his time had come, that his courage and strength could not save him. Then one of the daughters of Colatin came flying over him in the form of a crow, crying mocking words at him, "Come out and save thy house and lands from the enemies that are destroying them."

So strong was the spell of witchcraft upon him that Coohoolin was ready to rush out of the house when he heard the shouts of battle and the sweet sounds of the harp. His mind was confused and he was sorely troubled. But Cawfaw again quieted him, saying, "If thou wilt stay quiet for another few days in Auwin the power of enchantment will be broken and thy beloved friend Conall will come with all his army. If thou wilt be guided by my counsel, the signs show thou mayest go out with Conall to fight our foes and the whole world shall be full of thy name." Then the women of Auwin and the musicians closed round him and sang sweet songs to lead away his mind from the power of the enchantments.

In the morning Conakoor called for Cawfaw and the rest of the Druids and asked, "How can we protect Coohoolin from enchantments for the day?"

“We do not know that,” they said.

“I will then tell you what is best to do,” said Cawfaw. “Bring him with you to the Deaf Valley. There the voice of man can be heard as in all places, but if all the men of Ireland outside the valley were letting out shouts no one in that valley could hear any shouts at all.”

Then Cawfaw went to Coohoolin and said, “Dear son, come with me to-day to the feast that I am making, and all the women and the poets will go with us. Thou art under bonds not to ~~refuse~~ my feast.”

“My grief for that!” cried Coohoolin. “This is no fit time for me to be feasting and making merry while these four provinces of Ireland are burning and destroying Ulster, and Conall away, and the men of Ireland putting insults on me, and saying I have run away before them.”

Then Evir spoke to Coohoolin, “Little Hound, thou knowest I have never hindered thee till this hour from any deed or any adventure thou hadst a mind for. So, for my sake, go with Cawfaw to his feast.”

All rose up, and Coohoolin rose along with them, heavy and sorrowful, and in that way he went to the Deaf Valley. All the chariots were unyoked and Coohoolin’s horses, Grey and Black,

were let loose to graze in the valley, and all the company went to the house Cawfaw had made ready.

Thereupon the three one-eyed witches came quickly and lightly and again took thistle-stalks and little fuzzy balls and withered leaves and made them look like troops of warriors. Again the air was filled with sounds of battle. The witches went on a long time, filling the air with battle cries, but Coohoolin remained quiet. All the battle sounds of the witches were turned to silence in Deaf Valley.

Then one of the witches grew angry and said, "I, myself, will go into the house, for even if I meet my death by it, I will speak to Coohoolin and then he cannot escape my enchantments."

With that the witch took on the form of a woman servant, entered the house, and stood at the table close to Coohoolin. When no one was looking she spoke softly in his ear, "Rise up, Coohoolin, thy home is burning, Ulster is destroyed, the whole province is being trampled down by thy enemies."

With that Coohoolin rose up, and no one could stay him. Out he went and bade Laeg, his chariot-driver, to yoke the horses and make ready the chariot. Cawfaw and the women followed him

out and took hold of him, but the enchantment was too strong. Now he heard the cries of battle and he thought he saw Conakoor's city burning and Evir's sunny house thrown down and the House of the Red Branch all ablaze and all Auwin under fire and smoke.

Cawfaw tried to quiet him. "Dear son," he said, "for this day only do thou follow my advice and I will be able to save you from all the enchantments of the one-eyed witches."

But Coohoolin said, "Why should I care for my life? I know that my time has come." Then he again bade Laeg to yoke the chariot and put his arms in order.

Laeg went to do his bidding, but when he shook the bridles toward Grey and Black as he was used to do, they went away from him and would not let him come near them at all. "Truly," said Laeg, "this is a warning of some bad thing." Then Laeg went to Coohoolin and said, "I swear by the gods my people swear by that I am not able to bring either Grey or Black to the chariot. Come, now, and speak to them yourself."

So Coohoolin went to his horses, but Grey turned his left side three times to his master. "Dost thou now forsake thy master whom thou hast always loved?" cried Coohoolin. Then Grey

came up to him and let big round tears of blood fall at Coohoolin's feet.

Soon the chariot was yoked and Coohoolin prepared to leave. Then Evir came running to him and begged him to come down from his chariot. "All this is the enchantment of the witches," she cried.

"I must not stop," he answered, "until I attack these four great provinces of Ireland and avenge the insults they have put upon me and upon Ulster." He turned his chariot to the south and all that loved him cried out to him, striking their hands together in grief, for they knew that he would not come back to them again.

Coohoolin went on then to the house of his mother, Dekteer, to bid her farewell. She came out on the lawn to meet him and brought out wine for him as her custom was when he passed that way. But when he took the cup in his hand it was full of red blood.

"My grief! my mother," he said, "it is no wonder others forsake me, if you, yourself, offer me a drink of blood."

Then she filled the vessel a second and a third time, but each time he took it he saw only blood. Then anger came upon him and he dashed the vessel against the wall and broke it and

said, "The fault is not in you, my mother Dek-teer, but my luck is turned against me and my life is near its end. I shall not return alive."

Then his mother urged him to go back to Auwin and wait for the help of Conall, but he would not. He said, "I will not wait. I would not give up my great name and my courage for all in the world. From the day I first took arms till this day I have never drawn back from a fight or battle. It is not now I will be drawing back. A great name outlasts life."

He met a young girl washing clothes, and they were stained blood-red, and he knew they were his clothes; but he went his way. He met three old hags and went by them, though his horse, Grey, was loath to carry him, and shed three great drops of blood at his feet; but Coohoolin urged him on. Then Coohoolin knew the hags had put a curse on him, and his strength was less, but he went on.

And his enemy, Loogaid, saw Coohoolin in his chariot, his sword shining red in his hand, and the light of courage in his eyes, his hair spread out like threads of gold about him, and the Crow of Battle was in the air over his head.

"Coohoolin comes at us," said Loogaid to the men of Ireland, "let us be ready for him."

So they made a fence of shields linked together and two of the strongest men were set there to pretend to be fighting together that they might call Coohoolin to them. With each couple the king placed a Druid, and he bade the Druid ask Coohoolin for a spear, for it would be hard to refuse a Druid.

Then the men of Ireland gave great shouts as Coohoolin came near them in his chariot, doing his three thunder feats. With his sword and his spear he cut down many a life, till the plain was covered with men. It is red that plain was with the slaughter Coohoolin made when he came crashing over it.

Then he saw one of the men that was put to quarrel with the other, and the Druid called to Coohoolin to come and hinder them and he leaped toward them.

"Your spear to me," cried the Druid.

"I swear by the oath of my people that you need it not so much as I," said Coohoolin. "The men of Ireland are upon me and I am upon them."

"I will put a bad name upon you if you refuse me your spear," answered the Druid.

"There was never a bad name put on me yet on account of any refusal of mine," said Coohoolin. With that he threw the spear to the

Druid and it went through his head, and it killed the men on the other side of him, and Coohoolin went through the host.

Then a mighty man of the enemy got Coohoolin's spear and hurled it at Laeg, Coohoolin's chariot-driver, and he fell back, dead.

In great grief, Coohoolin cried out, "To-day I will be both a fighter and a chariot-driver as well!"

Then he saw the other two men who were put to quarrel with one another and one cried out to him for help. Coohoolin leaped toward them.

"Your spear to me, Coohoolin," said the Druid.

"I swear by the oath my people swore by," said he, "you are not in such want of the spear as I myself, for it is by my courage and by my arms that I have to drive out the men of Ireland that attack Ulster."

"I will put a bad name upon you if you refuse me, Coohoolin," said the Druid.

"I am not bound to give more than one gift in a day, and I have paid what is due to my name already," said Coohoolin.

Then the Druid said, "I will put a bad name on the province of Ulster because of your refusal."

“Ulster was never shamed yet by any refusal of mine,” said Coohoolin, “nor anything I did unworthily. Though little of my life be left to me, Ulster shall not be reproached for me this day.”

With that he hurled the spear at the Druid, and it passed through his head and through the heads of the nine men that were behind him, and Coohoolin went through the host as before.

Then Loogaid took up the spear and threw it and it went through Grey. Coohoolin drew out his sword and they bade farewell to each other. Then the brave horse left his master with half his harness hanging from his neck, and he passed into the greypool.

Then Coohoolin drove through the host again, and he saw a third couple disputing, and he went between them as he did before. The Druid asked for his spear, but he refused.

“I will put a bad name upon you,” said the Druid.

“I have paid what is due my name this day,” answered Coohoolin. “My honor does not bind me to give more than one present in a day.”

“Then I will put a bad name upon Ulster because of your refusal,” said the Druid.

“I have paid what is due the honor of Ulster,” said Coohoolin.



"Then I will put a bad name on your kindred," said the Druid.

"That news shall never go back to my people," said Coooolin, "for it is little of my life that is left to me." And he threw the spear at the Druid, and it passed through his head and through the heads of the men with him.

Then Coooolin drove through the host for the last time, and Loogaid of the Red Stripes

seized the spear and cried, "Who is to fall by this spear, ye one-eyed children of Colatin?"

"A king will fall by it," said they.

Then the mighty Loogaid made answer, "True, O ye witches! By the first spear fell Laeg, king of chariot drivers of Ireland; by the second spear fell Grey of Auwin, king of the horses of Ireland, and a great king shall fall by this third spear."

With that he threw the spear and it went through the body of Coohoolin, who knew it was his deadly wound. He dragged himself to a stone pillar nearby and bound himself to it by his breast belt, that he might meet his death standing up, and the enemy gathered about him.

Then the Grey of Auwin came back to defend Coohoolin, and the hero light shone above him. And the Grey made three attacks; and he killed fifty men with his teeth, and thirty with each of his hoofs, and the name of Grey, for his brave fighting that day, lives forever in Ireland. Then a bird settled on Coohoolin's shoulder and the enemy wondered.

At that time the army of Ulster was gathering to attack the enemy, and Conall was out before them, and he met Grey, his blood dripping. Then Conall knew that Coohoolin must be dead, and he and Grey went looking for Coohoolin's

body. When they came to it, Grey laid his head on Coohoolin's breast and so died.

Then Conall avenged the death of Coohoolin, for so these heroes had agreed, whichever one died first should be avenged ere the setting sun of that same day. So Conall pursued the enemy and came upon Loogaid of the Red Stripes near the river.

Loogaid called out to his chariot-driver, "Look out there on the plain for I fear some one may come at us unknown."

The chariot-driver looked around him. "There is a man coming on us," he said. "It is in a great hurry he is coming, and you would think he has all the ravens in Ireland flying over his head."

"It is not in friendship the man comes," said Loogaid of the Red Stripes, "it is Conall, it is."

"Yes, it is to the ford he is coming, the same way the army passed over," said the chariot-driver.

"Let him pass by us," said Loogaid, "for I have no mind to fight with him."

But when Conall came to the ford he spied Loogaid and his chariot-driver and came over to them. "Welcome is the sight of a debtor's face," said Conall. "The man you owe a debt to is

asking payment of you now, and I myself am that man. For the sake of my comrade, Coohoolin, whom you killed, I am standing here now to get that debt paid."

Then they got into their chariots and drove out upon the plain and rushed together in fierce combat. No enchantments aided Loogaid, so he was soon struck down by Conall's spear.

"Well I know you will not leave me now," said Loogaid, "till you take my head. Take it, then, along with your own head. Put my kingdom with your kingdom, and my courage with your courage. I would like you to be the best champion of Ireland."

Then Conall made an end of him and he went back to the stone pillar where Coohoolin's body was and began to lament, "It is Coohoolin that was a root of valor from the time he was a soft child. There never fell a better hero than fell at the hand of Loogaid. Without the magic spells of the one-eyed children of Colatin the whole of them would not have been able to bring him to death. It is broken in half my heart is for my brother."

By that time Evir had got word of the death of her husband, and she and her women set up a great crying and a great lamentation. They

went out to meet the body, and Evir made this complaint:

“Dear the man, dear the man, that waged so mighty a battle against so great a host!

“Dear the man, dear the man, that was sweet-voiced telling stories; that never refused either weak or strong!

“Dear the king, dear the king, that never gave a refusal to any!

“Oh, his spears, his shield, and his sword, let them be given to Conall of the Battles!

“I am carried away like a branch on the stream! I will not bind up my hair to-day!

“O Conall, lift me to the grave. Raise my stone over the grave of the Hound. It is through grief for him I go to death. I am Evir of the Fair Form.” And she laid herself upon the grave of Coohoolin, saying, “Love of my life, my friend, my one choice of the men of the earth, I will not stay living after you.”

And her life went out of her, and she and Coohoolin were laid in the one grave by Conall, and he raised the one stone over them. And Conall and the men of Ulster mourned long for the greatest champion of all Ireland, Coohoolin the Hound.

—Adapted from *Lady Gregory*.

After Blenheim

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh—
“ ’Tis some poor fellow's skull,” said he,
“Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden,

There are many here about;
And often when I go to plough,

The ploughshare turns them out!
For many a thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"

Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;

"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,

"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,

Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born babe had died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won,
And our good Prince Eugene;”
“Why ’twas a very wicked thing!”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay . . nay . . my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why that I cannot tell,” said he.
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

—Robert Southey.

The Inchcape Rock

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she might be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And louder and louder its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the tempest's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on a darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the bell and float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the
Rock
Will not bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers' roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind has fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
"O, Christ! It is the Inchcape Rock!"

—*Robert Southey.*

Robin Hood, the Archer Hero

How Robin Came to Live in the Forest

Long years ago, when good King Harry ruled, there lived a famous archer, Robin Hood by name. He abode in the depths of the great Sherwood Forest, on the border of Nottingham town. There roved with him some seven score merry men. Never were there archers of greater skill or shrewdness; never were there yeomen of greater bravery and strength. Bravest and most skillful of them all was their bold leader, Robin Hood, who roamed where he would with his merry fellows about him. They were all comrades together and dwelt apart from other men. Yet they were greatly beloved by all the poor people for miles about, for no one ever came to Robin Hood for help and went away without it.

And this is how Robin Hood fell afoul of the law and had to live in the forest.

When Robin was about fifteen, strong of body and brave of heart, a shooting match was set by the sheriff of Nottingham, who offered a prize of forty marks to him who would shoot the best shaft in Nottinghamshire.

Robin heard of the contest and quoth he, "Now will I get me there with my trusty bow. Where could anyone find a more goodly prize to tempt his bow string?" So he walked on with a quick step and a merry whistle.

Suddenly he came upon some foresters seated beneath a great oak tree. There were fifteen of them filling themselves from a huge pasty. Each man was clad in Lincoln green; and a fine show they made, too, seated beneath that spreading tree. One of the fellows, with his mouth full of pie, shouted out, "Hey! my good lad, where goest thou?"

Then up spoke Robin right merrily, "Our king hath provided a shooting match at Nottingham, and I'm ready with my bow."

"What ho!" cried the forester in scorn, "how can a boy so young bear a bow? Why, he is not able to draw one string."

"I'll wager you twenty marks," cried Robin, "that I'll hit a mark at a hundred rods." Whereat all the men in green garb roared with laughter.

Then Robin waxed exceeding angry. "Hark ye! and hark ye!" cried he, "yonder at the border of the glade I see a herd of deer. I'll chance you twenty marks that I'll kill the best hart among them."

“We’ll take thy wager,” cried the foresters, “thou canst hit no hart at yon border of the glade.”

Then Robin gripped his bow and let fly a broad arrow. On it sped to the border of the glade and the noblest hart of the herd leaped high in the air and fell dead.

“Ha!” cried Robin, “what think ye of that shot? The wager is mine even were it a thousand pounds.”

All the foresters arose shouting with anger, “Get thee gone, thou hast killed the king’s deer. By King Harry, thou shouldst lose thy ears.”

Robin Hood spoke never a word. He stared at the foresters, then turned on his heel and strode away through the forest glade; his heart full of anger and his blood boiling.

Now the one who had first mocked Robin was angry, too. Of a sudden he rose up, seized his bow and let fly a shaft down the glade after Robin. Luckily for Robin, it whistled past him but an inch from his head. Then Robin turned and sent an arrow back. “Say again I am no archer if ye will,” he shouted aloud. Straight flew the arrow and the rash forester fell forward with a cry of pain, struck at the heart. Then before the Lincoln Greens could think, away sped Robin into the thick of the forest. Nor had any man great heart to

follow, lest he, too, be served as his fellow; but they resolved to avenge the death of their comrade as they slowly bore his body to Nottingham.

Two hundred pounds was offered for Robin Hood's head. He lay hidden in Sherwood Forest a full year, and many another like himself, for one cause or another, gathered about him; and so grew up this band of seven score men or more with Robin as their leader.

These were the vows they made:

"We have been oppressed by abbot, squire, knight and baron. We have been robbed by unjust taxes, so shall we take from these men the money they have taken from the poor.

"We shall never harm a child or a woman, but we shall help all poor folk in time of need."

And so it came to pass that the poor people found no harm ever came to them, but money and food came in time of want. For this they thanked Robin Hood and his merry men and began to praise Robin for his great deeds in Sherwood Forest.

Robin Hood and Little John

One morning when all the birds were singing gaily among the green trees, up rose Robin Hood with adventure in his heart.

"Tarry ye here, my men, nor come anigh unless ye hear three blasts from my bugle horn; but mind ye well that call, for 'twill be my hour of need. If ye hear three blasts, come, and come quickly to mine aid." So saying he strode away to the verge of the forest. There he wandered about till he came to a narrow bridge, a log over a stream. As he drew near, a tall stranger came in a hurry from the other side, as if to cross first.

"Stand back," quoth Robin, "and let thy betters pass first."

"Nay, nay," shouted the stranger, "first prove thyself the better man."

"That I can with my trusty bow," answered Robin.

"Thou talkest like a coward," the stranger replied, "thou art well armed with a long bow to shoot at my breast, while I have naught but a staff in my hand."

"I scorn the name of coward," cried Robin. "For thy sake I will try thy manhood with a staff." Forthwith he stepped into the thicket and chose a staff of ground oak. Back he ran quickly to the bridge and said, "Lo! see my staff, it is lusty and tough. Here on this log we shall contend. Whoever falls off shall lose the battle."

Then they both raised their staffs and struck



fast and fiercely. Many blows were given and taken until their jackets fairly smoked from the conflict. At last Robin gave the stranger a blow that made his ribs ring. Then the stranger flew into a fury and laid upon Robin a blow so mighty that he tumbled into the brook.

"I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?" cried the stranger, roaring with laughter.

"Faith, I'm in the water and where else?" laughed Robin as he struggled to get footing. "Thou art surely a brave soul. I'll no longer contend with thee, for, 'tis needless to say, thou hast now won. Our battle is over."

Then Robin waded to the bank and pulled himself out by a thorn. This done, he blew a loud blast on his bugle horn. The echoes resounded through the woods and soon Robin's stout bowmen came running through the glade. They were clad all in green from head to toe and seemed a part of the forest. Quickly they reached their master. X

"What is the matter?" quoth Will Stute'ly. "Good master, you are wet to the skin."

"'Tis no matter," answered Robin, "this fellow here, in fighting, tumbled me into the brook."

"Then he shall be tumbled; we'll duck him for sure," said Will Stutely, and the men rushed at the stranger.

"Nay, not so fast, my lads," quoth Robin, who dearly loved fair play. "He is a stout and brave fellow, forbear. No man shall harm thee, my friend, while Robin Hood is about. Truly thou didst give me a drenching. I never thought to see myself put in such a plight by any man. Tell me, friend, wilt thou join my band and become a free man of the forest? Speak up, jolly blade, never

fear; I'll give thee a livery of brightest green thrice per year, and money to boot for thy purse."

"That will I, with all my heart," answered the tall stranger, smiling. "My name is John Little. Ne'er doubt me, I'll play my part, so here is my heart and my hand."

Then up spoke Will Stutely, who dearly loved a jest, "What a name for a seven-foot giant! This mighty infant was called John Little, but his name shall be altered a bit; we'll call him Little John."

All shouted with glee and drank to his health from a crystal spring near by. Then Robin gave a huge suit of green and a curious long bow to this pretty sweet babe.

Back they plunged to their haunts in the forest. Here they lived in huts made of the branches of trees, covered so thickly that all enemies would think them bushes growing in the forest. In the midst of the huts stood a great outspreading oak beneath which all feasts were served.

Soon a great pasty of venison was prepared and they ate much and long, drinking from the crystal stream. Then they danced and sang and made merry.

Little John sat at the right of Robin Hood. Henceforth he was to be one of Robin's trusted leaders, and ever after he was called Little John.

X

Robin Hood Rescues Will Stutely

Now the sheriff of Nottingham was no friend of Robin Hood, and he planned and schemed every way possible to entrap him and his men. The sheriff offered one hundred pounds to the man who should take Robin Hood alive or dead, and two score pounds to the man who should capture any of his men alive or dead. So these men of the sheriff were ever on the lookout about Sherwood Forest, to capture whatever green clad men they might chance upon.

Now it happened one day, as luck would have it, that Will Stutely, a stout and brave fellow of Robin Hood's band, went hurrying through the forest toward the outskirts of Nottingham town on an errand for his chief. When he was well on his way, walking briskly along and singing softly to himself, "Derry, derry down, down down derry," to while his time away, suddenly there appeared three hirelings of the sheriff who seized the unfortunate Will and dragged him away to the sheriff, hurry scurry. X

Disguised though he was in a friar's garb, the crafty men knew him for an outlaw. Right glad was the sheriff to see him and he was ordered hanged the very next morning.

Robin Hood was seated under the great spreading oak when tidings were brought him that Will Stutely had been taken and was in prison. Moreover, the word was given that next morning he must hang by the sheriff's decree.

Up rose Robin Hood in mighty wrath and his men all gathered about. He raised his strong right arm and swung his great staff aloft, "Now do I swear, my men, that Will Stutely shall be rescued and be brought back safe again, else shall many a fellow be slain there in his name."

His men circled round and pledged him their lives, "Hey down derry, derry down."

Robin Hood decked himself out in scarlet, while his men were all in green. No finer sight could be seen in all the world, with every man a good broad sword, and eke a good yew bow.

Then they set forth from the forest most courageously, vowing to bring Stutely home or die. When they came near the castle prison where Will Stutely was bound, they lay in ambush, while one brave fellow went forward to glean what news he might from an old man hard by. "Tell me, old man, I pray thee, if thou rightly ken, when Will Stutely will be hanged?" said the outlaw.

"Alack! alas!" answered the palmer. "Woe is me! Will Stutely must be hanged to-day on yonder

gallows-tree. I would his noble master, Robin Hood, knew of his mishap, for he would send him succor full quickly, I know."

"Aye, that is true," the young man said, "or if they were near this place his men would set him free. But farewell, old man, and many thanks, if Will Stutely hangs this day his death shall be avenged."

The young man had no sooner left than the castle gates were flung wide open, and out came Will Stutely, guarded on every side. He looked about and saw no help was nigh, then he gallantly turned to the sheriff and said full bravely and cheerily, "Now, seeing that I needs must die, grant me one favor, for no one of my noble master's men was ever hanged on a tree. Give me a sword in my hand and unbind me. Then with thee and thy men I'll fight till I fall dead."

The sheriff angrily refused, for he had sworn Stutely should hang and not be slain by the sword.

Again Will Stutely pleaded, "Then grant me this, O sheriff. Unbind my hands and I will crave no weapons. Let me fight bare-handed for my freedom."

"No, no," cried the sheriff, "we know ye too well. Thou shalt die on the gallows and even so shall thy master, if I get him."

“O coward,” cried Will Stutely, “faint heart, if ever my master meets thee, ’twill not be he that grieves. My noble master scorns thee and all thy cowardly crew. Think not that thou canst subdue the fearless Robin Hood.”

With that they hurried him to the gallows. Of a sudden Little John leaped out of a bush near by and ran to Stutely. Quickly he cut away the bands and, seizing a sword from one of the sheriff’s men, thrust it into the hand of Stutely. “There, fellow,” he cried, “use that for a time, for aid will come straightway.”

Then they turned them back to back and held the sheriff’s men at bay till Robin Hood approached the crowd and surrounded them with his archers. An arrow from Robin’s bow flew past the sheriff’s head. He turned and ran with all his might, and his men followed.

“Stay, stay,” Will Stutely cried. “Take leave ere you depart, you will never catch bold Robin Hood unless you face him.”

“Oh, ill betide you!” shouted Robin Hood, “why do you leave us? My sword still rests in the scabbard. Let us fight.” But there was none of the sheriff’s men in sight.

Thus was Will Stutely set at liberty and taken safe back to Sherwood Forest amidst shouts of

rejoicing. There they made a great feast in honor of his return, and then they danced about the green-wood tree singing, "Hey derry, derry down, adown, adown adown, hey derry down, derry down!"

As for the sheriff, he was shame-faced for many a day and kept close to his castle, for in his heart he greatly feared for his life from Robin Hood's men, and he determined to trouble them no more for a long time to come. ✕

Little John a-Begging

✕ All you that delight in a merry tale draw near, and you shall hear how Little John went a-begging.

One day as Robin was walking through the green glade with his merry men, he said, "Some one of you must go a-begging and, Little John, this time let it be thee."

"Noble master, if I must go let me have a beggar's garb with a staff and coat, and bags of all sorts, one for my bread, and one for cheese, and yet a third for my pennies."

So Little John got ready and was off. Of all the beggars that he met he was the chief. As he was walking on he chanced upon four beggars. One was deaf, so he said; another was blind, and a third came limping along.



“Good morrow, my brethren dear,” said Little John, “we are well met, which way do you go? Right glad shall I be to join you. Come, let us be going on together.”

Then one of the beggars spoke up, “We have brethren in London and in Dover, and all over the

world, for that matter, but none the likes of thee. Therefore stand back and we'll take a crack at thy crown."

"Say you so!" shouted John, "have at me all four, if ye be so full of your blows"; and with that he rushed upon them single-handed. He batted the dumb one over the head till he roared for mercy. He made the blind one see stars; while the cripple, who claimed he'd been lame seven years, ran faster than any of the others.

It was a gallant fight that Little John waged against roguery that day. Nor was he content with a round. He seized them all four and flung them full force against a stone wall hard by. Right joyous he was to hear the heavy clink of gold that rang out. Then he opened each beggar's cloak and searched long and carefully for every coin. Six hundred pounds and three he removed to his own bags. Then, leaving the beggars in sorry plight, he hastened back to Robin and his merry fellows.

"What news! what news!" cried Robin Hood. "How well hast thou plied thy trade? I fain would see."

"No news but good," answered Little John. "I have succeeded full well. Six hundred pounds and three more to boot, have I here"; and he flung down the silver and gold before his master.

Then Robin Hood took Little John by the hand and they danced about the gold, while the men encircled them singing, "Ho, for Little John! Hey down, derry derry, derry down!"

Robin Hood and Will Scarlet

One day as Robin was walking in the green wood at midday, he chanced to espy a young man dressed in red from top to toe. His doublet was of brightest silk, his stockings were also of silk, while his bright scarlet hat had a long plume of pure white waving from it.

A herd of deer was in the bend of the glade feeding before his face. Then, to Robin's surprise, the young fop cried out, "Now the best of ye I must have for my dinner, and that right quickly." With little ado the weakling drew a right good bow and the best of the herd fell.

"Well shot, well shot," cried Robin Hood, "that was shot most timely, and if thou wilt accept the place thou shalt be one of my bold yeomen."

"Run off, run off," the stranger said, "make haste and go quickly, or with my fist I'll give thee store of my buffets."

"Thou hadst best not buffet me," quoth Robin, "for though I seem forlorn, I have those who will take my part if I but blow my horn."

"Thou hadst best not mind thy horn," spoke the stranger, "or I'll draw my good broadsword upon thee."

Then Robin stepped back and made as if to draw his bow, and the stranger stepped back and bent his.

"Oh, hold thy hand," quoth Robin Hood, "if you shoot at me, or I shoot at you, one or both of us may be slain. But let's gang under yonder tree and take our swords and bucklers and see which man is the better of us twain."

"Nay," answered the stranger, "I'll not budge from here one inch."

Whereupon Robin dealt the fellow a blow that well nigh laid him low.

The stranger was wroth indeed and drew out his sword and gave Robin a hit on the crown that caused the blood to flow.

"Have mercy, good fellow," quoth Robin. "Who art thou and whence dost thou come?"

Then answered the stranger, "I was bred and born in Maxfield. My name is young Gamwell; I killed my father's steward, for he was over-bold and saucy, and so I had to flee. I'm seeking an uncle of mine. Some call him Robin Hood. I am his sister's son."

What a greeting there was! Robin Hood seized

the lad by the hand and they danced about for joy. Then they went on their way and met Little John.

"O master, where hast thou been? Thou hast tarried long on thy way."

"I met with this stranger, and full sorely he beat me," quoth Robin Hood.

"Then I'll have a bout with him," quoth Little John, "to try if he can beat me."

"No, no!" quoth Robin Hood, "try him not. He's my dear sister's son. He shall be a bold yeoman, my chief man next to thee. Will Scarlet shall be his name, as we get from his clothes, and we'll be three of the bravest huntsmen in all the north country."

Robin Hood and Friar Tuck

One bright summer day, when the leaves were all green and the flowers were all fresh and gay, Robin Hood and his merry men were disposed to have a frolic. They grouped themselves about; some ran races, some essayed the long jump, and some among them began to practice with bow and arrow. Then up spoke Robin Hood, "Now, who among you can draw a good bow and kill a buck?"

Straightway answered Will Scarlet, "I can kill a buck," and away he went.

Again quoth Robin cheerily, "Who then can kill a doe?"

Right lustily answered Midge the Miller, "Master, I can fetch down the doe," and away he went.

Robin Hood was well pleased to see such quick response to his wishes, and he again urged on his men, "And who be the man here that can kill a hart at a distance of five hundred feet?"

Then up rose Little John. He was the man who could kill a hart at that far distance. He was very sure of that.

And, what with hurrying and what with scurrying, the band was soon scattered through the forest in search of fine game.

It was not a great time either before Will Scarlet returned, and sure enough, he had killed a buck and he dragged his prize before Robin Hood with great pride. But before Scarlet could receive his meed of praise, back came Midge the Miller with a doe, and close behind him came Little John. He had fairly shot his hart, paced five hundred feet away. This was so extremely pleasing to the great leader that he could not resist praising Little John and with boasting. "Blessings be upon thy head for this day's shot, Little John,"-quoth Robin, "I would ride my horse an hundred miles to find one who could match with thee." X

“Ho! ho!” laughed Will Scarlet not without scorn, “I know a man, a friar, who can beat Little John and even thyself with his strong bow. Aye, he will beat you and all your yeomen set in a row.” Again laughed Scarlet long and heartily, clapping his hands to his knees, while his whole body shook with merriment.

Robin Hood drew himself up to his fullest height and took in a long full breath; withal he swore a solemn oath. “How now,” cried he, “who is the fellow and where is he to be found?”

“A friar he is who lives at Fountain’s Abbey,” answered Scarlet, “and a strong man and brave he is, too.”

“By Our Lady,” retorted Robin, “be he ever so strong and be he ever so brave, I’ll neither eat nor drink till I have seen the fellow.”

With Robin, to think was to act. Quickly he donned his steel chain armor, clapped on his head a cap of steel, girded a broadsword and buckler to his side, and mounted his trusty horse amidst the cheers of his men. For the armor became Robin Hood well, and his fellows admired him without stint. Little John handed up his bow, and Scarlet his sheaf of arrows, while they all shouted,

Hey, derry down, derry down!

Hey, derry down, derry down, derry down!

Away brave Robin rode unattended, for he feared nothing, and well he knew all the paths of the forest. He rode cheerily on till he came to Fountain's Dale. There he stopped short, for he was aware of a friar walking by the water-side near by. The friar had on a good harness of mail and on his head was a strong cap of steel. Very brave and strong and unafraid he looked, too.

Robin Hood alighted from his horse and tied him to a thorn. Then he shouted, "Ho friar, come carry me over the water, or else thy life shall be forlorn." X

Without one word the big friar took Robin Hood on his back and strode into the deep water. Not a word he spoke neither good nor bad till he came to the other side. Robin leaped lightly from the friar's back. Then said the friar, "My fine fellow, carry me back over this water, or it shall breed thee pain."

Forthwith Robin took the friar on his back and bestrode the deep water, nor did he speak one word good or bad till he came to the other side. Lightly, the friar leapt off Robin Hood's neck; then quoth Robin, "Thou bold friar, carry me over this water again, or it shall breed thee pain."

Right cheerily and right heartily the friar took Robin Hood upon his back again and stepped into



the water up to his knees. There was a merry twinkle in his eye that Robin could not see, and that boded him little good. On into the middle of the stream strode the friar, and never a word was said either good or bad. Then in a jerk he tumbled Robin into the water. "Choose thee, choose thee,

my fine fellow, whether thou wilt sink or swim!"

No word spoke Robin, but he struck out bravely to land at a bush of broom, while the friar sought out a wicker wand. Robin seized his bow, and taking one of the best arrows from his belt, he let it fly at the friar. The bold friar, with his steel buckler, put that arrow by.

Then the friar taunted Robin, shouting, "Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow, shoot on as thou hast begun. If thou shoot here all this summer's day, I shall not seek to avoid thy mark. Shoot! fellow, shoot!"

Robin Hood, nothing loath, and mightily stirred to anger, shot away at the friar until every arrow was gone. They then took their swords and steel bucklers and fought with might and main. From ten o'clock until four in the afternoon they struggled together. Then Robin Hood came to his knees and begged a boon of the friar.

"A boon, a boon, thou bold friar! Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth and to blow three blasts thereon."

"That will I do," said the friar, "I have no fear of thy blasts. Blow! fellow, blow, and I hope thou wilt blow so well that both thy eyes may fall out."

So Robin set his horn to his mouth and blew

three mighty blasts. At once half a hundred yeomen in Lincoln green came racing over the lea.

"Whose men are these," said the friar, "that they come so hastily?"

"These men are all my men," said Robin Hood, "confident friar, and what will you do about it?"

"Oh," answered the friar, "a boon, a boon, such as I granted thee! Give leave to set my fist to my mouth, and to whistle three long whistles."

"Aye, that will I do," answered Robin, "or else I were to blame. It will give me joy to hear thee whistle thy whistles three."

So the friar set his fist to his mouth and whistled three shrill whistles. Whereupon half a hundred good hunting dogs came running to the friar. "Here is a dog for every man of thine," said the friar, "and I myself will take thee."

"Nay, nay! by my faith, friar, that is not fair," said Robin Hood, "to set dogs on honest men."

Never a word answered the friar, but two dogs went straight for Robin Hood, one in front and one behind, and they tore his mantle of Lincoln green that was beneath his chain armor. Then his men let fly some arrows, but these dogs were so well trained that whether the arrows came from the east or the west, or the north or the south, they were always caught by the dogs' teeth.

Then up rushed Little John. "Friar, do what I tell thee, or it shall fare ill with thee."

"Whose man art thou, and what prating is this?" said the friar. "Mind well thine own affairs."

"I am Little John, Robin Hood's man, and I swear to thee, friar, that if thou dost not call off thy dogs I'll take up both them and thee." Then Little John let fly some arrows with all his might and main, and soon half a score of the friar's dogs lay dead. ✂

"Fellow, fellow," roared the friar, "hold thy hand. Thy master and I will agree. I will call off my dogs. I wot friendship is better far betwixt thy fellows and me." So the friar whistled to his dogs and they crouched down every one of them at his feet.

"Now, what is thy will, Robin Hood, I will listen to thee?" said the friar.

"Come, my good fellow, and live with us in the green wood. We need every fine fellow like thyself in our brave band, and thou shalt be our friar true every day of the year."

"That will I do right heartily," quoth the friar.

Then Robin Hood and his merry men started back to Sherwood Forest with a

Hey, derry down, derry down!

Thus it was that the friar fought with Robin Hood and overcame him, and afterward became one of the merriest of Robin's men. He was beloved by all for his strength, his jollity and his fearlessness. Then they gave him a new name because his garments were tucked up about him as they had been when he forded the stream. So he was dubbed Friar Tuck, and Friar Tuck he has been to this very day. X

Robin Hood and Queen Katherine

† Now, Queen Katherine had heard much of the fame of bold Robin Hood and, moreover, he had endeared himself to her by sending her a great purse of gold. She was eager to see him; and so she called her gentle page, Richard Partington, to her and bade him go to the north country in search of Robin Hood.

So Richard Partington set off from London town and traveled till he came to Nottingham town. Then he put up at the inn and ordered his supper. As he sat eating heartily, for he was right hungry after such a long journey, a yeoman who sat near him, bursting with curiosity, spoke up, "Tell me, fair page, what is your business so far in the north country?"

"That I will tell you, and quickly," answered the page. "I'm here in search of a famous and bold archer, an outlaw as well, one Robin Hood."

"In sooth, it's myself can lead you straight there to Robin Hood and his men. At break of day I will go with you, if you will permit me."

The eager page was only too glad to accept this offer. So early next morning they set out for Sherwood Forest. When they arrived at Robin Hood's place, the page bent on his knee, and gave to bold Robin the Queen's greetings, saying, "Queen Katherine bids you post to London town as fast as you can. Fear nothing, for she hath sent you this ring to protect you wherever you go in the Queen's name. There is to be some great archery sport, and the Queen would fain have you there."

Now, you may be sure that Robin Hood felt greatly honored and flattered by the Queen's desire to see him in London town. He took off his mantle of Lincoln green and sent it back to the Queen as a token that he was a loyal subject and would do her bidding."

When the full of summer came, he clothed himself all in scarlet and his men all in green, with hats all white and feathers black, and bows and arrows in fine trim. It was truly a fine sight to see as Robin and his men filed into London town.

8
They went straight to Queen Katherine and pledged their allegiance. Smiling, she greeted them all, and she and her ladies listened with pleasant laughter to the tales of Robin Hood. And they sat in rapt silence as Alan-a-Dale, Robin's minstrel, played for them on his harp. So the time sped quickly away.

At length the day for the great archery contest was at hand. The finest archers from all over England were gathered to watch the contest and take part. Each man felt sure he could win, and there were wagers on every side. Even the Queen had a wager with the King that her men would win. The wager was three hundred of the fattest harts in the realm. The King ~~laughed~~ laughed loud and long at the Queen for pitting her ~~men~~ against the ablest in the land. But Robin Hood, or Locksley, as the Queen had christened him for the time, gave a look of assurance to the Queen that made her confident he would win.

Then Robin Hood made a wager with the Bishop of Hereford, who knew him not in his scarlet garb. Each threw down a purse of one hundred pounds.

Tepus, the King's bow-bearer, measured off the distance, and targets were set up. The vast crowd was eager for the contest and raised a great shout, waving handkerchiefs and scarfs, while the Queen

and King and all the court were taking their places of honor beneath a canopy of purple and gold. Soon a herald stood forth and shouted out the rules of the game, and the contest began.

The shafts flew thick and fast and straight until each target was fairly black with arrows. Then the judges looked the targets over carefully and declared which three men had shot best. ~~Gilbert and Tepus and Hubert of Suffolk were proclaimed~~ *have done* the three best archers of England.

Thereupon Queen Katherine turned to the smiling King and said: "Now would I win my wager. Let my three chosen archers match these three best of thine."

"That will I most heartily," laughed the King. "Twill be rare sport to see thy men lose out."

"Nay, be not so sure, my King," answered the Queen; "yet a boon must I secure. No harm must come to my men, whate'er betide."

"Agreed!" said the King; "they shall have forty days of grace."

The Queen's page was sent, and soon there appeared with him Robin Hood, all in scarlet; Midge the Miller's son, all in Lincoln green, and the giant, Little John. The crowd turned to stare at these strangers, and the King looked surprised, while a gleam of joy flashed into Queen Katherine's eyes.

1
They approached the Queen and knelt before her. "Welcome art thou, Robin Hood, and Little John, and Midge the Miller's son; thrice welcome are ye all," she said.

The King started up. "Have ye brought this outlaw here? It was told to me that he was slain at the palace gate, far away in the north country. Yet have I pledged mine oath; they shall contest with the greatest archers of the realm, Gilbert, and Tepus, and Hubert of Suffolk."

Long and hotly was the contest waged. Robin's shots lodged in the very centre of the target, and a murmur ran through the crowd. Never had such shooting been seen in London.

Midge the Miller shot, but was over-zealous and missed once. Little John shot, and fell but little behind his master.

At length the judges stepped forward and awarded the prizes, first prize to Robin Hood, second to Little John, and third to Gilbert, who held his own among them.

The crowd cheered lustily and Gilbert clasped hands with Robin in sheer admiration for his skill. Then whispered Robin: "I want not the prize, this purse of gold. It is yours; I give it to thee with a right good will. Thine is the best archery in London town." And Gilbert was pleased with the

praise of bold Robin Hood. "Come with me to Sherwood Forest," Robin added, "and we'll give thee a right joyful life." Gilbert nodded his head.

Even the King was full of wonder at the skill of these yeomen, and paid over his wager to the Queen most courteously; yet he was wroth that his men had not won.

Then Little John said to Tepus: "I want not these harts. I give them to thee. We have already enough and to spare; so I give them to thee and thy men of the bow." The crowd cheered again at the generous ways of these men.

Queen Katherine was full of delight over their victory, and she sent Robin and his men back to Nottingham town laden with rich gifts from the crown.

Thus ended the famous shooting match.

Robin's band met him at the edge of the forest. They bent low before their master; then they encircled about, singing, "Hey derry down, derry down!" lifted him to their shoulders, and ran in rollicking victory back to their haunt, where Robin Hood and Little John had tales to tell of their adventures for many a long day.

The King and Robin Hood

Many years had passed away. King Henry had died and King Richard, the lion-hearted, had come to rule in his stead. Now, King Richard had heard much of the pranks of Robin Hood and his merry men and he was eager to see them, for he had had many a prank of his own. So, with a dozen of his lords, he set off to Nottingham and, arriving there, put up at the inn.

The King waited about some time in hopes that Robin Hood might chance into town, but, no Robin Hood appearing, King Richard and his men put on some monks' weeds and wended their way to Sherwood Forest.

When they had gone some distance into the forest, of a sudden up stood Robin Hood and a score or more of his men, who came running from all directions, and a handsome sight they were, too, garbed all in green from crown to toe.

King Richard was a tall fellow, head and shoulders above the rest. When Robin saw him he took him for an Abbot against whom he had some spleen and, rushing at him, seized his horse and bade him halt.

"I'm bound to rob such knaves as you, Sir Abbot. You all live in too great pomp and pride. Come now, you shall share of your purse with the poor.

"Nay, not so speedy, good fellow," answered the king. "We are messengers from the King, who waits hard by to speak with thee."

"God save the King," said Robin Hood, "and all who wish him well, and may evil come to all who deny his sovereignty."

"Why then, fellow, thou dost curse thyself, for thou art a traitor to the King."

"Nay, Abbot, say not that again; I'll make thee rue thy words. I never yet have hurt a true and honorable man. I've only borne them hardly who live on what is due to other men. I have never hurt the husbandman who tills the soil nor have I spilled the blood of a hunter. But, since thou art a messenger from the King, I'm glad to meet thee here. Come, feast with us, and drink of our good cheer." And Robin took the King's horse by the head and led him to their forest home. The King was fearful of the cheer that Robin might give him, yet he said nothing. ✕

"Rest here, thou and thy men, O messenger. Had ye not been sent by my King, I would not use you so well; since my King has sent you, I shall

not take one penny from thy purse for your keep here."

Then Robin blew a loud blast on his horn, and a hundred and ten of Robin's men came marching to him, and as each man passed before Robin Hood, he bent his knee.

This interested the King mightily, for it was a courteous sight to see, and he thought to himself: "These men of Robin's are more humble to him than mine to me. The court may learn from the forest."

Then they all went to dinner, and courtier and yeoman mingled together. There was a good feast of venison and fowls and fish from out the river. King Richard was well pleased, and swore he'd never eaten of a better feast. Then they drank great quaffs from the crystal spring, and a long, deep health to the King. And the King drank to the health of the King, and they shouted loud and long, "King Richard, long may he live! the King! the King! the King!"

Then Robin said: "Bend all your bows and let the goosequills fly. Show now such sport as you would do in the very presence of the King."

Then they did such wonderful feats in archery that the King declared the like of such men lived not in many lands.

“Well, Robin Hood,” said the King, “if I can get the King to pardon thee, wilt thou serve him in everything?”

“Yes, yes, with all my heart,” answered bold Robin Hood. So they flung off their hoods and swore as one man to spend their blood in the service of the King.

The King could keep his secret no longer, and throwing aside his monk’s disguise, stood before them all in his royal garb. “I am the King, thy sovereign lord, that appears before you all.”

Straightway Robin fell to his knees before the King.▲

“Stand up, bold Robin Hood,” said the King. “I fully grant thy pardon. Come with me to the court, thou and Little John, Will Scarlet, and Alan-a-Dale. As for thy band, they shall all be recorded as court rangers to care for the King’s deer in truth.”

Thus Robin Hood left Sherwood Forest to serve his King. The four went in his train the very next day; yet to part from old friends was a great trial. Many a year was passed ere any of them saw Sherwood Forest again. Then they came as courtiers of the realm, famed for their great deeds of valor in the battles of the King.✕

—Adapted from *Old English Ballads*.

Robin Hood and the Ranger

When Phoebus had melted the sickles of ice,
And likewise the mountains of snow,
Bold Robin Hood he would ramble to see,
To frolic abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilst through the green valleys he passed;
There did he behold a forester bold,
Who cried out, "Friend, whither so fast?"

"I'm going," quoth Robin, "to kill a fat buck,
For me and my merry men all;
Besides, e'er I go, I'll have a fat doe,
Or else it shall cost me a fall."

"You'd best have a care," said the forester then,
"For these are his majesty's deer;
Before you shall shoot the thing I'll dispute,
For I am head-forester here."

“These thirteen long summers,” quoth Robin, “I’m
sure,

My arrows I here have let fly,
Where freely I range; methinks it is strange,
You should have more power than I.”

“This forest,” quoth Robin, “I think is my own,
And so are the nimble deer, too;
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
I won’t be affronted by you.”

The forester he had a long quarter-staff,
Likewise a broad sword by his side;
Without more ado, he presently drew,
Declaring the truth should be tried.

Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,
Thus, e’er he would take any wrong,
His courage was flush, he’d venture a brush,
And thus they fell to it ding-dong.

The very first blow that the forester gave,
He made his broad weapon cry twang;
’Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
O, that was a terrible bang!

But Robin he soon did recover himself,
And bravely fell to it again;
The very next stroke their weapons were broke,
Yet never a man there was slain.

At quarter-staff then they resolved to play,
Because they would have t'other bout;
And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
The other returned them as fast;
At every stroke their jackets did smoke,
Three hours the combat did last.

At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
And cudgeled bold Robin so sore
That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,
He said, "Let us freely give o'er.

"Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess
I never knew any so good;
Thou'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,
And range in the merry green wood.

"I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
For bravely thou'st acted thy part;

That man that can fight, in him I delight,
And love him with all my whole heart."

Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his mouth,
A blast he merrily blows;
His yeomen did hear, and straight did appear,
A hundred with trusty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,
Clothed in a rich mantle of green;
And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
A right gallant sight to be seen.

"Lo, these are my yeomen," said Robin Hood,
"And thou shalt be one of the train,
A mantle and bow, a quiver also,
I give them whom I entertain."

The forester willingly entered the list,
They were such a beautiful sight;
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
And made a rich supper that night.

What singing and dancing was in the greenwood,
For joy of another new mate!
With mirth and delight they spent the long night,
And lived at a plentiful rate.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
Broad arrows and a very long bow;
This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,
He marched them all in a row.

Quoth he, "My brave yeomen, be true to your trust,
And then we may range the woods wide;"
They all did declare and solemnly swear,
They'd conquer, or die by his side.

—*Old English Ballad.*

Alan-a-Dale

Alan-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,
Alan-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,
Alan-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Alan-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!
And tell me the craft of bold Alan-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Alan-a-Dale!

Alan-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as
bright;

Alan-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Alan-a-Dale.

Alan-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she asked of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the
hill,

My hall," quoth bold Alan, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so
pale,

And with all its bright spangles!" said Alan-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone;
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry;
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black
eye,

And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
And the youth it was told by was Alan-a-Dale.
—*Old English Ballad.* ✕

Yudi-stira, the Hero King of India

Birth and Boyhood of the Hero

Once it came to pass, many years ago, that two brothers, Kuru and Pandu, ruled neighboring kingdoms in India. Kuru had a hundred sons and these were called the Ku-ru'vas. For a long time Pandu had no child, but at last a noble son came to gladden his heart. At the birth of this son there came a voice from the skies saying: "This child shall be the best and wisest of men, the ruler of the whole earth. Let him be called Yu-di-sti'ra."

At length another son came to gladden King Pandu and his wife Koon'tee. Before the birth of the child, Koontee prayed to the mighty god of the tempests: "Give me, O best of all the gods, a child of great strength and largeness of limbs who shall be able to overcome all other men."

Then the god of the tempest sent the child, who was to be called Bi'ma, and a voice came from the skies, saying, "This child shall become the foremost of all strong men."

This prophecy was fulfilled, even from his birth, for once his mother let him fall from her lap, but

the babe, whose body was hard as a thunderbolt, broke the rock upon which he fell into a thousand pieces, and yet was not awakened from his sleep.

After the birth of his second son, Pandu again began to say to himself: "How am I to obtain a very superior son who shall achieve world-wide fame? I must pay many sacrifices to Indra, the chief of the gods, and he will grant to me a son who may overcome all men in battle."

A long time after that Indra spoke to Pandu saying: "I shall give thee, O King, a son who shall be the smiter of the wicked and the delight of friends and relatives. Foremost of men shall he be in slaying all foes."

Then King Pandu spake to his faithful queen: "O fortunate one, the great Indra hath promised that thou art to be the mother of one who shall be the slayer of all enemies and the joy of his friends and relatives."

When this child was born a voice came from the skies and spoke aloud so as to be heard by all: "This child of thine, O Koontee, shall be equal to the gods in power and force! He shall conquer the tribes both near and far. Let him be named Ar-ju'na."

When the people heard these words from the skies, they gathered in great numbers and sang

songs of greatest joy. Then came the hosts of spirits not seen by mortal eyes; and these echoed the songs arising from the mortals and showered down from the skies a beautiful covering of flowers, so that all the earth was clad in the brightest colors.

These three brothers grew up to hero years, and with them were two half-brothers, Na-ku'la and Sa-ha'dev, whom they loved as if they were their very own. The five Pan-du'vas often contended in the royal games with the hundred princes of the Kurus, who could not withstand Bima, the mighty hero youth.

It soon came to pass that the Kuruvas grew jealous of Bima and plotted to put him out of the way. They built a palace near the mighty, swift-flowing river Ganges, and filled it with all kinds of pleasing things, and decked it with flags and royal banners. Then they invited the five Panduvas to visit the new palace of joy.

When all the princes had come, the five brothers wondered at the glory of the palace. Graceful were the windows and splendid were the fountains which threw waters of clearest crystal to a great height. In the pools bloomed forests of lotuses, and the banks were decked with countless flowers whose fragrance filled the air.

Soon all sat down to a savory feast. Later, in

fun and play, they began to exchange morsels of food with one another. Thereupon one of the wicked Kuruvas gave Bima a powerful poison in a piece of food.

At length all were weary of the feast, and then it was planned that they should have some water sports. Long did they contend in these sports, in feats of swimming and diving. As usual Bima led them all. At last they dressed themselves in their white robes and settled down to rest in the garden.

Then it came to pass that the mighty youth, Bima, was overcome with weariness and the poison put him into a deep sleep. Seeing this, the wicked poison-giver stole up and bound the helpless Bima and threw him into the mighty Ganges.

Now there dwelt in the depths of water a kingdom of serpents. When the body of Bima sank to their kingdom, the wise serpents bit him by thousands in every part of his body. The serpent-poison mingled in his blood with poison given by the wicked prince and, in a twinkling, Bima was restored.

As Bima awoke he burst his bonds and began to bury the snakes in the mud. It happened that a few escaped to their king and said: "O King of Serpents, a man sank under the water, bound with



many cords. Probably he had drunk poison, for when he fell among us he seemed without life. When we began biting him, he awoke and burst his bonds, and began to attack us. May it please your majesty to inquire who he is.”

Then the serpent-king went to his palace and saw Bima. Well did he know the great hero youth, Bima, and right joyful was the welcome he gave him.

Then the serpent-king turned to his serpent of greatest wisdom and said: "O my chief Counselor, how are we to please this mighty hero? Shall we give him money and gems of the greatest value?"

Then spake the chief Counselor: "O King of Serpents, when your majesty is pleased with him there is no need to give him wealth. Permit him to drink from your nectar-vessels and thus to acquire unmeasured strength. There is the strength of one thousand elephants in each of those vessels."

The king of serpents gave his consent, and Bima clensed himself carefully. Facing the east, he began to drink the nectar. At one breath he quaffed off a whole vessel, until he had drained off eight vessels and could drink no more. Then the serpents prepared a bed for him and he lay down and slept.

Meanwhile the Panduvas and Kuruvas, having rested from their sports, returned to their homes. On the way one brother said to the other, "Perhaps Bima hath gone before us." But the wicked poison-giver was glad at heart to miss Bima and he felt sure that the hundred princes could now destroy the rest of the brothers.

The virtuous Yudi-stira was full of anxiety and went to his mother. Bowing low before her, he said: "O Mother, hath Bima come? O good Mother,

I do not find him here! Where can he have gone? We long have sought for him in the gardens and the beautiful woods, but we found him nowhere. At length we thought that our heroic Bima had come before us all. O illustrious Mother, we come hither in great anxiety. Where hath he gone? Have you sent him anywhere? I fear he is no more."

Hearing these words of her eldest son, the Queen cried out in alarm and said, "Dear son, I have not seen Bima nor did he come to me. Oh, return in haste with your brothers and seek him."

Having said this, she summoned the sage Vidura and said: "O illustrious Sage, Bima is missing! Where hath he gone? The other brothers have all come back from the gardens, only Bima of the mighty arms doth not come home. His cousins like him not. I fear lest one of them has plotted against us and slain my darling! I am full of grief and my heart burneth."

Wise Vidura replied: "Blessed Dame, say not so! Protect thy other sons with care! The great Mu'ni, chief of soothsayers, hath said that thy sons shall all be long-lived. Therefore Bima will surely return and gladden thy heart!"

Having said this, the wise Vidura returned to his home, while Queen Koontee, in great anxiety, remained at home with her children.

Meanwhile Bima awoke from his slumber on the eighth day, and felt himself strong beyond measure. Then the friendly serpents began to cheer him, saying: "O thou mighty of arms! the strength-giving nectar thou hast drunk will give thee the might of ten thousand elephants. No one will now be able to vanquish thee in fight. Do thou now clense thyself in this water and return home. Thy brothers are sorely downcast."

Bima purified himself and put on his white robes and flowery garlands of the same hue, and he was fed by the friendly serpents. Then the oppressor of all foes received the adorations and blessings of the serpents and, saluting them in return, he rose from the lower kingdom. Swiftly was he upborne through the waters by the faithful serpents and they placed him safe in the garden wherein he had been sporting, and then they vanished.

The mighty Bima ran at once with highest speed to his mother. Bowing down to her and to his eldest brother, that oppressor of all foes was himself embraced by his mother and by every one of his brothers. Lovingly to one another they all spake again and again, "What joy is ours to-day! What joy is ours!"

Then Bima related to his brothers all the vil-

lainy of the Kuruvas and his adventures in the world of the serpents. Thereupon Yudi-stira wisely said: "Brothers, do thou observe silence on this. Do not speak of this to anyone. From this day protect ye one another with care."

Thus cautioned by the righteous Yudi-stira, they all became watchful from that day. To them the wise Vidura came often and warned them of many wicked plots.

Some time after the wicked prince, the poison-giver, again mixed in the food of Bima a poison that was fresh and very deadly; but lo! Bima drank it off and was not harmed. Then the wicked plotters knew that they could not harm the Panduvas.

The Training of the Five Princes

It happened that Dro'na, a devout pilgrim, heard that a warrior pilgrim was giving away all his wealth and his knowledge of warlike practice. Thereupon Drona quickly made the journey to the home of the old warrior and touched his head to the ground at the old man's feet. "I am Drona, a pilgrim of high birth, come to thee to ask thee the gift of all thy wealth."

The old warrior spake: "Thou art welcome, O best of pilgrims! Tell me what thou desirest!

My gold and all my wealth have already been given away. This region, also the shore of the sea, decked with towns and cities as with a garland of flowers, are mine no more. I have now my body alone and my various valuable weapons. Say which thou wouldst have. I would give it thee, quickly."

Drona answered: "O thou most skilled of warriors, I pray thee to give me all thy weapons, together with the mysteries of hurling and recalling them."

Cheerfully the old warrior gave away all his weapons to Drona and taught him the whole science of arms with its rules and mysteries. When he had mastered all these things, Drona set out for his native city, Pan-ca'la. On his way he crossed the country of the five happy brothers, and he came upon them as they were playing with a ball. It so happened that the ball fell suddenly into a dry well and the princes strove hard to recover it. Their efforts proved in vain and in shame they began to eye one another. Must they call to someone to help them, and thus show their failure?

Just then they beheld an old pilgrim, dark-colored from the sun and dust of the road, and the princes surrounded him.

Drona, the aged pilgrim, smiled a little and spake: "Shame on your might, ye princes, and

shame on your skill in arms! How is it that ye cannot recover the ball from the bottom of the well? If ye promise me a dinner to-day, I will, with these blades of grass, bring up not only the ball but also this ring that I now throw down."

Then spake Yudi-stira, "O pilgrim, thou askest but a trifle."

Then said Drona: "This handful of long grass I shall, with my magic, change into weapons unlike other darts. I will pierce the ball with one of these blades, and then pierce that blade with another, and that with a third, and thus shall I, by a chain, bring up the ball."

Drona did exactly as he had said, and the princes were all amazed, and their eyes grew round with wonder and delight. Then they said, "O learned man, do thou bring up the ring also without loss of time."

Then the skillful Drona took a bow with an arrow and pierced the ring with that arrow, and lo! the arrow bounded up from the well. Taking the ring thus brought up from the bottom of the well, Drona coolly gave it to the astonished princes.

"We bow to thee," they cried, "none else knoweth such skill. Wilt thou be our teacher?"

Thus it came about that the wise Drona taught the Pandu princes in all the feats of arms. None

equalled Bima in the use of the mace, and the twins, Nakula and Sahadev, excelled all others in the use of the sword, and Yudi-stira became the greatest charioteer. But Arjuna excelled everyone in many respects, in quickness and lightness of hand with the bow, in strength of body and mind in warlike feats, so that his fame spread all over the earth to the very shore of the sea.

One day Drona, wishing to test the skill of his pupils in the use of arms, gathered them all together. On the top of a distant tree he had placed an artificial bird as the mark.

When all were gathered, Drona said unto them: "Take up your bows quickly and stand here, aiming at that bird on the tree, with arrows fixed on your bowstrings. Shoot and cut off the bird's head as soon as I give the order. I shall give each of you a turn, one by one, my children."

Thereupon Drona first addressed Yudi-stira, "Aim thou with thy arrow and let it off as soon as I give the order."

Yudi-stira took up the bow first as desired and stood aiming at the bird.

Drona then asked him, "Dost thou behold that bird, O Prince, on the top of that tree?"

"I do," replied Yudi-stira.

The next instant Drona asked him, "What dost



thou now see, O Prince? Seest thou the tree or myself or thy brothers?"

Yudi-stira answered, "I see all—the tree, thyself and my brothers."

Drona repeated his question, but was answered as often in the same words. Drona, vexed with Yudi-stira, reproached him, and said, "It is not for thee to strike the mark. Stand apart."

Then Drona made trial of three others, but the

answer in every case was like that of Yudi-stira, "We behold the tree, thyself, our fellow pupils and the bird." Reproached by their teacher, they were one after another ordered to stand aside."

When everyone else had failed, Drona called to Arjuna and said: "By thee the mark must be shot at; therefore turn thy eyes to it. Thou must let fly the arrow as soon as I give the order. Stand thee here, O son, for an instant."

Arjuna stood aiming at the bird as requested by his teacher.

Suddenly Drona said, "Seest thou, O Arjuna, the bird there, the tree, and myself?"

Arjuna replied, "I see the bird only, but not the tree nor thyself."

Then was Drona well pleased with Arjuna, and a moment later he said, "If thou seest the vulture, describe it to me."

Arjuna replied, "I see only the head of the vulture, not its body."

At these words the hair of Drona stood on end, so delighted was he. "Shoot, then," he cried.

Instantly an arrow flew to the mark, struck off the head of the vulture, and brought it to the ground.

Some time after this Drona went with all his pupils to the Ganges to bathe in the sacred stream.

When Drona had plunged into the stream, a strong alligator, as if sent by Death himself, seized him about the thigh. Drona seemed helpless, and cried, "Oh, kill this monster and rescue me."

Instantly Arjuna struck the monster with five sharp arrows, while the other pupils stood helpless. The monster, cut to pieces with the arrows, let go Drona and fell over, dead.

Then spake Drona to his greatest pupil, "Accept thou, O mighty one in arms, this magic weapon, and I impart to thee the art of hurling and recalling it. Thou must not use it against any human foe, for it might burn up the whole universe. This weapon, O child, hath not a peer in the three worlds. If any foe, not human, contendeth against thee, then shalt thou use it. None else in all the world shall ever be a superior bowman to thee. Vanquished shalt thou never be by any foe."

The Enchanted Lake

At one time the five sons of Pandu were walking near a sacred grove wherein stood a temple. The holy fire burned on its altar, and no hand was allowed to touch the wood after it had been cut and brought to the temple door. The keeper of the temple carried the wood to the altar and laid it

upon the fire with two sticks, which were called the sacred fire-sticks.

As a stag came close to the temple door, it chanced that the sacred fire-sticks were caught in his antlers. Thereupon that powerful animal bounded off with exceeding fleetness, taking the sticks with him. The keeper of the temple saw what had happened and he at once rushed to the five brothers and said: "O ye sons of Pandu, and thou great King, my sacred fire-sticks became entangled in the antlers of a powerful stag, and he has bounded swiftly away, taking my fire-sticks along. Will ye not track him by his footprints and bring back my lost sticks, so that the sacred fire may not die out?"

Hearing these words, Yudi-stira became exceedingly anxious and, taking up his bow, set forth at once with his brothers. At no great distance they came upon the stag and let fly a storm of arrows and javelins and darts, but none of the weapons pierced the skin of the deer. As the mighty brothers struggled onward to pursue and slay him, the stag suddenly vanished into thin air.

Upon seeing this, the noble-minded sons of Pandu, weary and disappointed and afflicted with hunger and thirst, sat down beneath a tree in the deep forest.

Nakula, the youngest and most impatient, was

the first to speak: "O King, wisest of brothers, thou knowest how we all are ever ready to sacrifice our comfort for the help of any creature. Why, then, in the present case have we met with this disaster?"

Yudi-stira then replied: "There is no end to calamities, nor is it possible for mortals to learn their cause. It is the Lord of Justice alone who sendeth victory or defeat. But do thou, my youngest brother, climb this tree and look around the ten points of the horizon. Do thou see whether there is water near us or such trees as grow on watery ground! O child, these thy brothers are all weary and thirsty."

Nakula speedily climbed a tree and called to his brother: "O King, I see many a tree that groweth by the water-side, and I hear also the cries of cranes. Therefore without doubt water must be somewhere near."

Hearing these words, Yudi-stira said, "O amiable one, go thou and fetch water in these quivers."

Nakula quickly proceeded toward the place where there was water and soon reached it. There spread before him a deep crystal pool, full to the banks and hedged in on all sides by beautiful trees and water-plants. Many large-crested cranes stalked on its margin.

Nakula looked with joy on the clear water and flung himself down to drink, when a voice cried from the sky: "Beware to drink, rash youth, ere thou hast made answers to such things as I ask of thee. Arise and hear and speak; afterwards drink and fill thy quiver for thy brothers."

But the eager prince, being so parched, did not heed the voice. Scarcely had his lips touched the water, when the Yak'-sha of the place struck him lifeless in the reeds.

When the brothers had waited in vain for him, Yudi-stira spake: "Nakula lingers too long, my brothers. Sahadev, go thou and bring him back, and bring us water."

Sahadev sought the pool and saw the water, and Nakula prone upon the earth. How sad he felt for his brother! yet so fierce was his thirst that he, too, flung himself down to drink. Once again the voice sounded: "Beware to drink ere thou dost give answer to such things as I ask of thee. I made this law who am the lord of this fair water. Rise and hear and speak; afterwards drink and fill thy quiver for thy brothers." Yet, so great was his thirst that he heeded not, but drank and rose and reeled among the reeds, lifeless.

Then once again the great King spake: "O Arjuna, fear of foes, these our two brethren tarry.

Go thyself with speed and bring them back, and bring us water, for we are sore distressed."

Hearing this, Arjuna seized his bow and arrows and, with drawn sword, sought the pool. Here he saw his brothers, best of men, stretched in deadly swoon, or dead indeed. Who could have done it? He gazed all around the wood, with lifted bow and arrow on the string. When no foe appeared, his thirst became so wild, and the pool looked so clear, that he bent his knee to drink.

Again the voice cried out: "Doeest thou this without my leave? Without my permission thou canst not drink. First answer the things I ask of thee, then mayest thou be free to drink and fill thy quiver for thy brothers."

Then exclaimed the Prince in wrath: "Come forth, show thyself and fight with me! When thou art pierced by my arrow thou shalt yield the pool."

Arjuna shot his shafts this way and that and spoke those magic words that make a feathered barb fly straight, covering the sky and wood with searching darts. Then the voice mocked him, laughing low, "Vain is thy anger, O Prince. Answer me fair and drink; but if thou drinkest ere thou answerest, thou shalt not live." But Arjuna's throat was so parched that he heeded not, but stooped and drank, and fell down dead.

Then Yudi-stira spake again: "Bima, thou terror of thy foes, see now Arjuna, Nakula, Sahadev are all gone to fetch us water, but they come not back. Seek them and bring water to drink."

"Be it ever so," replied Bima, and he went unto the place where lay his mighty brethren. When he saw them, all three, dead and stark, sore mourned that strong-armed lord and gazed around. "Some demon hath wrought their doom," he thought. "Would that I might find him, but first 'twere good to drink." Quickly he ran to the pool, thinking to drink, when yet again that voice echoed, "Dare not to drink! So stands the law of this fair water; answer first, then drink!" But Bima, parched and haughty, answered naught, but drank deeply, and in drinking fell.

Left alone for a long time, up rose great Yudi-stira, sorrowful and perplexed in thought, and strode into the wood. In this leafy depth the foot of man was never heard, but the shy deer roamed, and the shaggy bears rustled among the shrubs, and jungle-hens clucked in the shade. Here were crowded tall trees in whose crowns wild bees swarmed buzzing, and strange birds builded their nests. Wending through this green darkness, Yudi-stira passed to the pool and marked its silver face, shining in the light, rimmed round with purple

cups of lotus-blossoms, all as if made by some divine artist. All its gleaming shallows and bright bays were broken with water-plants, lilies and reeds and clumps of laurel and the sacred fig.

The King gazed upon this scene, but his pleasure changed to sorrow as he beheld his brethren stretched dead together. Stark Arjuna lay beside his bow and arrow. Beside Bima lay Nakula and Sahadev, each void of life. Beholding these, Yudistira's soul sank, and he sighed with deepest grief.

At that sight he bitterly lamented: "Ah, Bima! O brother, named from the grim wolf, vain is the vow thou madest to break with thy mace the thigh of our fell enemy in battle. Dead art thou now, and those words like the idle wind. Brother and faithful friend who wast so princely-hearted and upheld the fortune of our kingdom, vows of men fail oftentimes, being blind, but thy vow against our wicked enemy was noble; wherefore has it not brought forth fruit? O thou conqueror of wealth, my joy, my brave Arjuna, at thy birth the glad gods spoke to our mother, 'This thy son shall be like Indra with the thousand eyes.' To the limits of our land the people cried, 'Here is the chief who shall bring the glory back to us, having such strength that in the battle none will make him fly and none shall stand when he pursueth.'

“How have ye fallen, Sahadev and Nakula, so valiant in the fight, so high and gallant, gifted like the gods? Who could conquer you? Is my heart stone that now it breaketh not, seeing these great warrior twins gone, the first of men, heroes, the half of whose great work is yet undone? How lie ye on the earth, unconquered ones thus slain, thus overcome and not a wound to show? Nay! but the strings are not slipped into the notches of your bows.”

So broke forth the sorrow from Yudi-stira, beholding all four brethren lying still, set asleep by Death. Much grieved he, and the marvel chilled his blood, nor knew he, though so wise, whither to look for that which slew them.

“They bear no hurts made by a mortal weapon,” thought the King, “nor is there print of foot-mark save theirs. This is some demon of the waste! Let me drink and afterwards consider. But hold! it may be that our wicked enemy hath drugged the pool.”

Thus mused the King, but murmured presently: “Pure and unsullied seems the water; fresh are my brothers’ faces; no poison-stain mars limb or lip! It must be some god hath come, the conqueror of all, and slain them here whom none but he dared strike, being so strong.”

So saying, to the brink he drew and stopped to drink, when, close at hand, he heard a bird's cry, and the demon, taking shape, spoke: "A gray crane I am, feeding on fish and water-weeds. It is I have sent yon four into the regions of the dead, and thou shalt go, the fifth, great King, following them, unless thou makest answers fair and good to all which I shall ask. Dare not to drink, for my law is strong. Answer, and afterwards drink thou."

Spake Yudi-stira: "Who art thou? Art thou chief of the Spirits? Tell me! No bird did this, unless a bird might overthrow the mighty mountains of the Him'a-vat. Ah! terrible and mighty one, this is a dread deed, a marvel, if thou hast slain those whom gods and demons dared not face in fight. I know naught of thy mind; wonder and fear possess my burdened heart. I pray thee show thyself, reveal thyself what god thou art who hauntest here."

"Yea, King," came answer, "I am not a bird wading the shallows, but a dread spirit, and I, as now thou seest me, killed these four."

When Yudi-stira heard these scornful words and saw that form, backward he drew a space, gazing upon the shape so fiery-eyed in form, like a mountain crag towering high and shining as shines the glory of the sun.

Then it spake, that monstrous shade: "These four, though I forbade, drank of the pool and were slain. Drink not, O King, if thou desirest life! Answer my questionings, then drink and live!"

"I would not break thy rule," quoth Yudi-stira. "The wise have said, 'Keep everywhere the law.' O Spirit, wherein thou wilt question me no man can speak better than he understands. What I know, that will I answer."

Then the Yaksha gave these riddles, and Yudi-stira made answer:

Yaksha: How may a man reach to heavenly rest?

King: Reading the Ve'das leads to heavenly rest.

Yaksha: What work best befits a holy man?

King: Deep thinking best fits the holy man.

Yaksha: What sins disgrace the holy man?

King: Slander and cruelty degrade any man.

Yaksha: How doth the holy man know himself humble and mortal?

King: Death stamps him and all men the same.

Yaksha: Who is it that, though gifted with all his senses, and seeming to be strong, fortunate and able, hath never once lived, though he breathes the air?

King: The man who hath much treasure, but giveth nothing to gods, guests, kin and friends, breathes breath indeed, but does not truly live.



Yaksha: What thing in the world weigheth more
than all the world?

King: A mother's heart outweighs the whole world.

Yaksha: What thing goeth higher than the curling
white clouds?

King: A father's love goeth forth beyond the sky.

Yaksha: What thing fleeth quicker than the winds
on the sea?

King: Thought can outpass the winds.

Yaksha: What groweth thicker than grass on the plain?

King: Woes grow more than grass.

Yaksha: Whose eyes are unclosed, though he slumbers all day?

King: A fish doth sleep with unclosed eyes.

Yaksha: What waste not as they go, but ever increase?

King: Streams that seek the sea: the further they flow, the more they increase.

Yaksha: What is the best way to win fame among men?

King: Gift-giving will obtain renown.

Yaksha: What is the best road to heaven?

King: Truth is the best way to heaven.

Yaksha: How shall a man live most happy?

King: A kind heart wins happy days.

Yaksha: What friends do the gods grant which are better than all others?

King: Wives are the heaven-sent friends.

Yaksha: What is the greatest joy in existence?

King: Among all joys, health is unsurpassed.

Yaksha: How may poor men be rich?

King: Let them win contentment.

Yaksha: Which virtue stands ahead of all other virtues?

King: To bear no malice is the best virtue.

Yaksha: Which virtue bears most fruit?

King: Reverence is the most fruitful virtue.

Yaksha: Still tell me what foeman is the worst to subdue?

King: Anger is man's unconquered foe.

Yaksha: What sickness lasts throughout all life?

King: The ache of greed doth never leave us.

Yaksha: Right skillfully hast thou met my questionings, most pious and learned of princes! But yet tell me, who liveth though death befall him?

King: Though he be dead, that mortal lives whose virtuous memory survives.

Then spake the Yaksha: "Wondrously hast thou replied, O King, and wisely hast thou fulfilled the law of this fair water. Therefore drink and choose which one of these thy dead brethren shall live again."

Yudi-stira said: "Let Nakula have his life, O Yaksha—Nakula, my dark-browed brother, with the fiery eyes, straight like a tree, broad-chested and tall.

"But see where Bima lies dead," spake the spirit, "dearest unto thee; and look where Arjuna sleeps, thy guard and guide. Why dost thou crave the life of Nakula, who is only thy half-brother? Wilt thou put him in place of Bima, who had the

might of a thousand elephants, whom all the people called thy 'well-beloved'? Wouldst thou see Nakula live again in place of great Arjuna—Arjuna whose valor was a tower to all thy kindred?"

But Yudi-stira answered: "When faith and right are preserved, all things are saved, but when these are lost, all is lost. Faith and right will I set first in my heart, putting self aside. Make Nakula live, O Yaksha, for the joy in his mother's eyes shall bring the same joy to my heart, sad from the loss of my brothers.

Then the voice sighed sweetly, vanishing: "Ah, noblest Prince, best of all thy line, as thou art just, lo! all thy brothers live again."

Thereupon the Panduvas arose, and in a moment their hunger and thirst left them.

"What god art thou that hast such power?" exclaimed Yudi-stira. "Art thou chief of the gods, the wielder of the thunderbolt? Each of my brothers can overcome a hundred thousand warriors, and I see now the warrior that can slay them all! I see also that their senses have been refreshed as if they had sweetly awaked from slumber. Who, indeed, art thou?"

Then spake the Yaksha: "O child, I am the Lord of Justice, Darma! Know that I came hither to behold thee, to test thy merit. O sinless one,

I will confer boons on thee. Do thou ask of me boons and I will surely confer them! Those that worship me never come by distress."

Without waiting a moment, Yudi-stira spoke, "A stag was running away with the sacred fire-sticks and we were unable to stop him. Grant that the fire-sticks be returned."

The Yaksha made answer: "It was I, in the disguise of a stag, that was carrying away the fire-sticks in order to test thee. I give thee this boon. Good betide thee! O thou that art like unto an immortal, ask thou a fresh boon."

Again spake the wise Yudi-stira: "It is enough that I have beheld thee with my senses, great chief of the gods, as thou art! Whatever boon thou wilt confer on me I shall surely accept gladly! May I always conquer greed and folly and anger, and may my mind be ever devoted to love and truth."

Then Darma answered, "Even by thy nature art thou endued with these qualities, for thou art like the Lord of Justice himself!"

Having said these words, the Lord of Justice, the great Darma, vanished.

After they had slept and their fatigue had been dispelled, the high-souled Panduvas returned to the temple and restored the sacred fire-sticks.

The Great Festival

Years passed by, and the five brothers had become mature men in every way. There came to them news that a distant ruler had a beautiful daughter whom he would give in marriage to any ruler who could put the string to a bow of remarkable stiffness. Thereupon Arjuna said: "O Yudi-stira, wilt thou not take thy brothers and our mother to Panca'-la, the city wherein these great games are to be held? There will I contend for the prize of the bow and, should I win, then will I give to thee this royal maiden, for thou art King of all thy race.

The brothers and the heedful mother were eager to leave the royal court. Accordingly they left quietly one night when the stars blazed in splendor upon them. Through the trackless forests they went where often the noonday shade was darker than the depth of night elsewhere.

On they went in safety, clad as pilgrims to some holy shrine. At last they fell in with a company of pilgrims, who asked, "Where go you? Whence also do you come?"

Thereupon the wise Yudi-stira replied, "We are travelling with our mother."

One of the pilgrims replied: "Come ye this very day with us to the city of Pancala, wherein dwells

a great ruler. His daughter Draup-ad'i will select a husband from the company of the invited princes. We are going there to behold her and take part in the festival, which will be like the festival of the gods. And the monarchs assembled will give away much wealth and kine and food and many costly presents to the people. After enjoying the festival, we shall go whither we wish. There will also come from many countries actors and bards and dancers and heralds and mighty men of valor. Beholding all these sights, and taking what will be given away, ye illustrious ones, ye may return with us. Ye are all handsome like the gods! Beholding ye, the ruler may find some one amongst you superior to the rest. This, thy brother of mighty arms, may by chance earn great wealth."

Hearing these words of the pilgrims, Yudi-stira replied: "Ye pilgrims, we all go with you to behold the maiden's choice."

Thus the amiable and sweet-speeched Panduvas went by slow journey along forest-bordered lakes and beside the slow flowing rivers, with the band of pilgrims. No one could guess that they were mighty warriors and charioteers. At last they entered the city of Pancala and took up their abode in the home of a potter.

Now, it happened that the ruler had heard of

Arjuna's power with the bow, and he wished to bestow his daughter upon Arjuna, but he had never spoken of this wish to anybody. Thinking of Arjuna, he had caused a bow to be made of such stiffness that no one could bend it but Arjuna. The King had also made some machinery high in the air, and on it had set up a mark which he knew no one could hit except Arjuna.

At last, the great day of the festival arrived, and many thousand warriors and monarchs and pilgrims thronged without the city walls to the amphitheatre where the contest was to be held. Here platforms received the vast crowds that roared like the sea.

The amphitheatre was surrounded on all sides by beautiful mansions and was enclosed by high walls, with arched doorways here and there.

The outer walls of the mansions were pure white and gleamed like snow-white mountains. The windows were covered with a network of gold, and the walls were set with diamonds and precious stones. The doorways were large enough to admit at one time a crowd of many hundreds. The stairs were easy of ascent, and the floors were covered with costly carpets. The walls within the mansions were white and spotless like unto the necks of swans. The rooms were adorned with wreaths and garlands of flowers, and made fragrant with spices.

Within these mansions of seven stories, the monarchs who had been invited to the festival were entertained. They adorned their persons with every sort of ornament, and they were all filled with the desire to excel one another.

The Panduvas entered the amphitheatre, took seats with the pilgrims, and looked with joy upon the performances of actors and dancers and the giving of costly presents. At last, on the sixteenth day, the great monarch, Dru-pa'da, entered with his beautiful daughter, Draupadi, who was richly clad, adorned with precious ornaments, and bore in her hand a golden vase of flowers. Then the sacred fire was lighted, and melted butter was poured thereon.

The music of the thousand instruments was hushed, and the whole vast amphitheatre became silent. The son of Drupada stepped forth and, with a voice as loud and deep as a kettle-drum, he spoke these words: "Hear ye, assembled kings, this is the bow, that is the mark, and these are the arrows! Shoot the mark through yon small opening in the machine, by means of these five sharpened arrows. Truly do I say that he who achieves this great feat, and is possessed of lineage, beauty of person, and strength, shall win my sister as the prize."

Then the youthful princes, accomplished in arms, and gifted with might, stood up, brandishing their weapons, and descended into the amphitheatre. And there came also the gods in their chariots, scattering perfume and flowers everywhere. Beneath the tones of the sounding kettledrums were the deep voices of the gods, which grew into a mighty humming tone.

Though they were adorned with garlands and bracelets and other ornaments, as emblems of strength and skill, these princes had not the might to string that bow of marvelous stiffness. Many were tossed to the ground by the bow, and lay perfectly motionless for some time. Their strength spent, and their crowns and garlands loosened from their persons, they began to pant for breath, and their ambition of winning the fair maiden was cooled. Tossed by that tough bow, they began to utter cries of woe and anger. Many a powerful and high-spirited warrior met his defeat by the bow that day. At last, when there were no other monarchs to try their skill and strength, up rose the godlike Arjuna from the crowd of the assembly.

Some of the pilgrims cried out: "Ye Pilgrims, how can one of our class, a mere stripling, who is unpracticed in arms and weak in strength, string that bow, which the most mighty warriors could

not? If he doth not win success, then will our entire body be brought to scorn in the eyes of the monarchs. This youth is filled with vanity or childish daring or mere restlessness."

Others replied: "We shall not be held up to scorn by the monarchs nor will they be displeased with us."

A few said: "This handsome youth is like the trunk of a mighty elephant. His shoulders and arms and thighs are well built, his patience looks like the high peaks of the Himavat, and his gait is like that of the lordly lion; surely he may accomplish the feat. Besides, there is nothing in the three worlds that pilgrims of all men cannot accomplish. Through fasting or living upon air, or eating only of fruits, we pilgrims are ever strong in our energy. Therefore, let the youth bend the bow with ease."

Meanwhile Arjuna approached the bow and stood there like a mountain. Walking around the bow, he bent his head to the gods. Thereupon he stringed it in the twinkling of an eye. Taking up the five arrows, he shot them through the hole of the machine and caused the mark to fall to the ground.

A mighty uproar rose throughout the sky, and the amphitheatre echoed with a deafening clamor.

The gods showered celestial flowers upon the head of the glorious Arjuna, and thousands of pilgrims began to wave their cloaks in joy. All around, the defeated monarchs uttered words of grief and despair. The musicians struck up in concert and bards and heralds began to chant the praises of the hero.

In this great noise and confusion, the five brothers, with the lovely Draupadi, left the scene through a secret gate and went home to their mother. "See what our brother hath won as the greatest prize, royal mother."

Then spoke she to her obedient children: "To Arjuna goeth ever the honor won by the bow, and to Bima shall belong the prize for battle-strength, but this maiden shall be the queen of a mighty people, and thou, the Prince of Wisdom, my Yudi-stira, must wed the beautiful Draupadi."

Thereupon the four great warrior brothers showered their warmest tokens of love upon their stately mother, their wise brother and their lovely sister.

Without delay, they left the gay city of Pancala and sought out their own dwelling in the kingdom of their father. Here, by the bravery of the warrior brothers and the wisdom of Yudi-stira, their secret enemies were driven forth, and Yudi-stira and gentle Draupadi ruled on the throne of Pandu.



The Journey to the Holy Mount

It came to pass that after he had won many wars, and the great heroes of the battlefield, Bima and Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadev, had carried the rule of the kingdom to all parts of the world, the lordly Yudi-stira became oppressed with sadness. He felt that life had been a failure.

To his gentle queen, Draupadi, he said: "O most beautiful and most gentle of women! the fame of our rule has indeed gone throughout the world, and the people now live at peace with one another. For this we should rejoice, but sad am I and crushed with sorrow when I think of the widows and the fatherless. Alas! many a faithful warrior is seen no more by his loving wife and children, and many a home among our enemies is desolate. Thinking on these things, I have determined to try the great journey to the Holy Mount, that I may win joy from the immortals for these my sorrowing subjects."

When Yudi-stira had summoned his court and made known his purpose, a great cry went up from the court, for all loved the wise ruler. "Leave us not," they cried; "how can we live without thy guiding rule?"

A sage then stepped forth and said: "O beloved King, think well before thou takest so rash a step. That journey may not be ended by mortals. Thou knowest that it is written that the journey lies across seven vast lands and seven trackless seas. The first sea is of salt water, and the second of the juice of the sugar cane, the third of wine, the fourth of the clearest butter, the fifth of curdled milk, the sixth of sweet milk, and the last of pure water.

After all these are crossed, there yet remains a desert so vast that no living thing can reach its center. The sun sends down its blazing heat without ceasing, and there is no water or food to aid the suffering mortal. In the center of this desert rises the lofty peaks of the Himavat, far above the clouds. These are but footstools to Meru, the Holy Mount that rises far above the sky, for upon Meru rests Swar'ga, the heavens."

Then spake the noble Yudi-stira: "Peace, my children! The gods will care for you even as they have for me, their servant. I have the assurance from them in my heart that I may win their blest dwellings, if I am faithful and turn not aside on my journey. If I win this last great trial, I can then help all you, my blessed children, better than if I were to stay with you. Then mourn not for your King, for he goeth forth to his last great duty."

Then his brothers cried out with one voice: "O King, honored and dearest brother! have we not followed thee in all thy battles, and shall we not go with thee on this thy greatest trial?"

Then spake the lovely queen, Draupadi, shining forth like a planet among the stars: "My noble lord and beloved husband, I, too, would share all thy dangers and sufferings. Let me go with you,

I pray, for how could I live a single day without the presence of thy love?"

Then spoke the honored ruler: "My beloved brothers and my dearest loved one, I am content to have you come even though ye fall; for your spirits will at once gain the blessed Swarga, and the trials of the journey will be saved to you. I would not urge you to come, for the way is long and the sufferings are often too great for mortals to endure, but this I know, that the pure in heart may yet win Swarga."

Thereupon the righteous King made offering of white water to all of the gods, and a great feast was spread.

Then the people cried: "Stay with us, Lord!" But Yudi-stira knew his time was come; he knew that life passes but virtue lasts, and he put aside their love.

So with tender farewells he set forth with his princely kin, stripped of all his jewels and belt and purple robe, for he wore only a rough dress woven of jungle bark. Even thus were clad his brothers and the fair queen, Draupadi.

And so they set forth amidst the wailing of all folk to see these noble rulers go on foot; but the king and queen and princes rejoiced because their way lay toward paradise.

On they walked, tasting no meat, their feet upborne by faith; past wood and river and plain they walked. King Yudi-stira went ahead, followed by his brothers and Queen Draupadi, and last came a faithful dog that had joined them.

Later they reached the far sea which foameth wide under a towering ridge. On, on they went along the towering ridge, where long coasts shut in the sea of salt. At last there rose before their vision in the far-off eastern sky the lofty mountain of Himevat, and midway rose the mighty peak Meru, whose head is heaven.

In front of the Holy Mount glared a wide desert of sand, dreadful as death. Who could hope to endure the overpowering heat and the raging thirst in that wide waste? Yet it must be crossed, for no mortal may reach the Holy Mount unless he has been purified by his long journey through the deadly waste.

Now, as they hastened onward, aiming for Holy Meru, lo! Draupadi reeled with faltering heart and feet. Then Bima turned and gazed upon her and spake: "Master, Brother, King! Why doth she fall? For never in all her life hath our sweet lady done one thing wrong. Thou knowest; make us know why she hath failed."

Then Yudi-stira answered: "Yea, one thing.

She loved our brothers better than all else, better than heaven; that was her tender sin, fault of a faultless soul; she pays for that, and cannot reach the Holy Meru."

So spake the King, turning not his eyes though Draupadi lay dead. Onward he strode, followed by his brothers and the faithful dog, for no one may turn aside when once upon the parching sands.

Yet a little space further on and Sahadev fell. On seeing this, Bima cried once again: "O King, our brother Sahadev stumbles and sinks. Why hath he sunk? So true he was, so brave and steadfast, and so free from pride!"

"He was not free," quoth Yudi-stira; "he was true and fast and wise; yet wisdom made him proud; he hid one little hurt of soul, but now it kills."

So saying he strode on, and Bima and Arjuna followed, and Nakula followed, and the hound, leaving Sahadev behind in the sands. But Nakula weakened and grieved to see Sahadev, his dearly beloved brother, fall, lagged and stayed; and then prone upon the sands he fell, that noble face that had no match for beauty in the land, glorious and godlike was Nakula. Then sighed Bima anew: "Brother and Lord! the man who never erred from virtue, never broke our fellowship, and never

in the world was matched for goodly perfectness of form or gracious feature—Nakula has fallen.”

But Yudi-stira, holding fixed his eyes, replied: “Yea, but he erred! The godlike form he bore beguiled him to believe none were like to him, and he alone desirable, and things unlovely were to be spurned. Self-love slays our noble brother. Bima, follow; each must pay what his debt demands.”

Arjuna heard, weeping to see them fall, but soon he, too, the prince who drove through crimson waves of war with his milk-white chariot-steeds, even the supreme hero fell. Beholding this, Bima cried aloud: “O King! This man was surely perfect. Never once, not even in slumber, when the lips are loosed, spake he one word that was not true as truth. Ah! heart of gold! why art thou broke? O King, whence falleth he?”

Yudi-stira said, not pausing: “Once he lied, a lordly lie! He bragged—our brother—that a single day should see him utterly consume, alone, all those his enemies, which could not be. Yet from a great heart sprang the unmeasured speech. A perfect hero could not thus shame himself nor his enemy, if he would faultless fight and blameless die: this was Arjuna’s sin. Follow me.”

So the King still went on, when Bima next fainted and stayed upon the way and sank; but,

sinking, cried behind the steadfast Prince: "Ah, brother, see! I die! Look upon me, thy well-beloved! Wherefore do I falter who strove to stand?"

And Yudi-stira said: "More than was well did the goodly things of earth please thee, my tenderest brother! Light the offense, and large thy spirit; but the over-fed soul raised itself over others. For this thou fallest, who so near didst win."

Then the long-armed monarch strode alone, not looking back,—not even for Bima's sake,—but walking with his face set for the Mount, and the faithful hound followed him—only the hound. After the deathly sands were passed, lo! the Holy Mount shone forth. Then upon his startled vision the great god, Sak'ra, burst, dashing down from the top of Meru, filling the earth and heavens with the thunder of his chariot wheels. "Ascend," he said, "with me, great Prith'a's son!"

But Yudi-stira answered, sore at heart for his kinsfolk fallen on the way: "O Thousand-eyed, O Lord of all the gods, grant that my brothers who fell come with me! Heaven without them is not sweet to me. She, too, the dear and kind and queenly, grant her to come with us! Dost thou grant this?"

Then Sakra replied: "In heaven thou shalt see



thy kinsmen and the Queen. Grieve no longer for thy dead, thou chief of men! These shall have their places in the Shining Palace, after their souls are free from their bodies. But to thee the gods have granted a grace unknown to mortals; thou shalt go up living and in thy form to the immortal home."

But the King answered: "O thou Wisest One, who knowest what was, and is, and is to be, still

one more gráce! This hound hath been with me, followed me, loved me; must I leave him now?"

"Monarch," spake Indra, "thou art now as we, deathless, divine; thou art become a god. Glory and power and gifts celestial, and all the joys of heaven are thine forever. What hath a beast with these? Leave here thy hound."

Yet Yudi-stira answered: "O Most High, O Thousand-eyed and Wisest! can it be that one exalted shall seem pitiless? Nay, let me lose such glory. For its sake I cannot leave one living thing I loved."

Then Indra spake sternly: "He is unclean, and such shall not enter into Heaven. The Monarch of the High Hosts destroys in wrath the sacrifice if dogs defile the fire. Wherefore, quit this beast! Stand not against the wishes of the gods."

Still the King replied: "It is written that to spurn one who begs of thee is worse than to slay the tender babe; wherefore, not for the bliss of heaven will I forsake this poor clinging dog. Here he lies without hope or friend save me. So wistful he looks, fawning for my faithfulness, so agonized to die unless I help, I, whom all men called steadfast and just."

Quoth Indra: "Nay, the altar flame is foul where a dog passeth. Angry angels sweep the ascending

smoke aside, and his prayer availeth not whose hand touches a hound. Leave it here! He that will enter heaven must enter pure. Why didst thou quit thy brethren on the way, and the dear-loved Draupadi? Hast thou reached this Holy Mount and after all thy sufferings lose all for a brute? Will thy one poor passion now close the door of bliss? Stayest thou for this who didst not stay for thy beloved Draupadi and Bima?"

But the King yet spake: "It is known that none can hurt or help the dead. They who sank and died, following my footsteps, could not live again though I had turned; therefore I did not turn. But, could help profit, I had stayed to help. There be sins, grievous sins, but I deem the worst crime when one abandons his meanest comrade who has shared his sufferings but may not share his joy."

Straight as he spake, great Indra smiled. The hound vanished and in its place stood the Lord of Death and Justice, Darma's self! Sweet were the words that fell from those dread lips: "O thou true King, thou that dost bring to harvest the good seed of righteousness, thou who lookest with tender love on all that lives, O Son! I tried thee in the Dwaita wood, when thy brothers were stricken bringing water. Then thou prayed for Nakula's life, though Bima and Arjuna were dearer far to

thee. Hear my words! Because thou didst not mount this car divine, lest the poor hound be spurned who looked to thee, lo! there is none in heaven shall sit above thee, King! Enter thou now to the eternal joys, living and in thy form. Justice and Love welcome thee, Monarch! thou shalt sit upon the throne with us!"

The Descent Into Hades

When Darma had thus spoken, those mightiest gods in glorious train of spirits and angels bore the King aloft, first in the thundering chariot, followed by all the airy moving spirits. Serene, clad in great glory, they glide. at will, for they are perfect and free of earth.

As the Pandu king soared upward, a sweet light filled the sky and fell on earth, cast by his form, which shone with light as the sun. The voice of Nar'ad, the chief of bards in heaven, cried, "Thou art risen, matchless King! Thy greatness is above all royal saints. Hail, son of Pandu! None is like to thee among the sons of men. Thou cometh in thy mortal body, which shineth like a god's."

The glad king heard these words of praise from the heavenly bard and looked upon the immortal

gods and dead chiefs and saints; all these he saw, but only these. "I do desire," he said, "that region where my dear brothers are and the sweet Draupadi. I cannot stay elsewhere! Here I see them not!"

Then spake one of the gods, "O thou tender and noblest one, rest here in the pleasure thy deeds have gained. How canst thou be bound by mortal chains? Thou art become one of us who live above hatred and love in supreme bliss. Sun of thy race, thy brothers cannot reach where thou hast climbed! Most glorious of men, let not thy peace be touched by stir of earth. Look! this is paradise. See where sit the saints and the happy souls and spirits and the gods who live forever and forever."

"King of gods," spake Yudi-stira, "I will not live a little space without those souls I loved. O slayer of demons! let me go where my brothers are and she, my Draupadi of the gentle face and soul as sweet as the odors of the flowers. Lo! where they have gone, there will I surely go. Ye are gods and just. Show me the regions where dwell my brothers, the noble-souled, the loyal, who kept the sacred laws and turned not one step aside from virtue's path, who spake the truth and lived foremost of warriors. And where are the

famous chiefs who fought for me, dying a splendid death? Dwell they in glory not yet seen? And Bima! ah, my Bima! dearer far than life to me; Arjuna like a god, Nakula and Sahadev, twin lords of war; and tenderest Draupadi! Show me those souls! I cannot tarry where I have them not. Bliss is not blissful, just and mighty Ones, save if I rest beside them. Heaven is where love and faith make heaven. Let me go!"

Then the hearkening heavenly Ones made answer, "Go, if it seemeth good to thee, dear son! The King of gods commands we do thy will."

Then from the shining band a golden spirit glided to lead the King to where his kinsmen were. So wended these, the holy spirit first, and in his steps the King close following. Together they passed through the gates of pearl, together heard them close. Then they turned to the left, descending cautiously by a path evil and dark, hard to be crossed, they entered the Sinner's Road. Thick thorns along its slope were trampled with the tread of many feet. The smell of wrong hung foul about them. Everywhere there buzzed and sucked and settled creatures of the swamp, hideous in wing and sting, flies and clouds of gnats with moths and toads and snakes.

Farther on, a burning forest shut the roadside

in on either hand, and mid its crackling boughs perched ghastly birds, or flapped amidst the flames, birds with brazen feathers and beaks of iron. Loudly screamed they all, and swooped down to gorge themselves upon the flesh of the wicked ones. The air was sick to breathe, and presently there foamed across their path a flood of boiling waves. This they passed and farther on they came to a dense wood of poison trees. Next to this came an awful waste of fiery sands through which the weary toiled with blistering feet. Last came the gate of deepest Hades, filled with utmost horrors. Deadly and nameless were the plagues seen there.

All but overcome by the terrors of this awful place, the Monarch spoke to the spirit, "Whither goes this hateful road and where be they I seek yet cannot find?"

The heavenly One made answer: "Hither, great King, it was commanded me to bring thy steps. If thou art overcome it is commanded that I lead thee back to where the gods await. Wilt thou turn and mount?"

Then Yudi-stira turned heavenward his face, so moved he was with horror and so spent with toil of that black path. But his feet had scarce measured one stride, when about the place rang pitiful cries: "Alas, sweet King! Ah! thou that

hast won the place of the blessed! pause a little while for love of us who cry! Naught can harm thee in all this awful place. But at thy coming a breeze began to blow, balmy and soothing, bringing us relief. O thou mightiest of men! we have peace one moment in our agonies. Stay here one moment more we pray thee. While thou art here, Hades softens and our bitter pains relax."

Compassion seized the mind of Yudi-stira and he sighed, "Poor souls unknown, who speaks to me? What do ye here, and what things suffer ye?"

As he turned his steps downward there came answers of whispered sufferings, "O my liege, thy Bima speaks!" and then a voice again, "I am Arjuna, brother!" and again, "Nakula is here and Sahadev!" and last a moan of music from the darkness sighed, "Draupadi cries to thee!"

Then broke forth the Monarch's spirit, knowing well the sound of each familiar voice: "What doom is this? What have my well-beloved done to earn this awful resting place? What were their sins but splendid faults? For if they slipped it was in virtue's way, serving good laws, boundless in gifts, and faithful to the death. These be their well-known voices! Are ye here, souls I loved best? Dream I asleep or do I rave, maddened by the awful sights of this frightful place?"

Thereat, for pity and for pain, the King waxed wroth. That soul, fear could not shake, burned terrible with tenderness. With his feet firm planted mid the horrors, he searched with his eyes for one glimpse of his suffering dear ones. Well-nigh, then, he cursed the gods; well-nigh, his steadfast mind broke from its faith in virtue. But he curbed his wild feelings and softly spake thus to the spirit: "Go to those thou servest. Tell them I come not thither. Say I stand here in the throat of Hades, and here I will abide, nay, though I perish, while my well-beloved win ease and peace by any pains of mine!"

Naught replied the shining One, but went up straight to the upper light and spake before the gods the message of the King.

On hearing of that high deed, great Yudi-stira braving Hades for love, they rose together, all the gods, and together stepped down from their thrones and followed the lower road where Yudi-stira tarried.

Pure as the white stars sweeping through the sky, went on the glorious company of the gods and heavenly spirits. And as they onward went, lo! the shades of Hades melted before them; warm gleams drowned the gloom; soft, lovely scenes rolled over the ill sights; peace calmed the cries

of torment. In its bed the boiling river shrank, cool and clear, while the poison-trees blossomed with colors. Cool and fragrant went a wind before the faces of the gods as they drew to the presence of the King.

And, as all the shining host stood around, the chief of gods to Yudi-stira spoke these gracious words: "King Yudi-stira, this is enough! All Heaven is glad of thee. Come, thou most blessed one, unto thy peace well-gained. Lay here aside thy loving wrath and hear the speech of Heaven. It is appointed that all kings see Hades. Lo! We have loved thee, laying on thee this black road. All thy brethren, thy kinsmen and warriors whom thou didst mourn, and thy gentle Queen, behold they now await thee in the home above. The most just gods keep thy place for thee above the highest saints. Now therefore wash thee in this holy stream whose waters shall change thy flesh to likeness of the immortals. Thus shalt thou leave passions and aches and tears behind thee."

Then spoke the great god, Darma: "I am well pleased! Hail to thee chief, worthy and wise and firm! Thy faith is full, thy virtue and thy patience and thy truth and thy self-mastery. Three times have I put thee to the test. In the enchanted lake thou overcamest the struggles of thine own body

and answered in wisdom all my questionings. Next on the death of thy brethren and Draupadi, when I followed as a dog, still thou wert steadfast to the meanest friend. Here was the third and sorest trial, O son! that thou shouldst hear thy brethren cry in hades and abide to help them."

Then spake all the gods: "We love thee! Thou art approved, and they thou lovest only a short space suffered; not more than when an evil dream doth come and Indra's beam ends it with glory."

"It is appointed that all flesh see death," spake Darma, "and therefore hast thou borne its brief pangs, briefest for thee and brief for thy loved ones, Bima, the faithful, and the valiant twins Nakula and Sahadev, and great Arjuna, and thy loved princess, Draupadi. Come, thou best beloved son, bathe in this stream."

Thereupon the happy King proceeded straight unto the bank of the river which floweth through the Three Worlds, and by its waters the body of the King put off its mortal, washed from soils of sin, from passion, pain and change.

So hand in hand with brother gods, went glorious Yudi-stira, praised by the heavenly poets and singers, to where those heroes stood, his noble kin and the most lovely Draupadi.

—*Adapted from Sir Edwin Arnold and Chandra Roy.*

The Arab and His Steed

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly
by,

With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark
and fiery eye;

Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy
winged speed,

I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my
Arab steed.

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the
breezy wind,

The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath
his gold—

Fleet-limb'd and beautiful! farewell! thou'rt sold,
my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell! those free untired limbs full many a mile
must roam,

To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the
stranger's home;

Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn
and bed prepare;

The silky mane I braided once must be another's
care.

The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more
with thee

Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we
were wont to be;

Evening shall darken on the earth; and o'er the
sandy plain

Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me
home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild free breeze, the bril-
liant sun and sky,

Thy master's home—from all of these my exiled
one must fly.

Thy proud, dark eye will grow less proud, thy step
become less fleet,

And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's
hand to meet.

Only in sleep, shall I behold that dark eye glancing
bright;

Only in sleep, shall hear again that step so firm
and light;

And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or
cheer thy speed,

Then must I, starting, wake to feel—thou'rt sold,
my Arab steed.

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand
may chide,

Till foam-wreaths lie like crested waves, along thy
panting side;
And the rich blood, that's in thee, swells in thy
indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count
each startled vein.
Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it
cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet
so free.
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely
heart should yearn,
Can the hand which casts thee from it now, com-
mand thee to return?
Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy
master do,
When thou, who wert his all of joy, hath vanish'd
from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and
through the gathering tears,
Thy bright form, for a moment, like the false
mirage appears.
Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary step
alone,
Where with fleet step and joyous bound thou oft
hast borne me on!

And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and
sadly think,
It was *here* he bow'd his glossy neck when last I
saw him drink!
When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fever'd
dream is o'er;
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should
meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power
is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved
too long.
Who said that I had given thee up, who said that
thou wert sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them
back their gold.
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the dis-
tant plains,
Away! who overtakes us, now shall claim *thee* for
his pains!

—Mrs. Norton.

An Apple Orchard in the Spring

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?

In the spring?

An English apple orchard in the spring?

When the spreading trees are hoary

With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis sings its story
In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?

And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds bursting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight—
In the spring?

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?

Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,

Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No such sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

—*William Martin.*

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves

That way look, my Infant, lo!
What a pretty baby-show!
See the Kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or Faery hither tending,—
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
—But the Kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop and there are none:

What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap halfway
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjurer;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

—*William Wordsworth.*

To a Butterfly

I've watched you now a full half hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless!—not frozen seas

More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us, on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
And summer days when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

—William Wordsworth.

“Bob White”

I SEE you, on the zigzag rails,
You cheery little fellow!
While purple leaves are whirling down,
And scarlet, brown, and yellow.
I hear you when the air is full
Of snow-down of the thistle;
All in your speckled jacket trim,
“Bob White! Bob White!” you whistle.

Tall amber sheaves, in rustling rows,
Are nodding there to greet you;
I know that you are out for play—
How I should like to meet you!
Though blithe of voice, so shy you are,
In this delightful weather;
What splendid playmates you and I,
“Bob White,” would make together!

There, you are gone! but far away
I hear your whistle falling.
Ah! may be it is hide-and-seek,
And that’s why you are calling.
Along those hazy uplands wide
We’d be such merry rangers;
What! silent now, and hidden too!
“Bob White,” don’t let’s be strangers.

Perhaps you teach your brood the game,
In yonder rainbowed thicket,
While winds are playing with the leaves,
And softly creeks the cricket.
“Bob White! Bob White!”—again I hear
That blithely whistled chorus;
Why should we not companions be?
One Father watches o’er us!

—George Cooper.

Tampa Robins

The robin laughed in the orange-tree:

“Ho, windy North, a fig for thee:

While breasts are red and wings are bold

And green trees wave us globes of gold,

Time’s scythe shall reap but bliss for me—

Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

If that I hate wild winter’s spite—

The gibbet trees, the world in white,

The sky but gray wind over a grave—

Why should I ache, the season’s slave?

I’ll sing from the top of the orange-tree

Gramercy, winter’s tyranny.

I’ll south with the sun, and keep my clime;

My wing is king of the summer-time;

My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;

And I’ll call down through the green and gold—

“Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,

Bestir thee under the orange-tree.”

—*Sidney Lanier.*

Glossary and Notes

Explanation of Marks

ā = fāte	ē = shē	ō = nōte	ū = ūse
ǎ = bǎt	ě = mět	ǒ = nǒt	ű = ŭp
à = àmericà	ē = hēr	ô = authôr	ұ = rұde
ḡ = ball	ī = tīme	ōō = lōōp	ү = fűll
ä = fäther	ï = ïll	ǒǒ = fǒǒt	ġ = ġem

au = ow in now

Aberbrothok (ăb-ēr-brōth'ök), a county of Scotland.

Abruzzo (ăb-ruț'zō), an Italian province.

Æetes (ā-ē'tēs), king of Colchis, stern and cruel.

Aeolus (ē'ō-lūs), the god of the winds.

Alban (ăl'băn), a kingdom in old Scotland.

Alcinous (ăl-sîn'ō-ūs), king of the Phæacians, famed for his beautiful gardens.

Algonquin (ăl-gŏn'kwĭn), a tribe of Indians.

Andvari (ănd-vă'rĭ), a dwarf who stole the gold from the daughters of the Rhine.

Antinous (ăn-tĭn'ō-ūs), the leading suitor of Penelope.

Argonauts (ăr'gō-nawts), the fifty heroes who sailed for the Golden Fleece.

Argus (ăr'gūs), a skillful shipbuilder.

Arete (ā-rē'tē), Queen of the Phæacians.

Arjuna (ăr-ju'nă), the greatest bowman, brother of Yudistira.

Arkindale (ärk'ĭn-dāle), a small river in England.

Atalanta (ăt-ā-lăn'tà), an Arcadian princess who agreed to marry the suitor who could outrun her.

Athene (ă-thē'nē), the goddess of wisdom.

Auwin (aw'wĭn), the home of King Conakoor.

Awlyeel (awl'yēēl), husband of Meuve.

- Bellerophon** (běl-lěr'ō-phōn), the hero-rider of Pegasus.
- Beowulf** (bā'ō-wulf), The Goth hero who saved the Danish Mead-hall, Heort.
- Bima** (bē'mā), the brother of Yudi-stira.
- Bla** (blā), King Conakoor's distributer.
- Branstock** (brān'stöck), the house of the Volsungs.
- Bregenz** (brē'gěntz), a city in Austria.
- Brikroo** (brīk'rōō), a wise man of King Conakoor's court noted for his bitter speeches.
- Brunhilde** (brūn'hīld-à), the daughter of Odin put to sleep because she had disobeyed her father.
- Cadmus** (kăd'mūs), who planted the dragon's teeth and raised a crop of armed men.
- Calchis** (kăl'kīs), the country of the Golden Fleece.
- Calypso** (kâ-līp'sō), the goddess-nymph who held Odysseus prisoner in a grotto.
- Castor and Pollux** (kăs'tôr and pōl'lŭx), the twins who became two bright stars.
- Cawfaw** (kaw'faw), the great Druid priest of King Conakoor.
- Centaurs** (sěn'tawrs), monsters having the head, arms and waist of a man and legs and body of a horse.
- Charybdis** (kâ-rib'dīs), the monster that drew down her victims into a whirlpool.
- Chimera** (kī-mē'râ), the monster slain by Bellerophon.
- Circe** (sēr'sī), the goddess-enchantress who changed the comrades of Odysseus into swine.
- Colatin** (kōl'ă-tīn), the mother of three witches.
- Conall** (kōn'all), a rival and true friend of Coohoolin.
- Conakoor** (kōn'ă-kōōr), king of Ulster.
- Coolin** (kōō'līn), the mighty smith of Ulster.
- Crucawn** (kru'kawn), a town of Ulster.
- Cyclops** (sī'klōps), a race of one-eyed giants.
- Dacre** (dă'kēr), a lord mentioned in the ballad of Alan-a-Dale.
- Danæ** (dăn'ă-ē), mother of Perseus.
- Dekteer** (dĕk'tēēr), sister of King Conakoor.
- Devorgall** (dĕ'vôr-găll), daughter of a king, rescued by Coohoolin.

Draupadi (drow-pä'dī), wife of Yudi-stira.
Drona (drō'nä), teacher of the sons of Pandu.
Drupada (dru-pä'dä), a great monarch, father of Draupadi.

Efa (ē'fä), a woman warrior overcome by Coohoolin.
Eson (ē'sün), the father of Jason.
Eumæus (ē-mī'ūs), the faithful swineherd of Odysseus.
Euryclia (ū'rī-clī'ä), the good nurse of Penelope.
Eurylochus (ū'rīl-ō'kūs), comrade of Odysseus.
Eurymachus (ū-rīm'ä-kūs), a leader of the suitors of Penelope.

Evir (ē'vēr), the wife of Coohoolin.
Fafnir (fäf'nēr), the brother of Regin who become a dragon because of his love of gold.
Fanoole (fä-nōō'lī), the great swimmer, brother of Foill and Tuakel.
Fergus (fēr'gūs), a wise man in the court of King Conakoor.
Foill (fōl), son of Nechtan, whom no weapon could harm.
Fomor (fō'môr), a giant.
Forgall (fôr'gäl), father of Evir.

Gamwell (gām'wēll), nephew of Robin Hood.
Grendel (grēn'dēl), a fierce giant who dwelt on the moor near Heort.
Greyfell (grä'fēll), the faithful horse Sigurd rode.

Helicon (hēl'ī-kōn), the mountain home of Pegasus.
Heort (hē'ört), the mead-hall of the Danes.
Hercules (hēr'kū-lēs), the great Greek hero who performed many mighty tasks.
Himavat (hīm'ä-vät), the mighty mountains.
Hrothgar (hēr-rôth'gär), king of the Danes.
Hubert (hū'bērt), a noted English archer.
Hygelac (hī-gē'lāk), king of the Goths and cousin of Beowulf.

Icarius (ī-kär'ī-ūs), father of Penelope.
Ilium (īl'ī-üm), another name for Troy.
Iolchos (ī-öl'kōs) the kingdom where King Pelias ruled.
Inchcape (īnch'cāpe), a prominent rock on the coast of Scotland.

Iobates (ī-ōb'ā-tēs), a good king ruling the land devastated by the Chimera.

Irus (ī'rūs), a beggar overcome by Odysseus.

Indra (in'drā), the ruler of the gods.

Ithaca (ith'ā-cā), home of Odysseus.

Jason (jā'sūn), the hero who won the Golden Fleece.

Joofar (jōō'fār), the charioteer of King Conakoor.

Koontee (kōōn'tēē), wife of Pandu, mother of the Yudi-stira.

Kuru (ku'ru), a king, father of a hundred sons.

Læg (lā'æg), the Coohoolin's chariot driver.

Lærtēs (lā-ēr'tēs), father of Odysseus.

Legair (lē-gär'), a rival of Coohoolin.

Loki (lō'kī), the evil giant-god.

Loogaid (lōō'gä-īd), an enemy of Coohoolin.

Lugh (lōōg), a god.

Lycia (līs'ī-ā), the country ruled over by Iobates.

Meuve (mōv), a seeress.

Medea (mē-dē'ā), daughter of King Æetes, beautiful and gentle.

Medusa (mē-du'sā), a monster killed by Perseus.

Menelaus (mēn'ē-la'ūs), brother of King Agamemnon, a leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war.

Mercury (mēr'kū-rī), Hermes, the messenger of Jove.

Minotaur (mīn'o-tawr), the monster killed by Theseus.

Muni (mōōn'ē), chief of the soothsayers.

Nakula (nā-kōō'lā), half brother of Yudi-stira and twin brother of Sahadev.

Narad (nār'ād), chief of the heavenly bards.

Nechtan (nēk'tān), father of Foill, Tuakel and Fanoole.

Neptune (nēp'tūn), ruler of the ocean, Posidon.

Odin (ō'dīn), King of the Norse gods.

Odysseus (ō-dīs'sōōs), the wisest of the Grecian chiefs.

Olympus (ō-līm'pūs), the home of the gods.

Orpheus (ôr'fē-ŭs), the best singer and player.
Owergin (ow'ēr-gin), a wise chief.

Pancala (pän-cä'lä), a city wherein the great festival was held.

Pandu (pän'du), father of Yudi-stira.

Panduväs (pän-du'väs), the five sons of Pandu.

Pegasus (pëg'ä-sŭs), the winged horse captured by Bellerophon.

Pelias (pē'li-äs), the wicked king who had forced King Eson, father of Jason, from his throne.

Penelope (pē-něl'ō-pī), wife of Odysseus.

Perseus (pēr'sōös), the hero who slew the Gorgon Medusa.

Phæacians (fē-ä'shŭns), a gay, sea-faring people.

Pirene (pī-rē'nī), a place wherein was a beautiful fountain loved by Pegasus.

Polyphemus (pöl-ī-fē'mŭs), chief of the Cyclops, son of Posidon.

Posidon (pō-sī'dŭn), Neptune, the ruler of the ocean.

Pylos (pī'lös), the home of Nestor the aged chief in the Trojan war.

Ravensworth (rā'vēns-wōrth), a baronial estate.

Re Giovanni (rā gī-ō-vän'ī), a line of kings at Atri.

Regin (rē'gin), the dwarf, the wise teacher of Sigurd.

Rerecross (rēr'cräws), a small English village.

Sahadev (sä-hä'dëv), twin brother of Nakula.

Sakra (säk'rä), another name for Indra, chief of the gods of India.

Scaak (skä'äk), the great woman warrior, teacher of Coohoolin.

Scylla (sŭl'lä), a monster that Odysseus had to pass in his ship.

Senka (sën'kä), chief judge and poet of Ulster.

Setanta (sē-tän'tä), the boyhood name of Coohoolin.

Sherwood Forest (shēr'wōöd), a forest in the north of England.

Sigurd (sē'gurd), son of Sigmund.

Sigmund (sig'münd), the eldest son of King Volsung.

Skalds (skalds), Norse songs.

Skyldings (skild'ings), Norse folk.

Sleipnir (slīp'nīr), a race of noted horses.

Sooaltim (sōō'āl-tīm), the father of Coohoolin and husband of Dekteer.

Stanmore (stān'mōr), a small stream in England.

Suffolk (suff'fūk), one of the counties of England.

Stutely (stūt'li), Will Stutely, a leader in Robin Hood's band.

Swarga (swär'gä), the heavens.

Telemachus (tē-lēm'ā-kūs), son of Odysseus.

Tepus (tē'pūs), one of King Henry's best archers.

Theseus (thē'sōōs), the hero who slew the Minotaur.

Tuakel (tū-āk'ěl), son of Nechtan who could be killed only at the first stroke.

Ulster (ül'stēr), Conakoor's kingdom in Ireland.

Unferth (үн'fērth), King Hrothgar's story teller.

Vedas (vā'däs), the books of wisdom of India.

Vidura (vē-dū'rà), the wise man.

Volsung (völ'süng), the king; Volsungs, the line of kings.

Vulcan (vül'càn), the blacksmith god.

Wiglaf (wīg'läf), who aided Beowulf in his last fight.

Yaksha (yäk'shä), a god of the enchanted lake.

Yudi-stira (yū-dī-stē'rà), the great king.



